

PROSPEKT'S MARCH/POPPYFIELDS

WORDS & MUSIC BY
GUY BERRYMAN, CHRIS MARTIN, JON BUCKLAND & WILL CHAMPION

♩ = 74

Bm

G

Bm

Smoke is ris - ing from the hou - ses... Peo-ple bur-y-ing their dead.

Gadd9

Bm

G

I ask some-bod-y what the time is

Bm

G

D/F#

G

but time does-n't mat-ter to them yet... Peo-ple talk - ing with-out



speaking. Try'n - a take what they can get.



I ask you if you remember.



Prospekt how could I for-get? Drums,



here it comes.



Don't you wish that life could be as simple as fish



swim-ming 'round in a bar-rel when you've got the gun?



Oh, and I run. Here it comes.



We're just two.



lit - tle fi-gures in a soup bowl, try'n - a get the oth - er kind - a con - trol. But I



Gadd9



was - n't one. But here I



F#m7



Gmaj9



lie on my own in a sep - a - rate sky.



F#m7



And here I lie on my own in a sep - a - rate

Gmaj⁹



A



sky. I don't wan-na die

F#m⁷



Gmaj⁹



on my own here to - night. But here I

A



F#m⁷



lie on my own in a sep - a - rate

Gmaj⁹



Dadd⁹



sky.