

Coldplay, Cemeteries Of London

At night they would go walking 'til the breaking of the day,
The morning is for sleeping
Through the dark streets they go searching to see God in their own way,
Save the nighttime for your weeping
Your weeping

Singing la lalalalala la lé...
And the night over London lay

So we rode down to the river where the toiling ghosts spring,
For their curses to be broken
We'd go underneath the arches where the witches are in the saying,
There are ghost towns in the ocean
The ocean

Singing la lalalalala la lé...
And the night over London lay

God is in the houses and God is in my head, and all the cemeteries in London
I see God come in my garden, but I don't know what He said,
For my heart it wasn't open
Not open

Singing la lalalalala la lé...
And the night over London lay

Singing la lalalalala la lé...
There's no light over London today...