

# Coldplay, Only Superstition

A cardboard head, i see.  
Has found it's way to me.  
It's out, an it's out, an it's out  
making me cry.  
I sleep but I will not move.  
Too scared to leave my room.  
But I won't be defeated, oh no.  
What if cards don't go my way?  
Then it's sure to spoil my day.  
But in voices loud and clear,  
you say to me it's only superstition.  
It's only your imagination.  
It's only your...  
and the things that you fear,  
and the things which you cannot explain.  
Keep clean for the thousandth time.  
Stand still and wait in line.  
But nobody's better than others, oh no.  
What if cards don't go my way?  
Then it's sure to spoil my day.  
But in voices loud and clear,  
you say to me it's only superstition.  
It's only your imagination,  
It's only your...  
and the things that you fear,  
and the things, from which you can't escape.  
It's making me cry, alone.  
it's making me cry alone.  
It's slipping away, alone.  
Oh, I'm slipping away.  
It's only superstition, only your imagination.  
It's only superstition, only superstition