

# Coldplay, People Of The Pride

People on the left  
People on the right  
Got a lion inside  
People of the pride  
Let's go  
There's a man who swears he's God  
Unbelievers will be shot  
There's a man who walks around  
Like he owns the fucking lot  
There's a man who takes his time  
From his homemade cuckoo clock  
And he makes us march around it  
Ticktock, ticktock, ticktock  
There's a crocodile cross-eyed  
There's a turning of the tide  
We're no longer going to fight for  
Some old crook and all his crimes  
There's a sewing up of rags  
Into revolution flags  
Got to stand up to be counted  
Be an anthem for your time  
It's just work  
It's just work  
It's not easy, and we could all be blown apart  
But heaven is a fire escape  
You try to cling to in the dark  
It's just work, believe me  
Still my beating heart  
We'll all be free to fall in love  
With who we want, and say  
Yeah (yeah), yeah (yeah), ooh-oh  
Yeah (yeah)  
And people of the pride  
Go