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