

# Cemeteries of London

Coldplay

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 seek God in their  
own way,  
Save the nighttime for your weeping...  
Your weeping...

Singing la lalalala la le...  
And the night over London rang.  
So we rode down to the river where the toiling ghosts strain  
for their curses to be broken...  
We'd go underneath the arches where the witches are in there sa  
ying  
There are ghost towns in the ocean...  
The ocean...  
Singing la lalalala la le...  
And the night over London rang.

God is in the houses and God is in my head... and all the cemeter  
ies 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 lalalala la le...  
and the night over London rang.  
Singing la lalalala la le...  
There's no light over London today.