

Only Superstition

Coldplay

The cardboard head I see
Has found its way to me
Its out and its out and its out
Making me cry
I sleep but I will not move
I'm too scared to leave my room
But I won't be defeated, oh no

R: What if cars don't go my way
And its sure to spoil my day?
But in voices loud and clear you say to me;
"Its only superstition
Its only your imagination
Its only all the things that you fear
And the things from which you can't escape"

Keep clean for the thousandth time
Stand still and wait in line
Some numbers are better than others
Oh no

R: What if cars...

And its making me cry, and its making me cry
And I'm slipping away, I'm slipping away

Its only superstition, only your imagination
And its only superstition, only superstition.