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