

Some Of Them Were Superstitious  
Midlake

[Intro]

A E x8

Bm A E A E

Dmaj7sus2 Dm6 Dmaj7sus2 Dm6

F#m A/E B Dm

A E x4

[Verse 1]

A E A E A E A

Some of them were superstitious sitting with their backs facing the orchard

A E A E A E

All of them with mittens on their hands and feet were waiting there for winter

Bm A E A E

Thousands on the freezerail I could never join them there

[Chorus]

Dmaj7sus2 Dm6 Dmaj7sus2 Dm6 F#m A/E  
For them we dare not bother, but couldn't help but holler "yeah"

B Dm6 F#m A/E  
There's no use in hiding the joy from the bright new sun

B Dm A  
I could wait for winter, better if it never comes

A E x4

[Verse 2]

A E A E A E A

Some of them were superstitious watching them parade around the town square

A E A E A E A

Some of them were praising monicle men simply cause they don't know better

Bm A E A E

Someone to protect them, someone to keep track of them

[Chorus]

Dmaj7sus2 Dm6 Dmaj7sus2 Dm6 F#m A/E

No, I don't believe them, I would rather holler