

Viva la Vida

A1 (S+A+T+B)

¹ I used to rule the world, seas would rise when I gave the word.
⁵ Now in the morning I sleep alone, sweep the streets I used to own.

A2 (S+A+T+B)

¹⁰ I used to roll the dice, feel the fear in my enemy's ey-
¹⁴es. Listened as the crowd would sing: "Now the old king is dead, long live
¹⁸the king!" One minute I held the key, next the
²¹walls were closed on me, and I discovered that my castles sta-
²⁴nd upon pillars of salt and pillars ²⁶of sand. I

B1 (S+A+T+B)

²⁷hear Jerusalem bells aringing, Roman Cavalry choirs are singing.
³¹Be my mirror, my sword and shield, my missionaries in a foreign field.
³⁵For some reason I can't explain, once you go there was never, never an hon-
³⁹est word, but that was when I rule the world.

A3

S1 ⁴³ eeeeeeeee ⁴⁴ eeeeeeeh, ⁴⁶ eeeeeeeeeeee-
S2, A ⁴³ It was the wicked and wiiiiiiiiiiiiild wiiiiiiiiiiiiind, blew down the ⁴⁶ doors to let me i-
T ⁴³ eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeh, eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-
B ⁴⁴ Wicked and the wiiiiiiild, ⁴⁶ bleew down the

S1 ⁴⁷ eeeeeeeeeeh, ⁴⁸ eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeh, ⁵⁰ eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-
S2, A ⁴⁷ in. Shattered windows and the ⁴⁸ soound of dru ⁴⁹ uuums. People ⁵⁰ couldn't believe what li'-
T ⁴⁷ eeh, eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeh, eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-
B ⁴⁷ doooooooooooooooooors. ⁴⁸ Shattered windows, ⁴⁹ druuuums. ⁵⁰ Peeeople couldn't be-

S1 ⁵¹ eeeeeeeeh. Revolution ⁵² aaaaaaaaaaries waa ⁵³ aaaaaaiiit for my ⁵⁴ head on a silver pla-
S2+A ⁵¹ ii'd become. Revolution ⁵² aaaaaaaaaaries waa ⁵³ aaaaaaiiit for my ⁵⁴ head on a silver pla-
T1 ⁵¹ eeeeeeeeh. ⁵² Ah-eeh-aaah eeh-aa ⁵³ ah-eeh-aah, ⁵⁴ aah- eh-aah eh- ah-
T2 ⁵² Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah ⁵³ aaaaaaaaaaaahh ⁵⁴ aaaaaaaaaaaaaah
B ⁵¹ lllllllllleeeeeeeve.

S1 ⁵⁵ aaaaaate. ⁵⁶ Eeeeeeeeeeee ⁵⁷ eeeeh. ⁵⁸ Who would ever wanna be ki-
S2 ⁵⁵ ate. Just a puppet on a loooooonely striiiiiiiiiing, ah, ⁵⁸ who would ever wanna be ki-
T1 ⁵⁵ ate. Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeh, eeeh. ⁵⁸ Who would ever wanna be ki-
T2 ⁵⁵ aaaaaaaaaaaaaah ⁵⁶ aaaaaaaaaah ⁵⁷ aaaaaaaah. ⁵⁸ Who would ever wanna be ki-
B ⁵⁸ Who would ever wanna be ki-

B2 (S+A+T+B)

⁵⁹iiiiiiiiing? I ⁵⁹hear Jerusalem bells aringing, Roman Cavalry choirs are singing.
⁶⁴Be my mirror, my sword and shield, my missionaries in a foreign field.
⁶⁸For some reason I can't explain, I know Saint Peter won't call my name. Never
⁷²an honest word, but that was when I rule the woooooorld.