

# Satellite

**Elliott Smith**

While the hands are pointing up midnight  
You're a question mark coming after people  
You watch collide  
You can ask what you want to, the satellite  
Cos the names you drop put ice in my veins  
and for all you know your the only one who finds it strange  
when they call it a lover's moon, the satellite  
Cos it acts just like lovers do, the satellite  
A burned out world you know, staying up all night  
the satellite

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