

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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