

And so the car was brought to a stop
On a country road
And the trees were bare, bare and black
And the drizzle came down
What are they doing here
What are they going to do to each other?

Silent through the glass the lips move
A finger makes it's point
Words obscured by fog swirling round
That hides the looker-on
What am I doing here
A stranger on the side of the road?

I'm a satellite, brought back down to earth
I'll always be in orbit
I'm a satellite

I want what you've got, I want a piece of you
I wish I got to know you

I like to think of space, cold and pure
Empty all around
The planets move in silence through it all
The stars they burn with no sound

What am I doing here
A stranger on the side of the road?

I'm a satellite, brought back down to earth
I'll always be in orbit
I'm a satellite

A satellite