

Satellite

Danny Michel

With my knees up on the dashboard,
I watch the stars like grains of sand.
And underneath my sleeping bag,
The nightclub stamp still glows on my hand.
Through the rearview mirror, things become much clearer
Than they've ever been.
And if this is a mistake, remind me to make
More of them.
Somedays my bad days, gang up on good days.
Somedays the world weighs too much for me to want to stay.
And I feel like a satellite
I feel like a satellite
I feel like a satellite
I feel like a satellite
And just when things were looking right and feeling good,
It all came crashing down.
Educated guess was my uneducated best
I confound. (that's not right)
Problems after problems piled high on problems
Probably tried to touch the sun.
You're anything I can imagine,
Right beneath my notice life had just begun.
Now my bad days end up on good days.
Now the grade's made in my own little ways.
And I feel like a satellite
I feel like a satellite
I feel like a satellite
I feel like a satellite