

## Satellite

Elliott Smith

While the hands are pointing up midnight  
You're a question mark  
Coming after people you watched collide  
You can ask what you want to, the satellite

'Cause the names you drop  
Put ice in my veins  
And for all you know  
You're the only one who finds it strange

When they call it a lover's moon, the satellite  
'Cause it acts just like lovers do, the satellite  
A burned out world you know  
Staying up all night, the satellite