

Satellite, satellite
Satellite, satellite

She's got a wall full of pinups
And magazine photos
She teases her hair
As she tries on the poses
Just stands at the T.V.
While she's filing her nails
And sighs, "Maybe"

And I am standing in line
With the other stuffed toys
While she's checking her diary
And painting her toe
Is Friday or Saturday night?
Well, who knows?
She says, "Maybe"

And there's space junk inside her head
And she's, she's somewhere out there
Spinning like a
Satellite, satellite
Oh, duzuduz ah darlin'
When are you coming down?
Satellite, satellite

Well, she's studied the movies
Ordered all the right clothes
Is she modeling Greta Garbo
Or Marilyn Monroe?
She can waste hours and hours
With her friends on the phone
They say, "Maybe"

Leaves her lipstick and perfume
All over the place
Only sweets in the daytime
Never wears the same dress
She's in ecstasy now
She's says, "Oo, that's the best!"
I say, "Maybe"

And there's space junk inside her head
She's somewhere out there
Spinning like a
Satellite, satellite
Space junk inside her head
She's somewhere out there

Space junk inside her head
She's somewhere out there