

Satellite

Lou Rhodes

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