

## Satellite

The Feelers

As faking it with the stars  
I was freaking out  
To see you there  
And now I'm crying out  
Hoping that you might hear

High in the corners  
In time to take myself from me  
Safety in numbers  
I'll run away if you reject me  
And I couldn't feel a thing  
Hours inebriated  
I couldn't feel a thing  
I felt so segregated