

Rain, rain on a Tuesday.
The clouds are crying 'cause they can't wash me away.
Now you've got me in your pocket,
We fly away above the storm in your space rocket.

You're my sun and I'm your satellite.
Have me in your gravity and holding me so tight.
You're my sun and I'm your satellite.
And now I know how it feels
To get it right.

Naked in the afternoon.
Bellies soaked in sweat and evening comes too soon.
I wrap my world around your body,
And it feels so good not to have to say I'm sorry.

You're my sun and I'm your satellite.
Have me in your gravity and holding me so tight.
Well you're my sun and I'm your satellite.
Now I know how it feels.

And I'll keep coming right back to you now,
I'll keep coming right back to you now, yes I will.
And I'll keep coming right back to you now,
But will you keep standing still?

You're my sun and I'm your satellite.
Have me in your gravity and holding me so tight.
You're my sun and I'm your satellite.
Now I know how it feels
To get it right.