

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 'Cos 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
'Cos it acts just like lovers do, the satellite
A burned out world you know
Staying up all night, the satellite

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