Satellite

Elvis Costello

She looked like she learned to dance
From a series of still pictures
She's madly excited now
She throws her hands up like a TulipShe looks like an illustration of a cocktail party
Where cartoon bubbles burst in the air
Champagne rolls off her tongue
Like a second languageAnd it should have been her biggest night
The satellite looks down on her as she begins to cryAll over the world at the very same time
People sharing the same sorrow
As the satellite looks down
Her darkest hour is somebody's bright tomorrowHe pulled on a cigarette
In the crook of his first finger
Felt the static electric charge
Of her perfect hour-glass figureAs he undressed her with his eyes
Her weakness was his talent
How could she know as she stepped through the lights
That her dress would become transparentAnd with his face pressed to the screen
He muttered words he'd never dare to say if she could see himAll over the world at the very same time
People sharing the same cheap sensation
The thrill of watching somebody watching
Those forbidden things we never mentionThe satellite looks down, right now and forever
What it has pulled apart let no man tether
His own body to his dream
His dream to someone else
Oh no, oh noShe went back to a pitiful compromise
He'd go back to his family
But for the matter of a thousand miles
That separated them entirelyIn the hot unloving spotlight
With the secrets it arouses
Now they both know what it's like
Inside a pornographer's trousersAnd in a funny way it's anonymous, the satellite
It blesses us and makes these dreams come trueAll over the world at the very same time
All over the worldThe satellite looks down, right now and forever
What it has pulled apart let no man tether
His own body to his dream
His dream to someone else
Oh no, oh no
Oh no, oh no

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