

Supersatellite

Our Lady Peace

I've read the bible, i've read Dylan
I'm reading people now
Because it is much more chilling
I sit on a satellite
With the stars made of gold
There's life through that hollow lens I know supersatellite
I watch the traffic
I find the seeds There's one man in particular
Who's not what he seems
I can't focus in
On the lies in his head
He's convinced that his blood is blue
But it's red
Supersatellite Nothing dazzles me
I am in his dreams
Nothing is shocking
Transparent human being

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