

Satellite Ecstatica

Pop Will Eat Itself

The day regurgitates at six pm on TV news
The fools, the clowns
End of the decade blues
The walls are crumbling
The fear should have a hold on me
But fate can wait
The time has come to get my dueScratch like a vampire
Screaming like a maniac
Satellite ecstatica
Treat me to that heart attackDo not panicThe door flies wide
A crunching blow hits from behind
I'm wet with sweat
And handcuffed to the TV set
She smiles the smile
Of someone in complete control
I'm on my knees
And beggin' her for mercy, pleaseSatellite ecstatica
Screaming like a maniac
Leisure inc fantasia
Heading for a heart attackDo not panic
Do not panic
Do not panicHer mischief is stirring
She's purring like a pussycat
The air is damp
As her hot breath is steaming out
She feeds me in 3D
We sync rhythmic intensity
I'll die in here
Her thighs shut tight around my earsDo not panic
Do not panicMy teeth are clenched
The room spins round and then gets drenched
I'm through, destroyed
I spent it all, she looks annoyed
She slaps my face
I clear up so there is no trace
And back, I drift
To bedsit bliss, late TV shiftSatellite ecstatica
Screaming like a maniac
Bite like a vampire

Heading for that heart attack
Do not panic
Do not panic
Do not panic
It's got a hold on me, satellite
It's got a hold on me
It's got a hold on me, satellite
It's got a hold on me
It's got a hold on me, satellite
It's got a hold on me
It's got a hold on me
It's got a hold on me

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