

# Satellite (Live drums by Scott Frassetto)

[BT](#)

See here, we have a beautiful view of the earth down below as the satellite departs  
She smells of the sun  
And she's constantly saying  
That's it's alright because lies sound so nice  
And like soil to seed goes, casting my fears aside  
She says, "The satellite is coming"  
I pray the wrecking ball is waning  
She says, "The satellite is coming.  
It's come to take us home." Satellite Still smells of the sun  
And the light that brings healing is burning my eyes  
And the dark seems so nice  
And I'm choking on blessings that I can receive  
I hide  
She says, "The satellite is coming"  
I pray the wrecking ball is waning  
She says, "The satellite is coming.  
It's come to take us home." This series of bearings that will us in proximity with the satellite.  
It's been a good trip, Houston.

Songwriters

TRANSEAU, BRIAN WAYNE Published by

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