

In the Satellite Rides a Star

Old 97's

Time knows you're done
Time as you fall
I'm in the middle, letters you've signed
In your cursive, cursive style
Going down tonight
It's different for boys and girls
I've got your number, I know who you are
You're a satellite on the world
And I feel it slowing
And I feel it slowing down
And I feel it slowing
And I feel it slowing down
You didn't have the right
To go so many a mile
Ain't a good woman who rolls out of sight
She could honestly stay a while
So roll on as you like
Yeah, roll in the sand like a stone
I've got your number, I know who you were
You were a satellite all alone
And I feel it slowing
And I feel it slowing down
And I feel it slowing
And I feel it slowing down
And I feel it slowing
And I feel it slowing down
And I feel it slowing
And I feel it slowing down
And in the satellite rides a star
And in the satellite rides a star
And in the satellite rides a star

Songwriters

Philip Wayne Peeples; Murry Hammond; Stewart Ransom Miller; Kendall Dewayne Bethea
Published by
BURGERMEISTER MUSIC; WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR MUSIC; PENNYCOST MUSIC; THIS IS MY PIECE
OF SHEET MUSIC; RAM ISLAND SONGS (*SEE NOTES*)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>