

# Satellite

## The Feelers

I was satellite  
As pushing through the stars  
And I was nebullite  
As faking it with the stars  
I was freaking out  
To see you there  
And now IÃ¢??m crying out  
Hoping that you might hear  
High in the corners  
In time to take myself from me  
Safety in numbers  
IÃ¢??ll run away if you reject me  
And I couldnÃ¢??t feel a thing  
Hours inebriated  
I couldnÃ¢??t feel a thing  
I felt so segregated

Songwriters

Thomas, Robert Kelly / Shur, ItaalPublished by

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