

Satellite

Little Boots

I'm flying, climbing, floating through time
See it all with my naked eye
The world's revolving like it's mine
Losing perspective, head in the clouds
But what goes up has to come down
For now my head keeps turning 'round And I'm heading for a black hole
Spinning out of control Like a satellite
Like a satellite
I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling
Down to Earth
When I get too high
When I get too high
You're calling, you're calling, you're calling
Me back to Earth Illusion tricks [?]
It only leaves you wanting more
Wondering how you coped before Touch down, you're far too close to the sun
Your wings, they still can come undone
Learn how to walk before you run Like a satellite
Like a satellite
I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling
Down to Earth
When I get too high
When I get too high
You're calling, you're calling, you're calling
Me back to Earth Falling to pieces in the sky
Evaporating out of time Touch down, you're far too close to the sun
Your wings, they still can come undone
Learn how to walk before you run When I get too high
When I get too high
You're calling, you're calling, you're calling
Me back to Earth Fly
Fly
I'm in flight
Like a satellite Fly
Fly
I'm in flight
Like a satellite Like a satellite
Like a satellite I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling
Down to Earth

When I get too high
When I get too high
You're calling, you're calling, you're calling
Me back to EarthFalling to pieces in the sky
Evaporating

Songwriters

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