

Eudora

"Satellites On Parade"

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Wait

Tuning out the atmosphere
I'm sick of hearing wind
The message never comes in clear
I'm always looking up again
Though you send it to me everyday
But you're only going further away
The distance puts a damper
On the progress that we've made

We are all gone
Satellites on parade
Circled on the blackened sky
Circuits all start to break
Pieces of your scattered mind
Did I ever really tell you why
Did I ever really tell you why
Satellites were meant to fly

Stars will never burn that bright
To light the way for you
Lost in the eternal light
So what am I supposed to do

Though I find myself calling your name
Hoping that the frequency's the same
The distance puts a damper
On the progress that we've made

We are all gone
Satellites on parade
Circled on the blackened sky
Circuits all start to break
Pieces of your scattered mind
Did I ever really tell you why
Did I ever really tell you why
Satellites were meant to fly

And the stars will fall for you

Satellites on parade
Circled out a blackened sky

Circuits all start to break
Pieces of your scatter mind
Did I ever really tell you why
Satellites were meant to fly
Turning out the atmosphere
Words that never come in clear

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