

Lower Class Brats

"To Satellite"

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Excuse me darling!
For breathing my own air
Excuse me baby, but are you even there?

You threw your arms around my shoulders.
In hopes of pulling us much closer
But there's static in my ear
Saying that you're not real.

What were you hoping for?
When you just close the door.

You've got your fingers around my neck.
And I struggle to breathe
But all the while you'd rather watch me choke
Then see me with a naked throat.

[2x]
I never thought you were worth waiting for.

We've come so far for this.
And all things missed left behind to build this.
This is distance.

Push and pull, dig into the skull.
This life doesn't wait, push and pull.
With so much electricity flowing through this wrist.

The sparks fly right off my lips.
Imploding every existence. For this.
This is distance. This is distance.

Wandering aimlessly into the wrist.
You have to give up for this.

This is reality.
There's always cables on the way
To satellite. To satellite.
Wandering aimlessly into the wrist.

