

## Aimee Mann "Satellite"

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Let's assume you were right  
And play the game of charm and strange  
And satellite  
And when we've all had our fun  
Deflate the stars  
And put away the sun  
And so we can call it a day  
Cause I'll never prove that my motives were pure  
So let's remove any question of cure  
Cause even though you've made it pretty obscure  
Baby, it's clear, from here--  
You're losing your atmosphere  
From here, you're losing it  
So let's assume it was true  
Cause baby can't lift up a hand to swear to you  
And what's the use of defense?  
The hangers-on are too far gone for evidence  
And that one was lost from the first  
Cause I'll never prove that my motives were pure  
So let's remove any question of cure  
Cause even though you've made it pretty obscure  
Baby, it's clear, from here--  
You're losing your atmosphere  
From here, you're losing it  
So have it your way  
Whatever makes the best resume  
Whatever you can throw in  
Wash, rinse and spin til it's  
Spun away--okay  
But I won't be sticking around  
Cause I'll never prove that my motives were pure  
So let's remove any question of cure  
Cause even though you've made it pretty obscure  
Baby, it's clear, from here--  
You're losing your atmosphere  
From here, you're losing it

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