

The Kills

"satellite"

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Lost her behind the station
Lost her behind the moon
Operator, operator, dial her back
Operator put me through
Ahuuuh, Satellite gave up the ghost too soon
Rising on the thermals
She calling in and out the blue
Ahuuuh, carried her off on a silver spoon
I loved her too long, don't take her too
Oooohh ohhhhhh
Oh how he crossed us on that fate your path in my own
satellite
What a mess a little time makes to us when time and
place collide
Operator, operator, dial her back
Operator, operator, don't take her too.
I loved her too her long, don't love her too
Operator, operator, dial her back
Operator, operator, don't take her too
I love her too her long, don't love her too, don't love her
too
Oooohh ohhhhhh...

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