

## **Pop Will Eat Itself "Satellite Ecstatica"**

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The day regurgitates at six pm on TV news  
The fools, the clowns  
End of the decade blues  
The walls are crumbling  
The fear should have a hold on me  
But fate can wait  
The time has come to get my due

Scratch like a vampire  
Screaming like a maniac  
Satellite ecstática  
Treat me to that heart attack

Do not panic

The door flies wide  
A crunching blow hits from behind  
I'm wet with sweat  
And handcuffed to the TV set  
She smiles the smile  
Of someone in complete control  
I'm on my knees  
And beggin' her for mercy, please

Satellite ecstática  
Screaming like a maniac  
Leisure inc fantasia  
Heading for a heart attack

Do not panic  
Do not panic  
Do not panic

Her mischief is stirring  
She's purring like a pussycat  
The air is damp  
As her hot breath is steaming out  
She feeds me in 3D  
We sync rhythmic intensity  
I'll die in here  
Her thighs shut tight around my ears

Do not panic  
Do not panic

My teeth are clenched  
The room spins round and then gets drenched  
I'm through, destroyed  
I spent it all, she looks annoyed  
She slaps my face  
I clear up so there is no trace  
And back, I drift  
To bedsit bliss, late TV shift

Satellite ecstasica  
Screaming like a maniac  
Bite like a vampire  
Heading for that heart attack

Do not panic  
Do not panic  
Do not panic  
Do not panic

It's got a hold on me, satellite  
It's got a hold on me  
It's got a hold on me, satellite  
It's got a hold on me  
It's got a hold on me, satellite  
It's got a hold on me  
It's got a hold on me, satellite  
It's got a hold on me

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