

Robyn Hitchcock **"Satellite"**

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every day the satellite
seems to be the door of someone's reach
every day the satellite
seems a little further on the beach
satellites and stags
i'm growing betsy in a bag
and she don't mind
as long as things are round
every day the satellite
jerky little canister of gold
who's to be the satellite
with inches of whole betsy growing cold
i'm into you so far
i'm out the other side
and orbiting is just a waste of time
next time i get into you
i swear to god i won't come out again
swear to god i won't come out again
satellites and stags
i'm growing betsy in a bag
and she don't mind
as long as things are round
every day the satellite
seems a little further out of reach

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