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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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