

Lelia Broussard

"Satellite"

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I slip and sway at every
Passing turn I think I may be,
Losing my mind.

I ride my bike up the hill
To a an abandoned house
On the outskirts of Los Angeles

But no one can see me,
Nobody really knows me at all

Would you be my satellite
Would you be my radar?
They don't understand us,
But it don't matter
Satellite, sa-a-a-atellite

I should just get on with it and
Say the things I meant to say
For so long

Bit my tongue till I tasted blood
I don't want to lose control

I'm on the edge of my seat
I can feel my heart skip a beat

Would you be my satellite
Would you be my radar?
They don't understand us,
But it don't matter
Satellite, sa-a-a-atellite

Satellite.

I write love letters to pass the time
And I'm a radio - you're the frequency I'm on
Been so long since I been gone

Would you be my satellite?
Would you be my radar?

They don't understand us,
But it don't matter
Satellite, satellite,
Be my satellite?
Would you be my radar?
They don't understand us,
No no, but it don't matter
Satellite, sa-a-a-atellite

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