

Ljungblut

"White Satellite"

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It sure feels like the end of days
It should make you
Wipe the smile off your face
I'm not looking for an easy way
Out of here
I'm just thinking to myself
'Cause no one else seem to care

Come to think of a white satellite
Rolling over a coca cola black sky

Looking up at an empty star
And what I see
Is that you were really
A piece of me

So many different ways
To lose you
So many different ways
To lose
If you could see me now
Out of my shell
Then you would understand
How much I try

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