

## Avenpitch

### "SATELLITES"

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Mannequins and marionettes  
Stiletto heels and silhouettes  
Ideas that seemed exciting and new  
No longer hold much of a use  
Privy minds they wont surrender  
To imagination loves sweet splendor  
And for everything you think and do  
I got my own advice for you

Build it up to watch it fall  
Catch the bomb to drop the ball  
Act like the worlds greatest pretender  
Play the fool so shell surrender  
Ideas of love and success  
Were all skeletons with hanging flesh  
And were holding out for something new  
Something beautiful and something true

Stand up, get up, smile, sit up  
Stand up, get up, march, march, march  
Stand up, get up, smile, sit up  
Stand up, get up, march, march, march

Blackened eyes on television  
Leave the choice to indecision  
Looking to satellites for an escape  
When Jesus wont answer our complaints  
Where is hope, where is God  
Who is the force that moves us along  
And why should we try and what should we care  
When were looking for things that are never there

Stand up, get up, smile, sit up  
Stand up, get up, march, march, march  
Stand up, get up, smile, sit up  
Stand up, get up, march, march, march

And the television in our home  
Gives us our dreams, gives us our goals  
And shows us all that we can be

And the television is our escape  
It gives us hope, it gives us faith  
And it tells us all that we need to be

March! March! March!

Stand up, get up, smile, sit up  
Stand up, get up, march, march, march  
Stand up, get up, smile, sit up  
Stand up, get up, march, march, march

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