

David Fridlund

"Satellite"

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Keep kicking the ball boy, nobody knows
If you're far from feelings or if you're too close
spring walks with 7-mile boots as we speak
so rub your allergic eyes and look at me
I see the trace you leave, the blood on the ground
you never call out, you just hope that
somebody sees what you're doing
as you're choking yourself
soon it's all over, your life on the shelf...
so you say you live in hell?
well you're like a satellite
you sparkle in a void

here they come running with scissors and tape
mend it together or end up like they did
head in a bucket, you blindfolded fool
everyone's looking forward to meet you
though you don't believe it's true
and you're like a satellite
you sparkle in a void
and one is born with a silver spoon, one is born with a
dollar-grin
how could they possibly know what it means?
one is born a liar and one is born a thief
one is born self-confident, one is born a shaking leaf
one is born a devil and one is born an angel
one walks around uptight and one is calm and at ease
and one was born into me
1-10, here you come sliding back into my head again
just like an orphan, you don't really belong
take a deep breath now and try to stay calm
and something great will come
and we're all like satellites
we sparkle in a void

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