

# Elliott Smith, Satellite

While the hands are pointing up midnight  
You're a question mark coming after people you watched collide  
You can ask what you want to the satellite  
Cos the names you drop put ice in my veins  
And for all you know, you're the only one who finds it strange  
When they call it a lover's moon  
The satellite  
Cos it acts just like lovers do  
The satellite  
A burned-out world you know  
Staying up all night  
The satellite