Haunted Satellite

Beth Orton

I got the air that a storm was coming
Rolling in like a distant warning
Telling me I've gotta get my head straight
Telling me I've gotta get my facts in range

Summer runs through winters blood
Springs beneath the snow in bud
Times it's hard for me to see
But that's the way its gotta be

I have lived as a satellite
I saddled up I settled up, I don't sit right
I've ain't forgotten, all that I said would be
All the world inside of me

I got the air that a storm was stealing
Coming in as the children sleeping
Telling me I've gotta hold my head high
Telling me I've got no more tears to cry

Summer runs through winters blood
Springs beneath the snow in bud
At times it's hard for me to see
But that's the way it gotta be

We who live as satellite's
Were like that plant that lives off air
But we need light
I had forgotten all that I thought would be
All the world outside of you and me
There's a world outside of you and me

Nature's got a bigger gun than anyone
Nature's got a bigger gun than anyone

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