

Satellites

EMA

Open the satelllites
Open the satelllites, oh

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She search godless
In this big space
I can't read it
She is freezing

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Oh as yes as the sky does turn to night
And we push our bright eyes up to the sight
I can see them
2, 3, 4, 5 thousand of them
Thousand of them

I remember when the world was divided
By a wall of concrete and a curtain of iron
Still they put a man up into space
And we go there each night alone in the waste

You've to open the satelllites
Open the satelllites

Open the satelllites
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Open the satelllites, oh

I've got a brand new spell
Ain't comin' out that well
[repeating, fading]