

Satellite Moon

Strand of Oaks

Sunlight coming and I rake it up
On the winds of the satellite moon

I make gold then I mess it up
On the winds of the satellite moon

I never said it would be this easy
You were wasting your light out on me
I never said anything

Holy shit I feel like giving up
On the winds of the satellite moon

Little prince come won't you shake it up
On the winds of the satellite moon

On the winds, on the winds
On the winds of the satellite moon
Come and fake it, come and know it
Overrated

Oh no winds again and a terrified man
And you wait in the shade
Won't you trail, won't you trail on

Sunlight coming and you break it off
On the winds of the satellite moon

Transport coming and you pack it up
On the winds of the satellite moon