

# Autumn, Satellites

Did you see me the other night?  
Did I catch your eye, your attention  
sliding by on a cloudless night?  
Spying down and spinning around  
To the naked eye I'm far from a sight to see  
Drawing lines on both hemispheres and the stars outshine me

Always analyzing  
Sending out our findings  
It occurs to me...

We are all satellites with golden wings inhaling the light  
Pushed to meet criteria in the long run

Don't you think that I've had my share  
That the burden I bear compares to what I receive  
If you label me obsolete I'll remain here among, and as a part galactic debris

We are all satellites with golden wings inhaling the light  
Pushed to meet criteria in the long run  
We are all satellites with golden wings inhaling the light  
Hope to meet criteria in the longer run  
Have I outstayed my welcome here?

But I may linger a little longer, hang around for no particular purpose or reason  
Before you burn me in your atmosphere (crash me into your sea.)  
push me out of your orbit...

...know that I will always remember  
Know that I won't consider surrender