

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 overstayed 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