

James Blunt, Satellites

5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

She's another victim of life, we've come to know,
Technology celebrity all the thing u cannot hold
She's from a long lost tribe looking for the light
Or a friend to hold her hand
She's doing the best she can
Seems that everyone we knows is
Out there waiting by a phone
Wondering why they feel alone in this life
Are we all just satellites?
Where's the love?show me tonight
Where's the moment we unite
For all we know life's just to dream
Who the hell knows what it means?
Stop the world and sing with me
All her memories have been
Experienced through
High speed on the video screen
That's all she ever knew
Did you know none of it's real
If you can feel
The beating of someone's heart
Don't leave yourself in the dark
Seems that everyone we knows is
Out there waiting by a phone
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