

# Metric, Satellite Mind

Hold it, I'm about to drop off  
Let me tell you my last thought  
Drift into a deep fog, lost where I forgot to  
Hold it, I can feel you most when I'm alone  
Coming home 'cause I want to hang out with the starlet  
Stare up at the ceiling, preview of a screening  
Flashback of a feeling, sixth sense of a call  
And heard you fuck through the wall, I heard you fuck  
When I'm bored I send vibrations in your direction  
Through the satellite mind  
When I'm bored I send vibrations in your direction  
Through the satellite mind  
I'm not suicidal, I just can't get out of bed  
I drift into a deep fog, lost where I forgot to  
Hold it, I can feel you most when I'm alone  
I can feel your ghost when I'm alone  
Coming home 'cause I want to hang out with the starlet  
Stare up at the ceiling, hiding and revealing  
Flashback of a feeling, sixth sense of a calling  
And heard you fuck through the wall, I heard you fuck  
When I'm bored I send vibrations in your direction  
Through the satellite mind  
When I'm bored I send vibrations in your direction  
Through the satellite mind  
When I'm bored I send vibrations  
Through a satellite mind, through the satellite mind  
A satellite mind, mind, mind, a satellite  
A satellite mind, mind, mind, a satellite  
A satellite mind, mind, a satellite, a satellite