

Our Lady Peace, Supersatellite

I've read the bible, i've read Dylan,
i'm reading people now
because it is much more chilling
i sit on a satellite
with the stars made of gold
there's life through that hollow lens
i know supersatellite
i watch the traffic,
i find the seeds
there's one man in particular
who's not what he seems
i can't focus in
on the lies in his head
he's convinced that his blood is blue
but it's red
supersatellite
nothing dazzles me,
i am in his dreams
nothing is shocking,
transparent human being