

Dean Friedman, Wishing On A Satellite

by Dean Friedman

Looking down on the earth's crust, watching the last sunset.
Just a sprinkling of stardust, orange and violet.
And to the east in the autumn sky, blinking on and off like a firefly,
sailing south in silence like a supersonic spy

Wishing on a satellite. Wishing on a satellite.
I Wish I may I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight.

Heavenly bodies hurtling through space.
Orbiting oddities guarding the human race.
Silver sentries of the stratosphere, trying to keep the peace on the new frontier.
Pray for their success or we'll all disappear.

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Platinum prophets circling the earth,
and the light bouncing off it announces a savior's birth.
Now's the time for a moratorium, 'cause who can say for sure if the messiah will ever come,
and we could be bathed in darkness for the next millennium.

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