

# Elvis Costello, Satellite

She looked like she learned to dance from a  
series of still pictures  
She's madly excited now, she throws her hands  
up like a tulip  
She looks like an illustration of a cocktail party  
Where cartoon bubbles burst in the air,  
champagne rolls off her tongue  
Like a second language  
And it should have been her biggest night  
The satellite looks down on her as she begins  
to cry

All over the world at the very same time people  
sharing the same sorrow  
As the satellite looks down her darkest hour is  
somebody's bright tomorrow

He pulled on a cigarette, in the crook of his  
first finger  
Felt the static electric charge of her perfect  
hour-glass figure  
As he undressed her with his eyes her weakness  
was his talent  
How could she know as she stepped through  
the lights, that her dress would become  
transparent  
And with his face pressed to the screen, he  
muttered words he'd never dare to say if she  
could see him

All over the world at the very same time  
People sharing the same cheap sensation the  
thrill of watching somebody watching those  
forbidden things we never mention

[Chorus:]  
The satellite looks down right now and forever  
What it has pulled apart let no man tether his  
own body to his dream,  
His dream to someone else  
Oh no, oh no.

She went back to a pitiful compromise  
He'd go back to his family  
But for the matter of a thousand miles that  
separated them entirely  
In the hot unloving spotlight, with secrets  
it arouses  
Now they both know what it's like inside a  
pornographer's trousers  
And in a funny way it's anonymous, the satellite  
it blesses us and makes these dreams come  
true... All over the world

[Chorus]