

Flexa Lyndo, Beyond The Satellites

Everyone needs some culture
Peripatetic bands all around us
On the road in and out of season
With a fistful of brand old new songs
Industry is full of insiders
Audience loves entertainers
In ecstasy ah ah ah ah
Do not try to mix trade and culture

It makes no sense under the rain
Everyone knows it won't last forever
If I could change my mind
And go beyond the satellites
It makes no sense under the rain

Everyone needs some culture
Festivals are back : hot season
She's looking like a horse on heat
Hips tits lips power
G-O-D-D-E-S-S looks at me in a resolute manner : "Want you in my bed ah ah ah ah"
We'd better mix sex and culture

All my love gone down the drain
I knew it would not last forever
If I could escape this town
And go beyond the satellites
All my love gone down the drain

It makes no sense under the rain
Everyone knows it won't last forever
If I could change my mind
And go beyond the satellites
It makes no sense under the rain