

Phillip Boa, Satellite Man

I feel like a haunted angel...
when I woke up and saw
i'm not a starwar
oh no, instead it seems today
I'm a sad film in may
a movie beau, so pale and senses so low
all my childhood memoir
in this situation noir
it makes up all my anger focussed here
so feel my sweet despair, so mere
everyday I feel like a haunted angel
Im a satellite man, I do all I can
I'm a satellite man, I'm a satellite man
I'm a satellite man, I do all I can, not to recall my teenage remembrance
I'm all in urge to give you my shelter
the houses in my brain, so never could, so vain
so jesus, us and the past
will never appear again
will never come back
and all those satellites around me
makes me want to run away
makes me dizzy, dizzy, dizzy...
I feel like a haunted angel
I'm a satellite man...
makes all my anger focussed here
so feel my sweet despair so mere
makes me want to check out of here
I feel like a haunted angel
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