

Runrig, Satellite Flood

She's late in years in the olden world
Sharing the old morality with the olden girls
Her only guide was the life in her hands
Ways that only the wise could understand

Satellite Flood

It's a world crusade
And it's pouring down
From the skies like rain
Satellite flood
From a nuclear town
If you don't stem the tide
You'll surely drown

So they take you down to the global stream
With the third and fourth worlds, the world extremes
Then they home their lasers in on you
And when they hit you they stick like glue

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It's the video beat and the suicide smile
Sex in the wilderness mile on mile
Every hotel room and every bar
American girls and American cars

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