



L A K E R M U S I C

Satellite

I lived along a rutted road
Where the nighttime fell like a
heavy load
And the firmament was fixed
and still
Above the dark of Bunker Hill
I love the twinkling of the lights
I'm watching for a satellite

The shooting stars fall way too
fast
They burn so bright, and they
never last
And the planets pass as slow as
death
Across the sky from East to
West
I love the twinkling of the lights
I'm watching for a satellite

No movement in that field of
stars
Set in time and distance far
And from horizon's edge, a light
A spark of man in lonely flight

Alone among the heavenly host
With a metal heart, directed
ghost
And all the glory all around
Eyes firmly fixed upon the
ground
I recognize that lonely light
Reflected from a satellite