

Satellite, satellite  
Satellite, satellite

She's got a wall full of pinups  
And magazine photos  
She teases her hair  
As she tries on the poses  
Just stands at the T.V.  
While she's filing her nails  
And sighs, "Maybe"

And I am standing in line  
With the other stuffed toys  
While she's checking her diary  
And painting her toe  
Is Friday or Saturday night?  
Well, who knows?  
She says, "Maybe"

And there's space junk inside her head  
And she's, she's somewhere out there  
Spinning like a  
Satellite, satellite  
Oh, duzuduz ah darlin'  
When are you coming down?  
Satellite, satellite

Well, she's studied the movies  
Ordered all the right clothes  
Is she modeling Greta Garbo  
Or Marilyn Monroe?  
She can waste hours and hours  
With her friends on the phone  
They say, "Maybe"

Leaves her lipstick and perfume  
All over the place  
Only sweets in the daytime  
Never wears the same dress  
She's in ecstasy now  
She's says, "Oo, that's the best!"  
I say, "Maybe"

And there's space junk inside her head  
She's somewhere out there  
Spinning like a  
Satellite, satellite  
Space junk inside her head  
She's somewhere out there

Space junk inside her head  
She's somewhere out there