

Satellite Skin

Modest Mouse

If you break these moth wing feelings
Powdering dust on your fingers
Well now were not prayin' we're kneelin'

Hard enough just to say you believe them
Well how the heck did you think you could beat them
At the same time that your trying to be them

Hard enough just to say you don't need it
When they took it up while you were still eating
Well satellite, satellite skin

Just to know, just to say you don't realize it
Well everyone's willing to listen
Oh satellite, satellite skin

You can say what you want your forgiven
Well happy fucking congratulations.
Well everyone, everyone wins

Just like being my own solar system
Doing good things but they totally eclipse them
Oh whats the use, oh what the hell

If you break these moth wing feelings
Butterfly knives in the ceiling
Well everyone, everyone's waiting

Detachments gets praised and completed
You can say what you want and not mean it
Well no one really seems to be waiting

If you sweep up this mess I created
Nothings left to show I existed
Oh satellite, satellite skin

Asking for a question
Was it easier to say then was actually done?
Do you even believe them?
Do you even believe that there's a race to be won?

If you break these moth wing feelings
I have seen it all become satellite skin
Opening some eyes

A knack to know that it's their opinions
Get stacked in all those usual avoided spots
Just to tell you I could not have seen
Through to the gist of those unhappy,
Happy accidents.