A lonely walk until the heaven's break Come back home and see what's changed Flipped the TV on and every channel's got some satellite A broken shoe to practice walking straight Take a little step and stop to think About the planets and the atmosphere and the satellites Wait for the day to come, the day to go Take all the needles from your hair See how the things that happen never really ever happen with a thought unaware Around the corner, a while to zero in And feel for where it ought to be If not the nuts and bolts and that'll come Like a satellite Wait for the day to go, the day to come...