

Satellite Town

On Sunday evening I will leave my home.
I will travel down to a strange downtown.
Take the highway to the middle-west.
Some hours later I'll arrive my place to stay.
Satellite Town, Satellite Town,
you're not my home.

LKW's on the right hand side.
A snake of red lights, on that I ride.
A Mercedes Benz in the back of my neck.
Cold sweat's running down my back.
Satellite Town, Satellite Town,
you're not my home

The room is dark and the room is wet.
My woman cries when we lie in bed.
The time burns down in the middle west.
I got no power to give my best.
Satellite Town, Satellite Town,
you're not my home

On Monday night, it should be Friday.
On Tuesday night, it should be Friday.
On Wednesday night, it should be Friday.
On Thursday night, it should be Friday.
But on Friday evening ,I will leave that Town.
Should I be happy, or should I be down?

Because on
Sunday evening I will leave my home.
I travel down to a strange downtown.
Take the highway to the middle-west.
Some hours later I'll arrive my place to stay.
Satellite Town, Satellite Town,
you're not my home.
Satellite Town, Satellite Town,
you're not my home ...