Satellite

Words & Music:
Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus (Elvis Costello)

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Em    C#m    A    B


E                        C#m            B              A
She looked like she learned to dance from a series of still pictures.
E             C#m        B                    A
She's madly excited, now.  She throws her hands up like a tulip
B                 G#7/B#        C#m   F#7/A#  B
She looks like an illustration of a cocktail party.
     G#m                   G#7/B#
Where cartoon bubbles burst in the air
    C#m        F#7/A#  B                      A
Champagne rolls off her tongue like a second language.
      B                  E
And it should have been her biggest night,
     A             F#              B      B7/D#   E
The satellite looks down on her as she begins to cry.


[n.c.]         C#m                    A            B            B7/D#  E
All over the world at the very same time, People sharing the same-- sorrow.
      C#m           A        B          A            B7
As the satellite looks down, her darkest hour is somebody's bright tomorrow.


He pulled on a cigarette in the crook of his first finger.
Felt the static electric charge of her perfect hourglass figure.
As he undressed her with his eyes her weakness was his talent.
How could she know as she stepped through the lights
That her dress would become transparent?
And with his face pressed to the screen
He muttered words he'd never dare to say if she could see him.
All over the world at the very same time, people sharing the same cheap sensation.
The thrill of watching somebody watching those forbidden things we never mention.


CHORUS:
      E    C#m7     A        B7         E
The satellite looks down right now and forever
     C#m7          A        B7
What it has pulled apart, let no man tether
G#m                   F#                        F#m              B   B7
His own body to his dream, his dream to someone else.  Oh no, oh no.


She went back to her pitiful compromise, he'd go back to his family
But for the matter of a thousand miles that separated them entirely
In the hot unloving spotlight with the secrets it arouses
Now they both know what it's like inside a pornographer's trousers
And in a funny way it's anonymous
The satellite, it blesses us and makes these dreams come true
All over the world at the very same time.  All over the world...


CHORUS:  [end on B7 to Dsus2]


G#7/B# = x 3 1 1 1 2
F#7/A# = 3 x 1 3 2 x
B7/D#  = x x 1 2 0 2
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