

Super 8

Jill Sobule

Take me back, take me home
To the world that never
To the world that never
To the world that never was

Take me back, take me home
To the world that never
To the world that never
To the world that never was

Cones and Roman candles in the sky, 4th of July
The dog's crouched in the basement, dad was still alive
The fading grain of super 8 makes everything seem really great
And I look happy as a clam

Take me back, take me home
To the world that never, to the world that never
To the world that never was

Another birthday party with the braces on my legs
The rented clown made cotton candy and animal balloons
It looks like I had lots of friends, they laugh with me into the lens
Hey, there's Carol Fango before she sliced her wrists

Puts his arm around her tenderly
Turning to the camera I can see

The world that never
The world that never
The world that never