# World News

## Local Natives

The lane next over is always faster
And you wait so long until you're so bothered
But right after you complete your merge
The lane you started in gets going
And while you wait for your luck to change
All you can think of is where you started
You don't like anything on local radio
So you fumble around 'til you land on NPR
And listen to world news
Well, a bomb went off in the parking lot
Of a newly opened Sunni marketplace
And a cloud covers your car at just the right time
For you to see the dark on your face in the mirror
Your phone goes off with a picture of your mother
It's five to six and she can't find your brother
And while normally you'd yell and scream
Instructing her to go and find him on her own
But calmly you're exiting and telling her
That you are headed on your way home
She does not know what to say
Just glad you're on your way home
You turn off your phone in a different tone
As you think the bad feeling so bad makes the good so good

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