

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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