

# Super 8

## Jill Sobule

Take me back, take me home  
To the world that never  
To the world that never wasCones and Roman candles in the sky, Fourth of July  
The dog's couched in the basement, Dad was still alive  
The fading grain of Super 8 makes everything seem really great  
And I look as happy as a clamTake me back, take me home  
To the world that never  
To the world that never  
To the world that never wasAnother 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  
And hey, there's Carol Fango before she sliced her wrists[Incomprehensible]  
Puts his arm around her tenderly  
Turning to the camera I can seeThe world that never  
The world that never  
The world that never

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