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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