Sobule Jill, Super 8

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, 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 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