

# Never Again

Microwave

I can tell that you're trying not to open your eyes, but the sun is too bright.

Come, give up and move on. Leave that city and drive to nowhere .

I followed the sun as it passed by my streets, my friends, my home.

And I swore under my breath that they would never see my face around here.

Never Again. I shut the door and put that beater in gear.

I watched your face get smaller in my rear-view mirror.

I put my finger out and I screamed,

"Here's that white picket fence. Here's that American dream."