

# Frenzal Rhomb, Suburban Male

Looking down the barrel of a gun  
Can't see what you have won  
Underline putting the emphasis on fun  
catch a glimpse out of the corner of my eye  
of all the traits I try to hide

Don't beat yourself up about the future  
just drink yourself into another stupor  
We're middle class, white  
Suburban males

Nothing that is said or is spoken  
Puts the truth in the open  
No regrets we don't lie about our sheltered lives  
I didn't realise that it mattered  
where you came from  
Take a look at yourself

Looking down the barrel of a gun  
Can't see what you have won  
Why try to hide when you might  
just as well have been crucified  
Why be ashamed when there's nothing that can be done  
Take a look at yourself