

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