

Supreme Beings Of Leisure, Under The Gun

I've been accused I've been abused
Sometimes missused and yes confused
A loaded pen I dip again
Another trigger happy friend

I don't know why I continue to fly
In the face of reason
Something inside me just clicked
Like a tick from an awful season

Under the gun under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
And I ain't tripping on a thing

Under the gun under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
I ain't tripping on a thing

I've been afraid to drive at night
I've been a sinner such a lonely sight
Not qualified not rarified
I persevere I give it all my might

I don't know why you continue to cry
That I'll never make it
At least there's some truth
To the fact that you know I just cannot fake it

Under the gun under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
I ain't tripping on a thing

Under the gun under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
I ain't tripping on a thing

Under the gun under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
I ain't tripping on a thing

Under the gun under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
I ain't tripping on a thing ...