

Suburban Male

Frenzal Rhomb

Lookin' down the barrel of a gun
Can't you 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
Don't beat yourself up about the future
Just drink yourself into another stupor

We're middle class, white suburban males
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 realised that it mattered where you come from
Take a look at yourself

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

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