

Whitlams, The "Where's The Enemy"

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He thinks it's best to criticize his own kind
An animal of greed, best to sew that social seed
I thought by my thoughts all would come clear to me
Yeah I can shoot a gun, maybe I should join the army

Is there a quiet place to lie?
Maybe watch this all go by
Wonder how can we survive
Wasting energy, where's the enemy?

I'd soldier on and walk the curvy line so straight
But I would fall behind, maybe I am not so blinded
You talk of so much pity that is self-related
Blaming now yourself, said the fault lies somewhere else

Repeated when the feeling's high
I wish it all could just rely
On the depth of you and I
Wasting energy, where's the enemy?

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