Frenzal Rhomb "Suburban Male"

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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 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 They didn't realize that it mattered where you came from

Take a look at yourself

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

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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

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