

Where's The Enemy

The Whitlams

He think its best to criticize his own kind
An animal of greed, best to sew that social seed
I though by my thoughts all would come clear to me
Yeah I can shoot a gun, maybe I should join the army
Is there a quite place to lie?
Maybe watch all this go by
Wonder how we can survive
Wasting energy, where's the enemy>
I'd soldier on and walk the cruvy line so straight
But I would fall behind, maybe I am not so blinded
You talk so much pity that is self-related
Blaming not yourself, said the fault lies somewhere else
Repeated when the feelings high
I wish it all could just rely
On the depth of you and I
Wasting energy, where's the enemy?