

## 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?