

Under the Gun

Supreme Beings of Leisure

I've been accused, I've been abused
Sometimes misused and yes confused
A loaded pen I dip again
Another trigger happy friend I don't know why I continue to fly
In the face of reason
Something inside me just clicked
Like a tick from an awful season Under the gun, under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
And I ain't tripping on a thing Under the gun, under the gun
I'm swimming through the sun
And I ain't tripping on a thing
I've been afraid to drive at night
I've been a sinner, such a lonely sight
Not qualified, not rarefied
I persevere I give it all my might I don't know why you continue to cry
That I'll never make it
At least there's some truth
To the fact you know I just cannot fake it Under the gun, under the gun
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