

# Up Against The Wall

**Peter Bjorn And John**

Kisses should'nt cut your call  
But I said its a waste of phone forget it all  
Those are trembling hands are cold  
You don't know how that feels, you got me up against the wall  
Maybe we could make this work  
But Iris said to leave before it's getting worse  
I don't know what you came here for

It's almost that I wish we hadn't met at all  
You slap is just like a wake up call  
The bruises on the face don't bother me at all  
Those are trembling hands are cold  
It's almost that I wish you had me up against the wall

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