

Up Against the Wall

Peter Bjorn and John

I guess I should have cut your call
But I just had to waste the phone forget it all
Bones 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 I just had 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
Bones are trembling, hands are cold
It's almost that I wish you had me up against the wall

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