

Back Against the Wall

Circle Jerks

You yell out in defiance
You're backed up against the wall
They're up there clutchin' their guns man
And it makes you feel real small
So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles
Broken glass
But it ends up
With handcuffs on your hands
You run around and spray paint
Graffiti on everybody's wall
You think that's bitchin' man
That ain't nothing at all
So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles
Broken glass
But it ends up
With a swift kick to your ass
You yell out in defiance
You're backed up against the wall
They're up there clutchin' their guns
And it makes you feel real small
So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles
Broken glass
But it ends up
With handcuffs on your hands

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