

# Up against the wall

**Peter Bjorn and John**

I guess I should have caught your call  
But I just had to waste the phone forget it all  
Bones are trembling, hands are cold  
You don't know how it feels you've 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 Your slap was like a wake-up call  
The bruises on my 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

Songwriters

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