

Back Against The Wall

Curtis Mayfield

Sittin' here waiting for tomorrow
I don't think it'll ever come
Well, just think that I'm a young dude
My whole life is almost gone
Well, well, this prison life's a pressure
Keeps my back against the wall
Constant look out for the snakes and the bandits
I keep my back against the wall
(Back against the wall)
Back against the wall

My friends now have all but cut me lose
On the outside playing safe
It's alright
'Cause in here is just like leaving the homeland, baby
If I survive [?] love your face
You're just a number from the past
I'm still sittin' here today
I don't know nothin' about my future, baby
But with my life I gotta pay
They got my back against the wall
(Back against the wall)
Back against the wall
(Back) against the wall
(Back) against the wall
My back against the wall
Back against the wall
Back against the wall

Sittin' here waiting for tomorrow
Don't think it'll ever come
Just to think that I'm a young dude
Well, my whole life is almost gone
Well, street con brother showed me the ropes
[?] dealin' in the street
Took my mind, woman, and damn near my soul
Judge prison sentence then cut me deep
They had my back against the wall
My back against the wall
Back against the wall
My back against the wall
My back against the wall
Back against the wall
Back against the wall
Back against the wall
Back against the wall
Back against the wall
Back against the wall
Wall
(Back against the wall)
Wall
Back against, back against the wall