

# Up Against the Wall

Peter Bjorn and John

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 now you start 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 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