

# Up Against The Wall

The Whitlams

We've seen her type before  
Sandals and the hair  
They fall in love with big dumb boys  
And we sit and stare

So we walk the long way home  
Glasses in our hands  
When the last of the ice is eaten  
Throw them as far as we can

There's a problem  
There's no sleepy girl to wrap you in her loving arms  
There's a lizard on the doorstep  
And there is music in my head

We put the world on hold  
Two young men growing old  
We talk of years like lost weekends  
And the harbor shrugs

Because friends are getting fewer  
And we vow life will be fuller  
But if the last of our dreams is broken  
We'll walk the same way home

There's a gold star on your forehead  
But there is trouble up ahead  
Charlie what'll become of us?  
I had my dreams for both of us  
For both of us

You might be unworthy  
But you remember what I remember  
And that's enough to care  
You don't fall off the rails