

The Whitlams

"Up Against the Wall"

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To think it was going so well
We'd go out at night come home and fight like hell
Good fights about big things
You know just pushing around in the dark

To think I was scared to open the box
New love on the doorstep isn't it funny there's nothing
on how it works
Go on have a look inside
You won't know what you did without it

Well you slept
You met interesting people
And you slept with them
I'm up against the wall now

Hotel room, a silent phone
A packet of fags, a bottle of wine, a suitcase you call
your own
When the darkness comes from the inside out
And even the barmen are pricks

Vitriol, the cigarettes
A long night of thinking and the search for the best
vignettes
Yeah well it was good wasn't it
Then it got bad, p> Some say love it only comes once in
a lifetime
Well once is enough for me
She was one in a million
So there's five more just in New south Wales

There's a show on the television now
A man in the jungle with monkeys, he's saying we've
come so far
Yeah well it's news to me
I'd better go evolve now

To think it was going to well
We'd go out at night come home and fight like hell
Good fights about big things

Like "who wrote the book on men?"
Well it was me

I'm up against the wall now
And I'm afraid to say I must fail her

Words: Tim Freedman

Music: Michael Vidale/Ian Hildebrand

Tim Freedman: vocal, backing vocals, electric piano,

Korg C3 organ

Ian Hildebrand: guitar

Tim Hall: guitar (bridge), backing vocals

Michael Vidale: bass

Mike Richards: drums

Scott Johnson: backing vocals

Larry Muhoberac: piano

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