

## **Blueline Medic**

### **"Up Against A Fault"**

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No call this morning, no sleep at all.  
Not getting any answers searching through telephones.  
Oh absence, take form.  
Half cold in a king size dawn.  
Breaking still despite the holding on.  
Someone tell me, What am I doing wrong?  
Clothes I can throw away, hair I can cut, strip or stain.  
Moods I promise to turn like corners  
And get out of my own way but on what chance can this  
stand?  
With that, half a heart in some desperate plan  
I don't know who it is I'm up against.  
Someone tell me, What am I doing wrong?  
You're keeping me close and against and I think to a  
fault.  
I'll have to do something each blazing morning, burns  
a little slow.  
Is there something needs telling?  
Some good that I'm not doing?  
Provide some helpful point upon which I could fall  
Or don't suggest anything.  
Its probably nothing,  
Its nothing if no one can see that there's anything  
wrong.

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