

## Blueline Medic

### "Up Against the 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 what, half a heart in some desperate plan  
I don't know who it is I'm up against

Someone tell me, where am I going 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 need telling?  
Some good that I'm not doing?  
Provide some helpful point upon which I could fall  
Or don't suggest anything  
It's probably nothing

It's nothing if no one can see that there's anything  
wrong

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