

Mars Volta

"Back Up Against The Wall"

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You yell out in defiance
You're backed up against that wall

They're up there clutchin' their guns, man
And it makes you feel real small
So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles, broken glass
But it all ends with hand cuffs on your hands

You run around and spray paint graffiti on people's
walls
You think that's bitchin, man?
That ain't nothin' at all
So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles, broken glass
But it ends with a swift kick to your ass

You yell out in defiance
You're backed up against the wall

They're up there clutchin' their guns, man
It makes you feel real small
So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles, broken glass
But it all ends with hand cuffs on your hands

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