

Peter Bjorn and John "Up Against the Wall"

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Kisses should'nt cut your call
But I said its a waste of phone forget it all
Those are trembling hands are cold
You don't know how that feels, you got me up against
the wall

Maybe we could make this work
But Iris said to leave before it's getting worse
I don't know what you came here for
It's almost that I wish we hadn't met at all

You slap is just like a wake up call
The bruises on the face don't bother me at all
Those are trembling hands are cold
It's almost that I wish you had me up against the wall

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