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## Mars Volta, The "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 peoples 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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