

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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