

Peter Bjorn And John, Up Against The Wall

I guess I should have caught your call
But I just had to waste the phone forget it all
Bones are trembling, hands are cold
You don't know how it feels you've got me up against the wall

Maybe we could make this work
But I just had 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

Your slap was like a wake-up call
The bruises on my face don't bother me at all
Bones are trembling, hands are cold
It's almost that I wish you had me up against the wall