

# Back Up Against The Wall

The Mars Volta

You yell out in defiance  
You're backed up against the wall  
They're up there clutching their guns and  
It makes you feel real small

So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles  
Broken glass  
But it all ends up with handcuffs on your hands

You run around and spray paint  
Graffiti on everybody's wall  
You think that's bitchin man  
That ain't nothing at all!

So you can cuss, spit, throw bottles  
Broken glass  
But it ends up with a swift kick to your ass

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It makes you feel real small

Cuss, spit, throw bottles  
Broken glass  
But it ends up with handcuffs on your hands