

The English Beat "The Limits We Set"

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The only limits we set
What can we get away with?
In that at least we're the same
The only way we find of hiding the hurt we feel
Is more unnecessary pain
Each time you
Draw in like a breath
It comes out like a knife
You feel like offering yourself out
Tonight
On what a fight

The little you can expect to get
To get from anyone else
Makes you look after number one
The only helping hand
You'll ever be offered
Is the one at the end of your own arm

Draw in like a breath
It goes tight like a wire
You're trying to shout
But your lungs are on fire

Draw in like a breath
It comes out like a knife
You feel like offering yourself

Shoplifting my little brother
Shoplifting my little sister
Said all you got to do is
Just a forward through the door
But when they come fe check you out
You no come back for more
Shoplifting my little brederen
Shoplifting my little sister
Tell me which one would you prefer
One hundred pound fine
Or three months in prison
Me old cock sparra?
Shoplifting shoplifting
Shoplifting, but a shoplifting

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