

Five Seconds of Summer

"Out Of My Limit"

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Back in high school we used to take it slow
Red lipstick on and high heel stilettos
Had a job downtown working the servo
Had me waiting in line couldn't even let go

'Cause I never wanna be that guy
Who doesn't even get a taste
No more having to chase
To win that prize

You're just a little bit out of my limit
It's been two years now you haven't even seen the best
of me
And in my mind now I've been over this a thousand
times
But it's almost over
Let's start over

Back in high school we used to make up plans
Called you up one day to meet split ends

'Cause I never wanna be that guy
Who doesn't even get a taste
No more having to chase
To win that prize

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