

Out of My Limit

5 Seconds of Summer

Back in the 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.

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