

Hit Your Limit

Dan Croll

Babe, I got the book
Of tropical diseased overlooked
And I see no reason to believe here
That you're dying from that yellow fever

Everyone succumbs
Everyone's got their point
Everybody bends and breaks
Believe me when I say
It's as clear as night and day
You've hit your limit
Just hit your limit
For today

And no, no need to write a will
'Cause by the mornin' it's just run of the mill
And all week you've been deprived
Be thankful that the weekend's arrived

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