



Take You To The Limit

(D. Meniketti, P. Kennemore, J. Alves, L. Haze)

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Credit card in her black purse
Gold and diamonds, only the best
With a quarter time walk, make you bite
your lip
Melts me with the rhythm, that's so
tragically hip

I love the way she moves the room
And caught the breath of her perfume
It whispers, "I'll be there soon"
To make you, take you

CHORUS:

Take you to the limit
Going over the top
Gonna take you to the limit
Ain't never gonna stop

Says her sugar daddy's not at home
She took me there so we could be alone
My thoughts were racing with a burning
desire

My blood was boiling and my heart was on
fire

Her eyes smiled as she touched my hand
It was a language I could understand
And then she whispered by the baby grand,
Take me, make me

CHORUS

Oh baby...
Don't you ever stop
Oh, honey
You take me to the top

Oh, you got me anytime you want me baby

I love the way she moved the room
And caught the breath of her perfume
It still whispers, "I'll be there soon"
To make you, take you

CHORUS