

# Not My Type At All

## Jacob Whitesides

Sheâ€™s got tangled hair and cigarettes  
Cursing like a sailor on the ocean in her eyes  
    But sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    Five star dinner with a t-shirt on  
    Laughing too loud and a bit too long  
    And I think sheâ€™s not my type at all  
Sheâ€™s got pieces of me, wrapped around her fingertips  
    Started slow but moving quickly to her heaven

    No sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    No sheâ€™s not my type at all

Sheâ€™s got a plastic ring on her left hand from her boyfriend  
    And a chip on her shoulder from her mom  
    And sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    Itâ€™s all so right  
    Itâ€™s all so wrong  
    Probably be gone by the end of this song  
    And sheâ€™s not my type at all  
Sheâ€™s got pieces of me, wrapped around her fingertips  
    Started slow but moving quickly to her heaven

    No sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    No sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    No sheâ€™s not, no sheâ€™s not, no sheâ€™s not  
    No sheâ€™s not my type at all

I am something else  
    When she says my name  
    Heaven bound, I lose myself  
    But sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    No sheâ€™s not my type at all  
Sheâ€™s got pieces of me, wrapped around her fingers  
    Sheâ€™s got pieces, wrapped around her fingertips  
    Started slow but moving quickly to her heaven, heaven

    No sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    No sheâ€™s not my type at all  
    No sheâ€™s not my type at all

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