

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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