She Looks Like

Ten Foot Pole

She looks like the type of girl who could ride a dirt bike
She looks like the type of girl who'd go wherever I like
We could talk about Freud and motorcycle leather
No matter what I say she'll laugh and think I'm clever
And all I gotta do is get the guts to walk up and see
If she's the type of girl who'd talk to me...She looks like the type of girl who could skate a half pipe
She looks like the type of girl, who could win a cat fight
And I bet she likes dogs and would never hurt a creature
She'd snowboard so high that I almost couldn't reach her
She'd never tell a lie and she'd leave her friends to be with me
That's the way I bet it's gonna be...
What if, what if, she ignores me?
What if, what if she laughs?
What if, what if she talks, like, like, like a valley girl?
She looks like the type of girl who can play a guitar
She looks like the type of girl who could be a pop star
But she'll only sing for me in our room down in the basement
Her parents won't insult me and her friends won't push replacements
And everyone will know that we are meant to beHer eyes will light up she'll glow when we're together
I'll never have to sulk and we'll laugh and play forever
I guess I'll never know 'cause I doubt that she would be
The type of girl who'd wait for me

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