

# Not My Type At All

Jacob Whitesides

She's got tangled hair and cigarettes  
Cursing like a sailor on the ocean in her eyes  
But she'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 she's not my type at all  
She's got pieces of me, wrapped around her fingertips  
Started slow but moving quickly to her heaven

No she's not my type at all  
No she's not my type at all

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

No she's not my type at all  
No she's not my type at all  
No she's not, no she's not, no she's not  
No she's not my type at all

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

No she's not my type at all  
No she's not my type at all  
No she's not my type at all