

She's Got A Type

Chris Lane

He talks about his money and his muscle mustang
He drops more names than a thunderhead rain
He's got a wandering eye when he's holding her hand
For some reason that's her knight in shining armor man

Ooh she's climbing in a cab
Wondering why the hell he ain't calling her back
Ooh she needs a last call
Someone to dial, but she's too drunk to talk

So she's got a type, my door's unlocked
I'm laying in bed you ain't even gotta knock
Swear it ain't the wine but I need your kiss
You're the only one that I do this with
So I grab my keys, swallow my pride
Take that man here I go again drive
If I could make her cry she'd never let me leave
'Cause she's got a type and it ain't me

You can blame my mamma for the way I am
Soft with my words and gentle with my hands
The kind to try heal it when a heart gets broke
But I don't initiate it so before I go

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Ooh that's the trouble with me
I see the good nobody else sees
Ooh so I'll just be
Waiting by the phone whenever he
Does what he does, time after time
Messing her up, tears in her eyes

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Well I guess my type ain't meant to be
'Cause she's got a type and it ain't me