

# He's So Blonde

Sydney Ross Mitchell

You're my type  
Quiet, shy, with an angry mind  
I liked that  
I thought I liked that  
And I'd fight to get inside  
And to analyze the darkness  
I thought I liked that

But suddenly  
Someone's got a hold on me with a sweetness  
It's a sweetness  
Unexpectedly  
I think I found a whole new kind of weakness

He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde

He kisses me  
With lips that tell me everything  
I like that  
I like that  
He holds me  
With arms that keep me safe  
Away from doubting  
He wants me

And you  
I wish you could see him  
I wish you could see him  
Oh you, I wish you could see him  
See me with him

He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
Never leaves me hanging on  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
Never thought I could move on  
But you were wrong  
'Cause he's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde  
He's so blonde