

My Type

VOILÀ

You are my type if you were emo in 2009
The best worst years of our lives

Here's to tattoos under sweaters
That we have to hide if ever
We go get our lives together
I hope we don't
'Cause I like us so much better
In our Converse and our leather
So let's just grow young together
'Cause I've been thinking

I can't believe that now we're older
Than our fake IDs said that we were
The cigarettes ain't changed our voices yet
So till my last breath I'll say

You were my type if you were emo in 2009
And had your hair parted over one eye
My type is a girl who wore chains on her Hot Topic jeans
And dyed her hair black and put in a streak of pink
My type gets down to MCR
It's not a phase, mom, it's who we are
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Here's to the Sallys and the Jacks
The problem kids in cul-de-sacs
With middle fingers painted black
Oh, I got your back
To the girl who knows the words
To FOB's Folie à Deux
Just raise your hand if you are her
Can you take be back?

I can't believe that now we're older
Than our fake IDs said that we were
The cigarettes ain't changed our voices yet
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You are my type if you were emo in 2009
And had your hair parted over one eye
My type is a girl who rocked chains on her Hot Topic jeans
And dyed her hair black and put in a streak of pink
My type gets down to MCR
It's not a phase, mom, it's who we are
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