

## Type

Walker Hayes

Wishin' I was Shakespeare typin' out my feelings  
Thumbs about to break, yeah, cussing at the ceiling fan  
Girl, I hate how stupid I am  
I need some rest, girl, I'm a mess, girl

Damn, hon', wish you had a Samsung  
So you couldn't see them bubbles late night when I struggle  
With your ghost, girl, miss your kiss the most, girl  
Can't be too late, can it? Takin' you for granted wasn't right  
Tryin' to find the words to say in this empty bed I made  
Wanna text you, un-ex you 'cause you're still my type  
I know I said you weren't, but I got my lesson learned  
Wanna text you, un-ex you 'cause you're still my type

It don't matter if I been drinkin', my head gon' hit the pillow  
And I'ma start thinkin' 'bout your sexy silhouette  
Wish I could put out all my ciga-regrets  
Girl, I'm in limbo, ain't pressing send though

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Wanna text you, un-ex you 'cause you're still my type  
Type, type, type, type

Type, critique, type, delete  
Put the phone down, pick it back up, miss you, repeat  
Type, critique, type, delete  
Put the phone down, pick it back up, miss you, repeat

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