

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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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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