

Luke Pilgrim

"She's Just My Type"

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She could make a preacher sin,
Break up lifelong friends,
Make a sober man start drinkin' again.
She could bring a dead man to life,
Make a grown man cry,
And break up a happy husband and wife.
Lord help me now, she's just my type.

Momma used to warn me 'bout the devil,
Took me to the church and taught me to pray.
Now I finally understand them sermons talkin' 'bout
temptation,
Cuz I met the devil in a miniskirt today.

She could make a preacher sin,
Break up lifelong friends,
Make a sober man start drinkin' again.
She could bring a dead man to life,
Make a grown man cry,
And break up a happy husband and wife.
Lord help me now, she's just my type.

Doin' my best to break free from her spell,
I know I got me a one way ticket to hell,
Now before we get all tangled up and I lose my
concentration,
You oughta know this ol' soul just ain't for sell.
You know on second thought, awe what the hell.

She could make a preacher sin,
Break up lifelong friends,
Make a sober man start drinkin' again.
She could make a dead man rise,
She got fire in her eyes,
She could tame my gypsy soul with just a smile.
But she might rather keep me on the shelf for a little
while.

She could make a school boy a man,
She' a flash in the pan,
Convincin' me to spend my pension plan.

She could wrong every right,
Them Levi's are tight,
Makes me feel like love is worth the hype,
Lord I could use some divine intervention right about
now,
Cuz you know, she's just my type.

Momma used to warn me 'bout the devil...

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