

# Saint Motel, My Type

Take a look around the room,  
Love comes wearing disguises.  
How to go about and choose.  
Break it down by shapes and sizes.  
I'm a man who's got very specific taste.

You're just my type.  
You got a pulse and you are breathing.  
You're just my type.  
I think it's time that we get leaving.

When there's loving in the air,  
Don't fight it just keep breathing.  
I can't help myself but stare.  
Double check for double meanings.  
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