

# Chrisette Michele, Playing Our Song

I ain't that stereotypical woman  
Singin' bout a man that's gone  
And cryin' while I look out the window  
It's easy to move on  
I don't care if he calls no more, whoa oh  
At least that's what I tell myself to make it through  
The days and nights alone here when I'm missin' you  
I'm tryin' not to trip but I don't feel comfortable  
Cuz every time I go to turn on the radio  
Waitin' for a telephone call  
And holdin' so tight to my pillow  
See life really started the moment that you left me alone whoa,oh,oh  
At least that's what I tell myself to make it through  
The days and nights alone here when I'm missin' you  
I try not to trip but I don't feel comfortable  
Every time I go to turn on the radio  
[CHORUS]  
[VAMP]  
Don't think that I'm waistin' my time  
Cryin' and wishin' you could be mine  
Got my feelings under control til I turn on the radio  
[CHORUS (2x)]  
They're playin' our song Oh,oh,oh,oh,oh [4x]  
They're playin' our song, oh yeah