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Ann Hampton Callaway "My Song"

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Sometimes I wanna go home, but not home alone Calling all my single friends on the telephone I know for sure when i get a few drinks down me I'll be doing crazy shit for everyone to see And I'll say, the DJ will play my song All my friends went back home Won't you play that song I'm stood all alone Play my song Is it Friday or Saturday I just do not know Please just play the song The chances of playing it are so low Seems like I've been wating for so long With the beer here there's no fear of being lame And nothing around me ever seems to be the same Fumbling and stubling well that's just me Get back to the house and where's my fucking keys

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