Kate Nash, Mariella

I'm heavy handed, to say the least. My mother thinks I'll be an awful clutcher 'cause I spill things from stirring 'em too quickly. I'm far too loud. It's like as soon as I've got an opinion, it just has to come out. I laugh at stupid things just 'cause they tickle me.

And, sometimes I wish, sometimes I wish I was like Mariella, She got some Pritt Stick and she glued her lips together. So she never had to speak, never had to speak, never had to speak. People used to say she's as quiet as a mouse, she just doesn't make a peep.

She marched to her wardrobe and she threw away the colour Because wearing black looks mysterious, but it didn't impress her mother She wanted to dress her baby in patterns and flowers But Mariella just crossed her arms and so she cried for hours.

Mariella Mariella My pretty, baby girl Unglue your lips from being together and wear some pink and pearls.

You can have your friends 'round and they can stay for tea Won't you just try to fit in please? Do this for me But Mariella just crossed her arms and she walked up the stairs And she went into her bedroom and she sat on her bed And she looked in the mirror and she thought to herself "If I wanna play, I can play with me, If I wanna think, I'll think in my head."

At school, Mariella didn't have many friends, Yeah, the girls, they all looked at her and they thought she was quite strange. And the boys are not really into girls that age. And the teachers, they thought Mariella was just going through a phase. But Mariella just smiled as she skipped down the road Because she knew all the secrets in her world. Yeah, she always got the crossword puzzles right every day And she could do the alphabet backwards, without making any mistakes.

Mariella Mariella You pretty, pretty girl Mariella Mariella Happy in your own little world Happy in her own little world