

Mika Nakashima, I Don't Know

You got a problem too much black on my face?
You think I really care?
You got a lot of balls to think you can say
What I should or shouldn't wear
How many times I gotta answer that question
It's a question always making me mad
For "Star Magazine" this season what is "my boom"?
You must be joking that's the best that you have?
You say to choose a cuter, pretty dress to wear
And do you copy Cyndi Lauper's style of hair?
I swallowed and gave it a try
But now it's a waste of my time
Why...Why...Why...Why
I don't know
I don't know
Get off of me and leave me alone
I don't know
I don't know
Why don't you get a life of your own
I don't know
I don't know
You're cutting way too close to the bone
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know
You want an answer how'bout I don't know
You Paparazzi taking pictures of me
Got nothing else to do?
You make up stories "Her New Boyfriend This Week!"
Gossip that is never true
And you who go and hold your cells in the air
Now is it really too hard for you to ask?
You whisper about me right in front of me, too
And then you're asking me for my autograph
You make a list of what I'm buying from the store
Harass me for designer things "she must afford"
I swallowed and gave it a try
But now it's a waste of my time
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