

# Pharrell Williams, Marilyn Monroe

Different

This one goes out to all the lovers  
What can we do? We're helpless romantics  
We can not help who we're attracted to  
So let's all dance, and elevate each other

Dear diary, it's happenin' again  
This energy, like I'm 'bout to win  
I just close my eyes and visions appear  
She's everything I want, and it's crystal clear  
Not even Marilyn Monroe  
Who Cleopatra pleas  
Not even Joan of Arc  
That don't mean nothin' to me  
I just want a different girl  
Girl, girl, girl, girl  
Girl, girl, can't another good boy keep it this thorough

Why, why do I have to lie  
Pretend, make believe or hide her?  
When I love what I've described  
But then again, I don't need no adjectives for this girl

What's wrong with that?  
What's wrong with that? Yeah  
What's wrong with that?

In honor of the groove and all who's surrendered to it  
We say thank you, and we take it back

We're so hard, I was so hard that they can't chew  
Then my lucky star, I guess you came from behind the moon  
I put my arms around her, and I promise not to abuse you  
Since now I found you, why the hell would I want to lose you?