

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?