

# Grace Kelly

## MIKA

"The last time we talked, Mr. Smith  
You reduced me to tears  
I promise you it won't happen again!" Do I attract you, do I repulse you  
With my queasy smile?  
Am I too dirty? Am I too flirty?  
Do I like what you like? I could be wholesome, I could be loathsome  
I guess I'm a little bit shy  
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me  
Without making me try? I tried to be like Grace Kelly, mmh  
But all her looks were too sad, ah  
So I tried a little Freddie, mmh  
I've gone identity mad! (Mad, mad, mad!)  
I could be brown, I could be blue  
I could be violet sky  
I could be hurtful, I could be purple  
I could be anything you like Gotta be green, gotta be mean  
Gotta be everything more  
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?  
Why don't you walk out the door!" Getting angry doesn't solve anything!" How can I help it,  
how can I help it  
How can I help what you think?  
Hello my baby, hello my baby  
Putting my life on my brink Why don't you like me? Why don't you like me?  
Why don't you like yourself?  
Should I bend over, should I look older  
Just to be put on your shelf?  
I tried to be like Grace Kelly, mmh  
But all her looks were too sad, ah  
So I tried a little Freddie, mmh  
I've gone identity mad! (Mad, mad, mad!) I could be brown, I could be blue  
I could be violet sky  
I could be hurtful, I could be purple  
I could be anything you like Gotta be green, gotta be mean  
Gotta be everything more  
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?  
Walk out the door! Say what you want to satisfy yourself, hey!  
But you only want what everybody else  
Says you should want, you want I could be brown, I could be blue  
I could be violet sky  
I could be hurtful, I could be purple  
I could be anything you like Gotta be green, gotta be mean  
Gotta be everything more

Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?  
Walk out the door! I could be brown, I could be blue  
I could be violet sky  
I could be hurtful, I could be purple  
I could be anything you like Gotta be green, gotta be mean  
Gotta be everything more  
Why don't you like me, why don't you like me?  
Walk out the door! "Humphry, we're leaving!"  
"Cha-ching!"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>