

Michael Jackson, Little Susie

Somebody killed little Susie
The girl with the tune
Who sings in the daytime at noon
She was there screaming
Beating her voice in her doom
But nobody came to her soon...

A fall down the stairs
Her dress torn
Oh the blood in her hair...
A mystery so sullen in air
She lie there so tenderly
Fashioned so slenderly
Lift her with care,
Oh the blood in her hair...

Everyone came to see
The girl that now is dead
So blind stare the eyes in her head...
And suddenly a voice from the crowd said
This girl lived in vain
Her face bear such agony, such strain...

But only the man from next door
Knew Little Susie and how he cried
As he reached down
To close Susie's eyes...
She lie there so tenderly
Fashioned so slenderly
Lift her with care
Oh the blood in her hair...

It was all for God's sake
For her singing the tune
For someone to feel her despair
To be damned to know hoping is dead and you're doomed
Then to scream out
And nobody's there...

She knew no one cared...

Father left home, poor mother died
Leaving Susie alone
Grandfather's soul too had flown...
No one to care
Just to love her
How much can one bear
Rejecting the needs in her prayers...

Neglection can kill
Like a knife in your soul
Oh it will
Little Susie fought so hard to live...
She lie there so tenderly
Fashioned so slenderly
Lift her with care
So young and so fair