

Michael Jackson, To Make My Father Proud

To make my father proud
To make my mother smile
I need no conquered worlds, a flame
Not set, the peaceful style

If I can follow through
Oh, love think wavelly me as my tears
I'll find the way to sell my clothes
Avoiding ships a fuss

If I don't come up, number one
I'll stand not well apart
As one for numbered numbers
When knowing in my heart

I dare not to be done
To always do my best
By listening to me, myself
So he can do or else
(Of without compromise,
Shall follow the feel of constant care)

In my eleven hour
I'll be a man the way
To face whatever force my way
Prepared that are a shame
To just recall the part of guide

For which I have been named
A man and a woman's youngest son
Who are growing still a child
And that will make my father proud
And make my mother smile...
(Proud)