

Michael Jackson

"To Make My Father Proud"

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To make my father proud
To make my mother smile
I need not conquere worlds, or fame,
Not set, the pace for style

If I can follow through
On, what they gave me as my tools,
I'll find a way to sail my course
Avoiding ships of fools

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

Ive done all 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 falls my way
Prepared that are a shame
To just be called a part of God

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

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