

Jackson's Kid Summer, Tortured Friends

All that magic they promised
Michael say's it's all shot to hell
And I won't tell you again
She's so good
And she's far to good for you
But now with my clean head
And my empty stomach
I'm stable and I'm strong for the love I see coming
And if you believe what I do
Well you're just far to gone for me to ever believe you
Summer here on your doorstep
And we sat there into the night
I met you on a Wednesday
And you said don't go changing
Don't you go changing
All this dead air's got me thinking
Writing you these love filled letters
Hoping you'll get better in time
For what I have planned for you
And those lips have got me missing you
While you're miles away
And they feel like home
But I understand it's where you need to be
Summer here on your doorstep
And we laid there into the night
I met you on a Wednesday
And you said don't go changing
Don't you go changing
And I believed what you said
I believed every word
I believe what you said
It's not so absurd now
I'm not sure if you're not sure
I'm not sure