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'm not sure if you're not sure

I believed every word I believe what you said It's not so absurd now

I'm not sure