

# 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)