Jackson 5, Torture

It was on a street so evil, So bad that even Hell disowned it. Every single step was trouble For the fool who stumbled on it.

Eyes within the dark were watching; I felt the sudden chill of danger. Something told me, "Keep on walking," Told me I should not have gone there.

Baby, 'cause you cut me like a knife Without your love in my life. Alone I walk in the night, 'Cause I just can't stop this feeling.

It's torture...

She was up the stairs to nowhere, The room forever I'll remember. She stared as though I should've known her. "Tell me, what's your pain or pleasure?

Every little thing you find here Is simply for the thrill you're after. Loneliness or hearts of fire, I am here to serve all masters."

She said, "Reality is a knife When there's no love in your life. Unmerciful is the night When you just can't stop this feeling.

It's torture..."

And I still can't find the meaning (no no) Of the face I keep on seeing. Was she real, or am I dreaming? Did the sound of your name Turn a wheel, strike a flame in me?

She said, "Reality is a knife When there's no love in your life. Unmerciful is the night When you just can't stop this feeling.

It's torture..."