

# 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..."