

Michael Jackson, Soon As I Get Home

There's a feeling here inside.
That I cannot hide, and I know I've tried,
But it's turning me around.
I'm not sure that I'm aware
If I'm up or down, or here or there
I need both feet on the ground.

Maybe I'm just going crazy,
Letting myself get up-tight;
I'm acting just like a baby,
But I'm- gonna be-I'm gonna be alright!

Soon as I get home
Soon as I get home
Soon as I get home

In a diff'rent place, in a diff'rent time,
Differ'rent people around me
I would like to know of that diff'rent world
And how diff'rent they find me

And just what's a Wiz, is it big?
Will it scare me?
If I ask to leave, will the Wiz even hear me?
How will I know then
If I'll ever get home again?

Here I am alone, though it feels the same,
I don't know where I'm going;
I'm here on my own, and it's not a game,
And now a strange wind is blowing

I'm so amazed at the things that I see here,
Don't want to be afraid,
I just don't wanna be here;
In my mind this is clear,
What am I doing here?
I wish I was home.