

The Jacksons, Style Of Life

Yeah, yeah, yeha, yeah
My love

Here I am reaching out for ya,
But there's nothing to reach for.
'Cause my mind don't believe what my eyes have seen,
The blames you gave.
You know (You know),
And I know nobody wants you with your, wishy, washy ways.
Your mama raised you from a child,
Spent no time worth while
And I feel, you really come to nothing no

You've got to change, your style of life.
You've got to change, your style of life.

Ohh there you go, saying "I think I love ya,
But it's a matter of time."
I have told ya, and told ya how bad I wish to hold you,
My feelins have doubt in mind.
You know (You know), and I know, that you can do better,
Tomorrow's a brand new day.
I have tried to make you change, but you remain the same
And I feel, you really come to nothing, no.

You've gotta change, your style of life
You've gotta change, your style of life

You and me, baby
Haven't been together but so long.
Now you're acting like you own me,
Hey baby, that's so wrong.
You...hate to suffer for what you get.
My love don't come easy.
Why don't you change, baby please, please.

You've gotta change, your style of life (u gotta change)
You've gotta change, your style of life (turn around)
You've gotta change, your style of life (mmmm)
You've gotta change, your style of life (mmmm)
You've gotta change, your style of life (mmmm)
You've gotta change, your style of life (mmmm)