

The Jacksons, 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..."