

To Make My Father Proud

Michael Jackson

To make my father proud
To make my mother smile
I need not conquer worlds or fame
Nor set the pace for style
If I can follow through
On what they gave me as my tools
I'll find a way to sail my course
Avoiding ships of fools
If I don't come up, number one
I'll stand not well apart
As one for numbered numbers
When knowing in my heart
I've done all to be done
To always do my best
By listening to me, myself
So he can do or else
For without compromise, shall flower the fruit of constant care
In my eleventh hour, I'll be a
man when
To face whatever falls my way
Prepare that utter shame
To just be called a part of God
For which I have been named
A man and woman's youngest son
While growing, still a child
And that will make my father proud
And make my mother smile
Proud

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