

Michael

Emily Kinney

I never could believe in God
But always willing to give it a shot
If there is such a thing as magic human souls
Well, then mine looks a lot like Michael
Yes, my soul looks a lot like Michael

Manhattan baby, drop-out, drug abuse
Naively feel I've walked around in his shoes
He looked so thirsty when my heart is full
So, I pour every drop out to Michael
Yes, I pour out my soul to Michael

Oh, San Francisco savior
Do you remember me?
In a backseat on a golden bridge
Kissing

Let's forget about the tears I've cried
And let's hold on to that first night

Under the table he took my hand
We sat across from the Green Day band
All of those boys, but I could only see his face
Think how me and Michael, we are just the same
Yes, me and Michael we are just the same

I might've had a boy, and he a girlfriend
But on nights like those nights, rules always bend
I'd give up anything to feel understood
I'd give up anything to feel understood
I'd give up anything to feel understood
I'd give up and run away if Michael would

Oh, San Francisco savior
Do you remember me?
Oh, San Francisco savior
Berkeley's been breathing
Oh, San Francisco savior
Please remember me
In a backseat on a golden bridge
Kissing

Let's forget about the tears I've cried
And let's hold on to that first night