

# Soldier Boy

Michael Jackson

Heard he grew up in Queens  
Got a bullets to the brain  
Dug a step into fame  
But that don't mean a thing  
Said he rather be king  
But with an absolute reign  
'Till he finds himself a victim of the game

(He was stabbing her back, as a matter of fact)  
Then his life became serious,

Marchin' like the soldier,  
Marchin' like a soldier boy,  
Show you the things that make a man a king,  
Marchin' like the soldier,  
Marchin' like a soldier boy,  
Why don't you shine like you're the man again

People say that you're blind,  
Then they say that you're fine,  
But they won't help you find, find the road again  
If they won't help you fight  
So they torture your mind  
Then leave you delirious  
Oh my

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Marchin' like a soldier boy,  
Show you the things that make a man a king,  
Marchin' like the soldier,  
Marchin' like a soldier boy,  
Why don't you shine like you're the man again

No, no  
No, no  
Baby, baby  
Hee hee hee  
No, no  
Baby, baby  
Hee hee hee

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