

My Passion For Michael's Music by James Webster

The slow pace of sound beating on the ground,
The silent hush of the theatre all around,
Michael's distinctive rhythm is calling me to dance,
I AM IN A JACKSON TRANCE

As my shoulders move from side to side,
My love of his music I can not hide,
All his songs are in my head,
Dirty Diana and Billie Jean – they are not dead.

He will be remembered as 'the King of pop',
And his marvellous music will not stop.

By James
Webster EB

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