

# Proof

Paul Simon

Soon our fortunes will be made, my darling  
And we will leave this loathsome little town  
Silver bells jingling from your black lizard boots, my baby  
Silver foil to trim your wedding gown  
It's true the tools of love wear down  
Time passes, a mind wanders  
It seems mindless, but it does  
Sometimes I see your face as if through reading glasses  
And your smile, it seems softer than it was  
Proof, some people gonna call you up  
Tell you something that you already know  
Proof, sane people go crazy on you  
Say, "No man, that was not  
The deal we made, I got to go, I got to go"  
Faith, faith is an island in the setting sun  
But proof, yes  
Proof is the bottom line for everyone  
My face, my race  
Don't matter anymore  
My sex, my check  
Accepted at the door  
Proof, some people gonna call you up  
Tell you something that you already know  
Proof, sane people go crazy on you  
Say, "No man, that was not  
The deal we made, I got to, I got to go"  
Faith, faith is an island in the setting sun  
But proof, yes  
Proof is the bottom line for everyone  
Half moon hiding in the clouds, my darling  
And the sky is flecked with signs of hope  
Raise your weary wings against the rain, my baby  
Wash your tangled curls with gambler's soap  
Proof, some people gonna call you up  
Tell you something that you already know  
Proof, sane people go crazy on you  
Say, "No man, that was not  
The deal we made, I got to, I got to, I got to"  
Faith, my faith is an island in the setting sun

But proof, yes  
My proof is the bottom line for everyone  
But proof, yes  
Proof is the bottom line for everyone  
But proof, yes  
Proof is the bottom line for everyone  
I said, "Proof, yes  
Proof is the bottom line for everyone"

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