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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