

# Nothing to Prove

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Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I remember laying down  
It was 1983  
Under the tree while listening to London Calling or something like that  
Twenty-three years later  
I'm here at a meeting  
Trying to impress someone at a dying record company  
I got nothing to proveAnd in walks in this sullen girl who looks like she's nineteen, or wants to be  
With her biker boots and her hair dyed black  
Did that look so many years ago  
She looks at me like I'm some square  
Or I'm like her mother  
Well, fuck you, kid; I got nothing to proveNothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
Once I was as miserable as you  
Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
I got nothing to proveAnd here I am in Los Angeles  
I came here two years ago  
And everyone's young and beautiful, and their skin is so smooth  
And everyone's in the industry, and I hate when they use that word  
And when they tell me they're in the industry, I ask, "Oh, are you in steel?"  
I've got nothing to proveNothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
Once I was as miserable as you  
Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
I got nothing to proveAnd later that week I saw that same girl shopping at the Trader Joe's on La Brea  
She was with a big bomb blonde, and I wondered if it was her girlfriend  
Surprisingly, she came up to me and smiled and said she loved our meeting  
Maybe I judged her wrong  
But usually I'm right  
I got nothing to proveNothing to prove

Nothing to prove  
Once I was as miserable as you  
Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
I got nothing to proveNothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
Once I was as miserable as you  
Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
I got nothing to prove

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