Nothing to Prove

Jill Sobule

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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