

# 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 mid wanders  
It seems mindless, but it does  
Sometimes I see you face  
As if through reading glasses  
And your smile 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 cheques  
Accepted at the door

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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

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Some people gonna call you up  
Tell you something that you already know  
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''  
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