

Nothing Has Been Proved

Dusty Springfield

Mandy's in the papers 'cause she tried to go to Spain
She'll soon be in the dock and in the papers once again
Vicki's got her story about the mirror and the cane
It may be false, it may be true
But nothing has been proved

Stephen's in his dressing-gown now, breakfasting alone
Too sick to eat, he's on his feet and to the telephone
The police inspector soothes him with his sympathetic tone
It may be false, it may be true
But nothing has been proved

In the house a resignation
Guilty faces, every one
Christine's fallen out with lucky
Johnny's got a gun
"Please Please Me"'s number one

(It's a scandal! it's a scandal! such a scandal!)

Now, Stephen's in the dock for spending money that was earned
By Christine, and the prosecution says that money burned
A hole in Stephen's pocket, for expensive sins he yearned
It may be false, it may be true
But nothing has been proved

In the news the suicide note
In the court an empty space
Even Mandy's looking worried
Christine's pale and drawn
"Please Please Me"'s number one

(it's a scandal! it's a scandal! such a scandal!)

Last night he wrote these words to his friend:
"Sorry about the mess
I'm guilty 'til proved innocent
In the public eye and press"
The funeral's very quiet because all his friends have fled
They may be false, they may be true
They've all got better things to do
They may be false, they may be true
But nothing has been proved
Nothing
Nothing has been proved
Oh, nothing
Nothing
Oh, nothing
Nothing
Oh, nothing