

Nothing to Prove

Goldfinger

Fly off the handle once again and now it's too late
I hear the door slam shut you've gone and now it's so late
I can still feel the sting your hand across my face
Again the last thing that I wanted was to hurt you

Still I'm sitting alone again
I feel I'm riding the same thing again
And if I want to I can just shut up
Now I know that I've got

Nothing to prove to you
Nothing to prove to you
Nothing to prove to you
Nothing to prove to you
And still I'm fighting 'cuz there's
Something to prove to

I hear your car drive in the lot it's 3 this morning
I don't know how to feel or what to say or should I ask
Where have you been what could I do you're drunk I'm sorry
Then we lay down I feel so numb I wish you'd kill me

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