

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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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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