

Living Proof

Bon Jovi

Does the sun still shine on a dead-end street?
Will a rose still grow out of broken concrete?

Is there anything left for a sinner like me?

I'm tired of talking 'bout someday
All that we been given are the dog days
Nothing is forgiven, it's the hard way
Right or wrong
I'm tired of talking 'bout somehow
Wake up, and it's welcome to your breakdown
This family tree's got nothing left to prove now
Me and you
We're the living proof

Close your eyes and tell me what you think you see
Is faith and hope enough to make a fool believe?

Is there anything left for a sinner like me?

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First the son becomes the father
Then the father is the son
It's a never-ending circle
And the circle's never done
This love will last forever
We're not footprints in the sand
It's time you understand

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