

## Proof

Samia

To be loved like a child's toy or cigarette  
Is to die a funny feeling in a chest  
The girls bleed and drape over the recliner

You breathe slow in the dark  
Letting pass every spark  
Counting on me to catch eyes like fire

But you don't know me, bitch  
You don't know me, bitch

The front door nods like an old plug  
Ignitions lull with a hum  
And just when you thought you could trust me to leave

You don't know me, bitch  
You don't know me, bitch

I wished for you to read my mind  
I wanted you to come and find  
Me waiting in the foyer for you

And when you weren't there  
I made out of thin air  
What would bear resemblance to proof

That you don't know me, bitch  
You don't know me, bitch