

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