

## Prove It

The Rocket Summer

"Good evening" she says to herself with haughty eyes. The motive lies behind them.

He walks in proudly, loosens his tie, so satisfied to keep walking past all the people you used to know.

I say hello. "Please to meet you" she said, although I knew her some years ago.

What are you trying to prove? What are you trying to lose as you condescend through the room with your subtle grip on the ruins of old?

What are you trying to prove? What are you doing talking bad on those you knew with your subtle grip on the ruins of ten years ago and counting.

So just stop it. Hey, take it easy. It's not hard to see you've had one too many.

And do you kiss your mother with that mouth you have talking at me?

And do you think you try to hard? You're holding on to things forgotten.

So how are you? I am sincerely asking about you.

What are you trying to prove? What are you trying to lose as you condescend through the room with your subtle grip on the ruins of old?

What are you trying to prove? What are you doing talking bad on those you knew with your subtle grip on the ruins of ten years ago and counting.

So slow down. You don't have anything to prove so quit the self-aggrandizing.

What are you trying to prove? What are you trying to lose as you condescend through the room with your subtle grip on the ruins of old?

What are you trying to prove? What are you doing talking bad on those you knew with your subtle grip on the ruins of ten years ago and counting.

Did I nail  
Did I nail it  
Nail it

Yeah I nailed  
Yeah I nailed it  
Nailed it