

Goldfinger, Nothing To Prove

Fly off the handle once again
And now its too late
I hear the door slam shut
your gone and now its too late
I can still feel the sting
Of your hand across my face
Again the last thing that i wanted was to hurt you

Still im sittin alone again
I feel im writing the same thing again
And if i wanted to i can just shut up
now i know that i've got nothing to prove to you
and still im fighting cuz theres something to prove too

I hear your car drive in the lot
Its 3 this morning
I dont know how to feel
Or what to say how should i act

Where have you been
What could i do
Your drunk im sorry
Then we lay down i feel so dumb
I wish you'd kill me