

# Jill Sobule, Nothing To Prove

I remember laying down, it was 1983  
Under the tree while listening to "[[The\_Clash:London\_Calling\_(1979)|London Calling]]" or something  
Twenty-three years later, I'm here at a meeting  
Trying to impress someone at a dying record company  
But I got nothing to prove

And in walks in this sullen girl who looks like she's nineteen, or wants to be  
Her hair dyed black and her biker boots  
Well, I did that look so many years ago  
She looks at me like I'm some square or I'm her mother  
Well, fuck you, kid; I've got nothing to prove

Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
Once I was as miserable as you  
Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
I got nothing to prove

Here I am in Los Angeles  
I came here two years ago  
And everyone's young and beautiful, and their skin's so smooth  
And everyone's in the industry, and I hate when they use that word  
And when they say they're in the industry, I say, "Oh, are you in steel?"  
Well, I got nothing to prove

Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
Once I was as miserable as you  
Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
I got nothing to prove

Later that week I saw that same girl shopping at the Trader Joe's  
She was with a big bomb blonde, and I wondered if it was her girlfriend  
And to my surprise, she ran up to me and smiled and said, "I loved our meeting"  
Well, I was wrong about her  
But usually I'm right  
Well, I've got nothing to prove

Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
Once I was as miserable as you  
Nothing to prove  
Nothing to prove  
I got nothing to prove