Bad Religion
"Prove It"

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Hit the road in wander mode
Inquire along the way
Savoir faire in full despair
While living day to day

My heart is not
A cold cauldron of proof
I don't ever need
to prove myself to you, no

Looking back I off the tracks
More times than I recognize
Mistakes are another
Opportunity to refine

My heart is not
A cold cauldron of proof
I don't ever need
To prove myself to you

There no such thing as hell
But you can make it if you try
There might come a day
When emotion can be quantified

But as of now there
No proof necessary
No proof necessary
No proof necessary
There's no proof necessary
It's only in your mind
Mind, mind, your mind