

Where There's Gold..

Dashboard Confessional

Step on the stage, the lights, the praise
The curtain calls and the big parade
You know that life all too well
The promise, the pain, the valor, the rage
Hold up your hands for the bow and the wave
You know it's touch a little too well
You throw yourself into their arms
Mistresses have all the fun
But no one's ever there to take you home
Box up your gloves and your down coats
Bound for the sun and the west coast
Where upper-crust tragedies abound
A tip for the girl at the coat check
The guy at the door and the bar back
They know your face, oh so well

But movies never made you famous
All your dreams got lost or traded
And all you ever cared about got lost
But you were surely still an actress
Older men would find attractive
And all you ever dreamed of was the cost
Where there's gold, there's a gold digger
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