

The Gold It's in The...

Pink Floyd

Come on my friends let's make for the hills
They say there's gold and I'm looking for thrills
You can get your hands on whatever we find
'Cause I'm only coming along for the ride Well you go your way I'll go mine
I don't care if we get there on time
Everybody's searching for something they say
I'll get my kicks on the way Over the mountains across the sea
Who knows what may be waiting for me
I can sail forever to strange sounding names
Faces of people and places don't change
All I have to do is just close my eyes
To see the seagulls wheeling in those far distant skies
All I wanna tell you all I wanna say
Is count me in on the journey
Don't expect me to stay

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