

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 wellThe promise the pain
The valor the rage
Hold up your hands
For the bow and the wave
You know his touch
A little too wellYou throw yourself
Into their arms
Mistresses have all the fun
But no one's ever there to take you homeBox up your gloves and your
Down coats
Bound for the sun and the
West coast
Where upper crust tragedies aboundA tip for the girl at the
Coat check
The guy at the door and the
Bar back
They know your face
Oh so wellBut movies never made you famous
All your dreams got lost or traded
And all you ever cared about got lostBut you were surely still an actress
Older men would find attractive
And all you ever dreamed of was the costWhere there's gold, there's a gold diggerYou throw yourself
Into their arms
Mistresses have all the fun
But no one's ever there to take you home

Songwriters

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