

# Gold Rush Brides

## 10,000 Maniacs

Follow the typical signs, the hand-painted lines  
Down prairie roads, pass the lone church spire  
Pass the talking wire from where to who knows? There's no way to divide the beauty of the sky  
From the wild western plains  
Where a man could drift, in legendary myth by roaming over spaces The land was free and the price was  
right Dakota on the wall is a white-robed woman, broad yet maidenly  
Such power in her hand as she hails the wagon man's family  
I see Indians that crawl through this mural that recalls our history Who were the homestead wives?  
Who were the gold rush brides? Does anybody know?  
Do their works survive, their yellow fever lives in the pages they wrote? The land was free, yet it cost their  
lives In miner's lust for gold  
A family's house was bought and sold, piece by piece  
A widow staked her claim on a dollar and his name, so painfully In letters mailed back home her eastern sisters  
They would moan as they would read  
Accounts of madness, childbirth, loneliness and grief Accounts of madness, childbirth, loneliness and grief  
Accounts of madness, childbirth, loneliness and grief

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>