

# The Goldrush

## Coldplay

I went digging for gold  
I went down to the valley  
Over by the mountain  
Where the prospector had been told  
I'm marching through the cold  
We're marching through the cold I went digging for gold  
I went down with my brother  
A bucket and a shovel  
and a book about the color of coal  
I'm marching through the cold  
We're marching through the cold There's a tiny little crackle on the telephone line  
Saying what use the metal if the metal don't shine?  
She said bring me back a ring cause I really want one  
Now I been digging so long that I never seen the sun I went digging for gold  
I went down to the valley  
Over by the mountain  
Where the prospector had been told  
I'm marching through the cold  
We're marching through the cold I went digging for gold  
I went down with my brother  
A bucket and a shovel  
and a book about the color of coal  
I'm marching through the cold  
We're marching through the cold There's a tiny little crackle on the telephone line  
Saying what use the metal if the metal don't shine?  
She said bring me back a ring cause I really want one  
Now I been digging so long that I never seen the sun  
Now I been digging so long that I never seen the sun  
(again, one last time)  
Now I been digging so long that I never seen the sun

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