Partners

The Brandos

Two partners went in search of gold
As friendly as could be
One was young and one was old
And the gay young fool was meSince neither one could write his name
We swore upon our souls
To share the wealth and then shook hands
The hands that dug for gold
(Oh partners)The summer days were gone at last
And winter nights grew cold
The snow had trapped us in the pass
When we finally find the goldWe took our fortune to the shack
To wait the winter through
But the food ran low so I killed my friend
What else was there to do?
(Oh partners)I threw his body just outside
Into the bitter cold
Somehow I had to stay alive
I now had all the goldBut the howling wind just seemed to say
You have killed a man
And you'll never get to spend the gold
With the blood upon your hands
(Oh partners)The cabin's covered now with snow
And shelves of food are bare
Satan's waitin' for me now
And I'm too cold to careIs that the devil at the door
Coming for my soul
Or is it just the old man
A looking for his gold?
(Oh partners)

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