

# 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 me Since 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 gold We 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 gold But 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 care Is 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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