

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

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