

# Where There's Gold

## Dashboard Confessional

Step on the stage, the lights, the praise  
The curtain calls and the big parade  
You know that life all too well The promise, the pain, the valor, the rage  
Hold up your hands for the bow and the wave  
You know it's touch a little too well You throw yourself into their arms  
Mistresses have all the fun  
But no one's ever there to take you home Box up your gloves and your down coats  
Bound for the sun and the west coast  
Where upper-crust tragedies abound A tip for the girl at the coat check  
The guy at the door and the bar back  
They know your face, oh so well But movies never made you famous  
All your dreams got lost or traded  
And all you ever cared about got lost But you were surely still an actress  
Older men would find attractive  
And all you ever dreamed of was the cost Where there's gold, there's a gold digger  
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Where there's gold, there's a gold digger Where there's gold, there's a gold digger  
Where there's gold, there's a gold digger You throw yourself into their arms  
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But no one's ever there to take you home

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