The Gold It's in the...

Pink Floyd

Come on, my friends,
Let's make for the hills.
They say there's gold but I'm looking for thrills.
You can get your hands on whatever we find,
Because I'm only coming along for the ride.Well, you go your way,
I'll go mine.
I don't care if we get there on time.
Everybody's searching for something, they say.
I'll get my kicks on the way.
Over the mountains, across the seas
Who knows what will be waiting for me?
I could sail forever to strange sounding names.
Faces of people and places don't change.All I have to do is just close my eyes
To see the seagulls wheeling on those far distant skies.
All I want to tell you, all I want to sayIs count me in on the journey.
Don't expect me to stay.

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