

Coldplay, Goldrush

I went digging for gold
Down by the river
Over by the mountain
Where the prospektor had been told
Im marching through the cold
Were 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 colour of coal
Im marching through the cold
Were marching through the cold
Theres a tiny little crackle on the telephone line
Saying what use the metal if the metal dont shine?
She said bring me back a diamond/ring cause I really want one
Now I been digging so long that I never see the sun