

# 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