

# Dashboard Confessional, Where There's Gold...

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 his 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  
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  
Where there's gold, there's a gold digger  
Where there's gold, there's a gold digger

You throw yourself  
Into their arms  
Mistresses have all the fun  
But no one's ever there to take you home