

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
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