

Garth Brooks, Digging For Gold

They married on a fancy yacht out on the water
He knew she was young enough to be his daughter
There were always questions in the heart of millionaires
Would she make heartfelt promises if the money was not there?

And he said, do you love me, baby, do you want me to hold?
Or are you just digging for gold?
Do you care enough to give me your heart and soul?
Or are you just digging for gold?

She ran his weary heart through the ringer
And she wore him like the diamond ring around her finger
Well, his advances and affections, she managed to avoid
But, she got the lap of luxury and he got paranoid

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Digging for gold

Big house, limousines,
Fine wines, fine cuisines,
Vale and Vegas twice a year,
Trips to Paris on the leer

Black Tuesday when that wall of wealth came crashing down
Bad news day when that little queen had to give back her crown
And he said, hey babe, we can live on love cuz love is worth much more
But he barely got his feelings out, she was half way to the door
And she never even heard him cry

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