

## Chris Flew

### "Digging For Gold"

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(Gordon Kennedy/Wayne Kirkpatrick)

They married on a fancy yacht out on the water  
He knew she was young enough to be his daughter  
There 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

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, 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 'cause 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

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

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