

Eddy Arnold

"Partners"

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Two partners went in search of gold as friendly as
could be
One was young and one was old and the gay young
fool was me
Since neither one could write his name we swore upon
our souls
To share the wealth and then shook hands the hands
that dug for gold

The summer days were gone at last and winter nights
grew cold
The snow had trapped us in the pass when we finally
find the gold
We took our fortune to the shack to wait the winter
through
But the food ran low so I killed my friend what else
there was to do

I threw his body just outside into the bitter cold
Somehow I had to stay alive I now had all the gold
But the howling wind just seemed to say you have
killed a man
And you'll never get to spend the gold with the blood
upon your hands

The cabin's covered now with snow and shelves of food
are bare
Satan's waitin' for me now and I'm too cold to care
Is that the devil at the door coming for my soul
Or is it just the old man a looking for his gold

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