

Joyce Cobb "Dig The Gold"

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I dig the gold
But where does the gold go
I dig the gold
But where does the gold go
Take the gold and run

I dig the gold
But where does the gold go
I dig the gold
But where does the gold go
Take the gold and run

My father digs gold in South Africa
In the rain and the cold and he's old
Take the gold and run

He plant the cotton
Make it grow
Like hair everywhere
By the moon and the sun
Take the gold and run

Run, wun, run, run
Take the gold and run

Tired and worn
And torn and scorned
Pains and chains
And things and?

Tired and worn
And torn and scorned
Pains and chains
And things

All I do is play and run
All I do is rock and roll
And play my song

All I do is play and run
All I do is rock and roll
And sing my song

All I do is run, run

I dig the gold
But where does the gold go
I dig the gold
But where does the gold go

I dig the gold
But where does the gold go
I dig the gold
But where does the gold go

Take the gold and run
Take the gold and run
Take the gold and run, run, run
Take the gold and run

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