

## **Linda Eder**

### **"Gold"**

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I wonder if when all is done,  
Anyone heard my voice...  
But from the start, we have no choice-  
Our journeys just begin

I'll never know if I was right  
Did I fight hard enough?  
Or when the battles grew too rough,  
Should I have given in?

But here I stand and swear to you:  
I did the best that I could do

I know my voice was just a whisper  
But someone may have heard  
There were nights the moon above me stirred  
And let me grab ahold  
My hands... have touched... the gold...

My heart's been driven by extremes,  
Blind with dreams, tight with fear  
But still, God knows that I was here,  
And oh I was alive! And now I lay the past to rest,  
For in the end, I did my best

You have to live the life you're given  
And never close your eyes!  
You hold on and stare into the skies  
And burn against the cold-  
For any moment you might find the gold!

And there was joy through it all,  
And I am standing tall  
And though my voice was just a whisper,  
Someone must have heard!  
There were nights the moon above me stirred  
And let my life take hold!

I rode across that sky!  
And once I touched the gold  
Here in my own two hands...  
I once held the gold

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