

Coldcut

"The Goldrush"

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I went digging for gold
Down by the river
Over by the mountain
Where the prospektor had been told
I'm marching through the cold
We're marching through the cold
I went digging for gold
I went down with my brother
A bucket and a shovel
And a book about the colour of coal
I'm marching through the cold
We're marching through the cold
There's a tiny little crackle on the telephone line
Saying what use the metal if the metal
Don't shine?
She said bring me back a diamond/ring
Cause I really want one
Now I been digging so long that I never
See the sun

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