

Coldplay, The Goldrush

I went digging for gold
I went down to the valley
Over by the mountain
Where the Prospektor had been told
Im marching through the cold
Were 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
Im marching through the cold
Were marching through the cold
[The Goldrush lyrics on <http://free-mp3-lyrics.com>]
Theres a tiny little crackle on the telephone line
Saying what use is the metal if the metal dont shine?
She said bring me back a ring cause I really want one
Now I been digging so long that I never see the sun
I went digging for gold
I went down to the valley
Over by the mountain
Where the Prospektor had been told
Im marching through the cold
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