

# Where There's Gold

## Dashboard Confessional

Step on the stage  
the lights, the praise,  
the curtain calls and the big parade  
You know that life all too well

Promise the pain, the valor, the rage  
Hold up your hands for the bow and the wave  
You know his touch a little too well

You throw yourself into their arms  
Mistresses have all the fun  
But no one's ever there to take you home

Box up your gloves and your down coats  
Bound for the sun and the west coast  
Where upper crust tragedy is abound

A tip for the girl at the coat check  
The guy at the door and the bar back  
They know your face oh so well

But movies never made you famous  
All your dreams got lost or traded  
And all you ever cared about got lost  
You were surely still an actress older men would find attractive  
And all you ever dreamed of was the cost

Where there's gold there's a gold digger (6x)

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But no one's ever there to take you home