

# Gold Rush

## Basia Bulat

How could I be the last to know  
When they told me where the fool has gone  
Oh I was but the youngest one  
Up there on the hills they're climbing on.  
You went up with an open heart  
When they found you it was all but cold.  
Those hounds, they sing so low  
Up there on the hills, they're climbing on. You saw the light of gold and rushed  
You said you couldn't fight it off.  
This is the story of the one you lost,  
And I want it to run over your love.  
You found it in the deepest thorns  
Flooded up from the darkest wells  
Ring your heartstrings with the bells  
Up there on the hills they're climbing on.  
And if I hadn't drowned up there  
Then the night before the storm took hold  
I know I would find them gold  
Up there on the hills they find me on. Another sight of gold, you rushed.  
"Oh I could never fight them off."  
Another story of the one you lost  
And I want it to run over your love.  
In the darkest of days, in my daydreams there -  
In your eyes they find you ringing out.  
Where, in the eye of that tempest, you're nearer to me -  
In your eyes, they see you singing out.  
Twenty-one years, you've been here, every morning -  
In your eyes, they find you fading.  
Twenty-one roses you hold, but they're fading now -  
In your eyes, I'm still there waiting. How could I be the last to know  
When they told me where the fool had gone?  
Oh I was but the youngest one  
Up there on the hills they'll find me on. Another sight of gold, you rushed.  
"Oh I could never fight them off."  
Another story of the one you lost  
And I want it to run over  
I wanted to take over  
I want it to run over your love.

