

The Gold Digger's Lament - song lyrics

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The Gold Digger's Lament.

I am going away from my creditors just now,
I ain't got the tin to pay 'em, and they're kicking up a row;
There's the sheriff after me with pockets full of writs,
And my tailor's vowing vengeance, he swears he'll give me fits.
There's no room for speculation, and the mines ain't worth a flam,
And I ain't one of those lucky coves that works for Uncle Sam;
Whichever way I turn I am sure to meet a dun,
"So I think the best thing I can do is just to cut and run."

I wish those "tarnal critters" that wrote home about the gold,
Was in the place the Scriptures say is never very cold;
They told you of the heaps of dust and* lumps so very big,
But they never said a single word how hard you had* to dig.
I went up to the mines and helped to turn a stream,
Got trusted on the strength of that delusive golden dream;
But when the river was turn'd, we found it would not do,
And we who damm'd the river our creditors did sue.

I am going far away, but I don't know where I'll go,
'Twon't do to turn homeward now, they'll laugh at me I know;
For I told them when I left, I was going to make a pile,
But if they could only see me now I rather guess they'd smile.
If of these United States I was the President,
No man who owed another should ever pay a cent;
And he who dunned another should be banish'd far away,
For attention to the pretty girls is all a man should pay.