

We Always Went Out For the Gold

F#m

This is the story that we've all been told,
Since the time we were young till the time we got old
Enjoying our live is a foolish one's dream

In Mesopotamia the search it began
We valued the glitter much more than the land
Our gods came together asked with a scream
You gotta go out for the gold.

Modulate to G#m

And as all of the people started their trek
The smell of the ore was the smell of respect
Them with the most were thought most supreme
You gotta go out for the gold

Am

Migrations began and we started to roam
Looking for more we depart from our home
Our bellies are empty, and still we did scheme
You gotta go out for the gold

G#m

Look at us now we are in quite a fix
Afraid for our pockets afraid for the mix
Afraid of the others who we don't redeem
You gotta go out for the gold

F#m

What are we doing What have we done
To our dear paradise revolving the sun
We've leveraged humanity our hearts we have sold
All for the smell of some gold , We've given our lives up for gold