

I Came for the Gold

Faded photograph
In a shirt pocket, travel-worn.
On the back a treasure map
With the x-spot corner torn.
One night in a dream, I saw the missing part
Hidden in a locket laid upon her heart.

Shining symbol of
Many a miner's fevered need.
Prospecting faith, hope, and love
Made me sweat and cry and bleed.
But everything that glittered to this miner's gaze
Wasn't weighted worth committing all my days.

I came for the gold.
Deep in the heart, I discovered the vein.
I came for the gold.
True to the work and the dream I remain,
mining the motherlode.

Providence divine
Will guide the poor fool and the sage.
That same Providence divides
Labors of love from the latest rage.
These promises and rings with which we've pledged our souls
Are purified by fire against a world gone cold.

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