

## Gold Rush (P. Simmonds)

Working on a pipeline  
Through the guts of a Northern sea  
Someone struck the blackstuff  
It could have first been me  
I signed on to an oil rig  
For a pioneers wage  
Fighting for our fortune  
And plumping up the guage

But the North Sea winds are bitter  
And the daylight hours are cruel  
Still we keep the big drill pumping  
Out the barrel loads of fuel

Mary and the children  
Are living down in Leeds  
The weekly cheque I send them  
takes care of all their needs  
Still I dream of other women  
On this island made of men  
Each week the chopper takes us  
Down to Maria's den

But the North Sea winds are bitter  
And the sky is painted grey  
And the waves they come in bigger  
And the strong men start to pray

My brother sometimes writes me  
He's living still at home  
How he could never be this way  
Could never bear to roam  
But I believe in fortune  
And the gold of the frontier  
I believe in miracles  
And I am staying here