

Goldmine

Darwin Deez

You are a meter maid
Working my city block in your rollerblades
Weaving through people with headphones on
Genghis khan of the sidewalk

And you are a ghost hunter
Twirling your Geiger counter around
Flashing your flashlight at any sound
I keep the camcorder half-cocked

And I could spend my life in basements with you listening for signs
And if we never found one demon it would still be good times
'Cause I'm your loader, you're my goldmine

You are a lodestone marble magnet meteorite
You are the tiger's eye, keeping five year old me up at night
You are the lies I tell my parents when I'm teenage and scared
You are the birthrate, the floodgate, sincerity squared

You are winking at the waitress when your card is declined
And you cruise through every waitlist and we always jump lines
I'm your digger, you're my goldmine

And I can feel this place is haunted as I straighten my spine
And I make terrible decisions but they all turn out fine
'Cause I'm your driver, you're my goldmine