

# Daughter Of The Gold Rush

Guided by Voices

Standing on solid soil  
Coping with waging war  
Once I was young and wild  
Now I'm old and tired  
Waiting, hoping for a change

Haven't I seen you before?  
Standing outside my door  
Racing through space and time  
Without a reason or rhyme  
Waiting, hoping for a change

Holding on two open skies  
Running away  
Looking for new ways to ride  
Running away

Standing on solid soil  
Standing on solid soil  
Standing on solid soil  
Standing on solid soil