

A Certain Kind Of Gold

Slim Dusty

You can go away and leave me, I don't want your type around,
You scheme always for money and you twist my friends around.
I loved you but that's over, it can never be retold
Go and seek your gilded mansion, your riches and your gold.

For there's a certain kind of gold you only find in your true friends,
It's the only kind of gold you take with you when this world ends,
So I'd rather have a life of love to remember when I'm old
But if you'd rather have them, take your riches and your gold.

I don't want your kind of livin' that you're livin' every day,
I don't want to have this mansion when our hair is turnin' grey
,
I'll keep true friends around me, and be part of that fold,
And I'll have my kind of mansion and a certain kind of gold.

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