## The Moldy Peaches, The Ballad Of Helen Keller A

Burn it all up Hanging in the street Enlightenment Whining, mercy me Take my hand now, love Down the stairs, your father walks I will lead the way His hair is falling grey Leave them behind Runnin' to the sea Don't make a sound Twitching silently Take my hand now, love Down the stairs, your father walks I will lead the way His hair is falling grey No matter what they say, I can make you stay