

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