

The Ballad of Helen Keller & Rip Van Winkle

The Moldy Peaches

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 gray

Leave them behind
Run into 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 gray

No matter what they say
I can make you stay.