

# 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.