

The Weeks "The Ballad Of Tonto Higgins"

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I will stay for myself And you can leave if you think it would help Oh I could stay here all alone I'll close the blinds, I'll lock the door, and unplug the phone

A broken heart, I'll try to mend
With cigarettes and self regret I'll write til then
Or I could kill myself, if you think that would help
Or I could write a note that begged for hope from God
himself

But that won't help, no that won't help me I could write all night with heat until my hand bleeds And I will fade, I'll fade away And I will write until the end of everyday I'll fade away

And I will walk blindfolded through the street
In hope that God guides me from horns and honking
cars that speed
I will jump off the highest floor
And hope that something soft will break my fall I won't
hurt you no more
I will sing until my throat it bleeds
Oh but I'm pretty sure this voice will be the death of me

But that won't help, no that won't help me What's the point of singing if no one is listening And I will fade, I'll fade away And I will sing until the end of everyday I'll fade away

Well I hope when your gone, whatever be the cause that you'll move on
Well you can sell my things and keep my mother's ring
Well you can curse my name, spit on my grave, or fuck for fame
You can fuck for fame
You can curse my name
Or you spit on my grave

Well you can fuck for fame

But that won't help, no that won't help me I could write all night with heat until my hand bleeds And I will fade, I'll fade away And I will write until the end of everyday I'll fade away

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