# The Weeks <br> "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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