Angels Come to Comfort You

Black Francis

I saw the statue of Herman Brood It had a lump way down in it's throat That's because it's heart was broke in two

He played piano really fucking good West Berlin to West Hollywood Prettier than Brando, he was punker than punk Slave to rock 'n' roll and a slave to junk

Angels come to comfort you, yeah they do And here they come They'll lead you by the hand They'll take you down the hall And they will break your fall

He was no saint but he was Dutch So he could paint, yeah, he had the touch He felt the angels kiss him on the head Whispering the name that rhymes with dead

Now the Hilton Hotel in Amsterdam Good enough for John and Yoko, man Now you got the key to 902

Hey, angels come to comfort you Here they come, here they come They'll lead you by the hand They'll take you down the hall And they will break your fall