

# 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 twoHe 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 junkAngels 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 fallHe 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 deadNow the Hilton Hotel in Amsterdam  
Good enough for John and Yoko, man  
Now you got the key to 902Hey, 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

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