

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

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