

# Black Francis, Angels Come To Comfort You

Mag ik Engels spreken?  
Here we go!

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 fuckin' good  
West Berlin to West Hollywood  
Prettier than Brando, he was punker than punk  
Slave to rock and roll and a slave to junk

Ah, 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

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