## Manic Street Preachers, Comfort Comes

Need someone to nurse me Reach out for the first person I see Comforts the helpless sole vanity Caressing the broken heart of me

The difference between love and comfort Is that comfort's more reliable and true Brutal and mocking but always there A crutch for emnity's saddest glare

I wish that someone would hold me Wrap their arms around a shrinking somebody Comfort comes and ease me till the morning Whispered words of sanctuary

The difference between love and comfort Is that comfort's more reliable and true Brutal and mocking but always there A crutch for emnity's saddest glare

Forgetting how I hate self-pity blonde Comfort comes and smooths her over Calloused hands turn a beautiful dress Handcuffs now her pearl bracelets