

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