

Judybats, Incredible Bittersweet

Incredible bittersweet, I know you well
We're victims of a dual complicity
Villains and heroes, battlescarred and beaming
Taking chances, bought and sold, still scheming
Pretty over the loin, with such a bad disposition
Auctioned off to an eager stranger innocent of the danger
Incredible bittersweet, I know you well
And I've made your apologies, made your apologies
Incredible bittersweet, I could paint you a picture
In black and white, black on white, white on black
But I take it all back...I think I'd just paint it grey
Incredible bittersweet
I know you'd love it anyway
A little tale
Happiness is a hermit that lives on a hill and speaks to no one
Joy is the money that he buries in the yard and forgets where it is
He dies and all the neighbors of the world come digging, finding nothing
But at least they had their little daydream
Incredible bittersweet, I know you well
We're grifters of a grim duality; goodness in evil
Shuffling shards and dealing
All the dances, never sure who's leading
A flipping up of the coin-with such a sick sense of humor
Bluffing illusion of choice in choosing, betting it all and losing
Incredible bittersweet, we've gone to hell
And I make no apologies, make no apologies
