

# Les Savy Fav, The Lowest Bitter

Are you looking for magic  
On the back of a pack of matches?  
It seems like we're trying to prove  
That everything we pursue, we lose.

All you scorned lovers:  
Are you burnt so bad,  
Your lips are covered  
In black blood and scabs?

We seem to need some way  
To vanish all these stains.  
Take the trigger from the lowest bitter.  
Take the bargain back again.

Are you covered in scratches  
From them hacking you with their hatchets?  
Are you chasing a trail of crumbs  
And you can't recall where they came from?

They've come to  
Steal your old self  
And rent back what they stole.  
They fatten you up  
And swallow you whole.  
And then they  
Charge you for the pleasure  
Of making you plain.  
When you're finally getting something,  
It's only the blame.

If you let bitterness  
Get in your home,  
Get in your chest,  
It gets into your bones.

We've been bought  
And we've been sold,  
They try but they can't keep hold.  
We burn, but we don't turn to coal.  
We're hills all filled with gas and gold.

Take the trigger from the lowest bitter.  
Take the bargain back again.  
Take it back!