

As Lucerne/The Low

Los Campesinos!

There is no blues that can sound quite as heartfelt as mine
Lamented at the gorge of the river, I watched it weep its banks
dry

I hum the sorriest tune on the bar at these dives
Send all the patrons running home to make up with their first w
ives

My prose as purple but not as pretty as lucerne
For sweet nothings from the lips of a gargoyle, nobody ever yea
rned

Perpetually a philistine, but darling I am longing to learn
Been looked at like the rotten grape on the vine, while you and
yours are drinking Sauternes.

(But the low) is, what I came for
(And to bask) in a darkness I do adore

I am the magpie's solo, the sorrow that makes you salute
Pounding the earth for the early worm, I'm a glutton but it's g
ood for my glutes

I was solace to the sirens, the bait on the fisherman's rod
the hook took me far from my family, but closer to God