



The Pierces

Thirteen Tales of Love and Revenge

EAST WEST



Face it: the Pierces are cooler than you. They have model looks and fashion sense, sultry voices, and a mix of gothic humor and ennui that could inspire a thousand Edward Gorey books, were the cartoon king of absurdist melancholy still breathing. Imagine a bemused, sexed-up Hope Sandoval, and you've almost got the idea.

"And if we wake up in full make-up," they sing on "Turn on Billie" over clinking, lounge-ready vibes, "we'll paint the town blue cuz baby red is so passé." The Pierces have more fun with a kinky pop song than anybody since the Divinyls with "Lights On." The chorus is pure Abba marzipan, as they sing, "here's my dress to try on baby, let me be your man. I will call you pretty, darlin', tell me what I am." There are elements of Euro-trash pop and dance music, but with a strumming acoustic guitar placed solidly at the center of most tracks.

Of course, the Pierces are in on the joke. They take a jab at the impossibly cool in "Boring," a list of supposedly exciting things—from ménage a trois to Dolce & Gabbana—that don't impress them, all to a James Bond theme-worthy soundtrack. And it's only a matter of time before the Pierces wind up on a soundtrack somewhere. "Secret," with its "two can keep a secret if one of them is dead" refrain, could be a pirate's chantey or an English drawing room murder lament. Aside from a couple of brooding moments that seem out of place, *Revenge* is darkly charming fun.