

pointed with implausibly plaintive strings. Then there's the lyrics that initially lull you into a false sense of emotional security ("They made a statue of us/And put it on a mountain top/Now tourists come and stare at us/Blow bubbles with their gum/Take photographs, have fun") before plunging headlong into undefined uncertainty ("We're living in a den of thieves/Rummaging for answers in the pages").

And finally there's Regina's voice. A uniquely intoxicating instrument, it contorts from a coquettish croon into a beguiling banshee wail over a couple of verses, stripping away layers of innocence until only raw nerves are exposed.

away layers of innocence until only raw nerves are exposed. The way in which she manages to make the hiccoughed glottal stop in the word "contagious" sound like a miniexplosion of emotion is almost worth the asking price alone. Take our advice: stick it on repeat play on the stereo, retreat under you duvet and don't make any plans until February. DS

and wear suits!"

"Track Of The Week? Ha! And pigs might fly