

Jens Lekman, The Wrong Hands

I still wear these worn out jeans
I have to wear long-johns undeneath
Down by the harbour there's a cool cool breeze
Have you ever wondered if oceans can freeze

Strings on my fathers old guitar
the position of the northern star
the clock-like beat of the budgies heart
tick-tick-tick now they know where you are

I try the light therapy from the Xerox-machine
the gentle beat of a tambourine

And it's not like I can't stand
to see you with another man
I just don't wanna see good love
fall into the wrong hands

Behind the craze there's a pretty sunset
water shines like tiny bells
I feel the warmth in the cigarette
but everything else

And it's not like I can't stand
to see you with another man
I just don't wanna see good love
fall into the wrong hands

I try the light therapy from the Xerox-machine
the gentle beat of a tambourine

And it's not like I can't stand
to see you ruin our plans
I just don't wanna see good love
fall into the wrong hands
fall into the wrong hands