

# Jens Lekman, The Wrong Hands

I still wear these worn out jeans  
I have to wear long-johns underneath  
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