

The Wrong Hands

Jens Lekman

I still wear these worn out jeans
I have to wear long-johns underneath
Down by the harbour there's a cool, cool breeze
I've never wondered if oceans can freeze

The strings on my fathers old guitar
The positions of the northern stars
The clock-like beat of the budgies heart
Tick, tick, tick now they know where you are

I tried the light therapy
From a Xerox-machine
The gentle beat of a tambourine

And it's not that I can't stand
To see you with another man
I just don't want to see good love
Fall into the wrong hands

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

And it's not that I can't stand
To see you with another man
I just don't want to see good love
Fall into the wrong hands

I tried the light therapy
From the Xerox-machine
The gentle beat of a tambourine

And it's not that I can't stand
To see you ruin our plans
I just don't want to see good love
Fall into the wrong hands
Fall into the wrong hands