

## Jens Lekman "The World Moves On"

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The thermometer ran out of numbers  
When it reached fifty degrees  
I just lay down on the floor  
With a bag of frozen peas  
We saw plumes of smoke  
Rising in the distance from our balcony  
I poured a glass of wine

Sucked the juice out of a kiwi  
Catherine turned on the TV  
They showed acres after acres  
Of absolutely nothing  
And then Stevie called and said  
Are you watching what I'm watching?  
I said I'm watching what you're watching  
Oh what is it I'm watching

The night before I had been bored  
My legs had been restless  
It was my birthday  
I'd already opened up my presents  
At the social club I met some friends  
Who were friends with this girl  
One by one they dropped of  
Till it was just me and her  
We made out in every bar in town  
While the state of Victoria  
Burned down to the ground

And the sun rose over the city  
The wind swept through the valley

You don't get over a broken heart  
You just learn to carry it gracefully

Edinburgh gardens offered some kind of shade  
I would pick up some beers and head down to the lake  
Watch the possums and listen to the growling banter  
There was one I liked especially  
I named her Santa sentimental  
I would offer a slice of apple from my hand  
She would sniff it, frown, and then lumber back to the

trash can

I was going uphill on my mountain bike  
When I was passed by a scooter  
You got a dollar or a cigarette  
Hey I'm talking to you poofa  
What I should have said was nothing  
What I said was get lost  
Next thing I'm upside-down  
With my bike in the ground  
Hitting dirt all the way home  
Cursing the buried ground which I was chewing on

And the sun rose over the city  
The wind swept through the valley

You don't get over a broken heart  
You just learn to carry it gracefully

And that's what it's like  
When you've had your heart broken  
The world just shrugs it's shoulders  
And keeps going  
It just moves on in all it's sadness and glory  
Oh but then you're with a friend  
I tell them my story  
I saw Bunny put the book back on the shelf  
She says maybe it's time you take a look at yourself

No one's born an asshole  
It takes a lot of hard work  
And God knows I've worked my ass off  
To be a jerk  
So many hands I've held  
While wondering why I felt nothing  
Why when I let go of that hand  
I always start to feel something  
Like a bottle smashed against my head  
She said I wish you would have just cheated on me  
instead

Loving without loving  
Is always the worst crime  
I know all the signs and signals  
Cause now I've been on both sides  
The way you choose your words  
The limpness of your hand  
I almost died when you introduced me as a friend  
How can you call me a friend  
If you don't love me  
Then please have the dignity to tell me

I never said any of that  
I just shook that hand and looked  
Down at the doormat

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The wind swept through the valley

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