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Jens Lekman "The Wrong Hands"

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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

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