

The World Moves On (Studio) by Jens Lekman

(And this song is called)		
(The world moves on)		
The thermometer ran out of numbers		
When it reached 50 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		
But what is it I'm watching?		
The night before I had been bored		
And my legs had (1) 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 off		
Till it was (2) 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		



SUB inglès
The wind swept (3) the valley
And you don't get over a broken heart
You just learn to carry it gracefully
The Edinburgh Gardens offered
Some kind of shade
I would pick up some beers
And head down there late
Watch the possums and listen
To their Growling banter
There was one I liked especially
I named her Sam as in Samantha
I offered a slice of (4) from my hand
She would sniff it, frown
And then lumber back to the trash can
I was going uphill on my Malvern Star
When I was passed by a scooter
You got a dollar or a cigarette?
Hey, I'm talking to you, poofter
What I should have said was nothing
What I said was "get lost"
Next time I'm upside-down with my bike in the dust
Spitting dirt all the way home
Cursing the very ground that I was chewing on
And the sun rose over the city
The wind swept through the valley
And 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 (5) broken

The world (6)_____ shrugs its shoulders



It just moves on in all its sadness and glory

Over dinner with a friend

I tell her my story

And as I finally put the book

Back on the shelf

She says

Maybe it's time you take a look at yourself

No one's born an ******

It takes a lot of hard work

But God knows I've worked my ass off

To be a jerk

So many hands I've held

While wondering why I felt nothing

And why, when I let go of that hand

I always start to feel something

And like a bottle smashed against my head

She'd say

I wish you just would've cheated on me instead

And 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

But I never said any of that



I just shook that hand

And looked down at th	e doormat
The sun (8)	over the city
The wind swept through	the valley
And you don't get over	a broken heart
You just learn to (9)	it gracefully

Fill in the gaps



- 1. been
- 2. just
- 3. through
- 4. apple
- 5. heart
- 6. just
- 7. gets
- 8. rose
- 9. carry