

## The World Moves On (Studio) by Jens Lekman

The World Moves On (S
(And this song is called)
(The world moves on)
The thermometer ran out of numbers
When it reached 50 degrees
I (1) 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 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 off
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 (2) swept through 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 (3) 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 apple (4) 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 (5) 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 (6) it gracefully		
And that's what it's like		

When you've had your heart broken

The world just shrugs its shoulders

Then please have the dignity to tell me

But I never (8)\_\_\_\_\_ any of that

If you don't love me

inglés		
And gets going		
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 (7) 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?		

Fill in the gaps



And looked down at the doormat

The sun rose over the city	
The wind swept (9)	the valley
And you don't get (10) a bi	roken heart
You just learn to carry it gracefully	



- 1. just
- 2. wind
- 3. would
- 4. from
- 5. said
- 6. carry
- 7. smashed
- 8. said
- 9. through
- 10. over