

The World Moves On

Jens Lekman

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 wineSucked 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 watchingThe 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 groundAnd the sun rose over the city
The wind swept through the valleyYou don't get over a broken heart
You just learn to carry it gracefullyEdinburgh 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 canI 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 its shoulders
And keeps going
It just moves on in all its 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
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

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