

# Sweater Weather

Taylor Phelan

All I am is a man  
I want the world in my hands  
I hate the beach  
But I stand  
In California with my toes in the sand  
Use the sleeves of my sweater  
Let's have an adventure  
Head in the clouds but my gravity's centered  
Touch my neck and I'll touch yours  
You in those little high-waisted shorts, oh

She knows what I think about  
And what I think about  
One love, two mouths  
One love, one house  
No shirt, no blouse  
Just us, you find out  
Nothing that I wouldn't wanna tell you about, no

'Cause it's too cold  
For you here and now  
So let me hold  
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater

And if I may just take your breath away  
I don't mind if there's not much to say  
Sometimes the silence guides our minds  
So move to a place so far away  
The goose bumps start to raise  
The minute that my left hand meets your waist  
And then I watch your face  
Put my finger on your tongue  
'Cause you love to taste, yeah

These hearts adore  
Everyone the other beats hardest for  
Inside this place is warm  
Outside it starts to pour

Coming down

One love, two mouths  
One love, one house  
No shirt, no blouse  
Just us, you find out  
Nothing that I wouldn't wanna tell you about, no, no, no

'Cause it's too cold  
For you here and now  
So let me hold  
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater

'Cause it's too cold  
For you here and now  
So let me hold  
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater

Whoa, whoa...  
Whoa, whoa... whoa  
Whoa, whoa...

'Cause it's too cold  
For you here and now  
So let me hold  
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater

It's too cold  
For you here and now  
Let me hold  
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater

And it's too cold,  
It's too cold  
The holes of my sweater

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