Sweater Weather

James Harris

It's to cold for you here
And now so let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater
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
Lets 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 shirts, no blouse
Just us, you find out
Nothing that I wouldn't wanna tell you about, no
Cause it's too cold whoa
For you here
And now
So let me hold whoa
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 your mind
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 watched 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 shirts, no blouse
Just us, you find out
Nothing I really wanna tell you about
No no no
Cause it's too cold whoa
For you here
And now
So let me hold whoa
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
Whoa, whoa, the holes of my sweater
'Cause it's too cold whoa
For you here
And now
So let me hold whoa
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
Coming down
One love, two mouths
One love, one house
No shirts, no blouse
Just us, you find out
Nothing I really wanna tell you about, no
The holes of my sweater

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