Sweater Weather (Acoustic)

Savannah Outen

All I am
Is a girl.
I want my hands
In the world.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, I'll touch yours,
You in those little high waisted shorts.He knows what I think about.
What I think about.
1 love. 2 mouths.
1 love. 1 house.
No shirt. no blouse.
Just us. you find out.
Nothing that we don't want to tell you about.It's too cold,
For you here. now,
Let me hold,
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater.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 to move to a place so far away.
Goosebumps start to raise
The minute that my left hand meets your waist.
Watch your face,
Put my finger on your tongue
Cause you love the taste.
Hearts adore,
Every one the other beats hardest for.
Inside this place it's warm,
Outside it starts to pour.Coming down,
1 love. 2 mouths.
1 love. 1 house.
No shirt. no blouse.
Just us. you find out.
Nothing that we don't want to tell you about.It's too cold,
For you here. now,
Let me hold,

Both your hands in the holes of my sweater

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