Sweater Weather

The Neighbourhood

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 sandUse 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, ohShe 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'll find out
Nothing that we don't wanna talk about, no'Cause it's too cold
For you here and now
So let me hold
Both your hands in the holes of my sweaterAnd if I may just take your breath away
I don't mind if it's not much to say
Sometimes the silence guides our minds to
Move to a place so far awayThe 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 the taste yeahThese hearts adore
Everyone the other beats hardest for
Inside this place is warm
Outside it starts to pourComing 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 sweaterWhoa, whoa...Whoa, whoa, whoa...Whoa, whoa, whoa...Whoa,

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 sweaterIt's too cold
For you here and now
Let me hold
Both your hands in the holes of my sweaterAnd it's too cold,
It's too cold,
The holes of my sweater...

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