

# The Neighbourhood - Sweater Weather

Tom: C

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 on 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 wasted 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 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 our minds  
 So move to a place so far away  
 The goosebumps start to race  
 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 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 whoa  
 For you here  
 And now  
 So let me hold whoa  
 Both your hands in 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

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

'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  
 'Cause it's too cold whoa  
 For you...  
 And now  
 So let me hold whoa  
 Both your hands in the holes of my sweater  
 It's too cold, it's too cold  
 the holes of my sweater.

## Acordes

