

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

