

# 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 sand  
Use 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, 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 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 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... '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  
It's too cold whoa  
For you here 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...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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