

Sweater weather – the Neighbourhood

And 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 centered

Touch my neck and I'll touch yours
You in those little high waisted shorts, oh

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
For you here
And now, so let me hold
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 a mind
To 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
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 sweater

Whoa, whoa, whoa
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 sweater

It's too cold
For you here
And now, let me hold
Both your hands in the holes of my sweater

And it's too cold, it's too cold
The hands of my sweater