

The Neighbourhood, Sweater Weather

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.

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 we don't want to tell you about, No.

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 silence guides our minds to move to a place so far away.
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 the taste.
These hearts adore,
Every one the other beats heart is for
Inside this place it's 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 we don't want to tell you about.

It's too cold,
For you here,
And now so let me hold both your hands in,
The holes of my sweater.