

# Sweater Weather

Slaves

All I am is a man,  
I want the world in my hands.  
Hate the beach, but I stand  
In California with my toes in the sand (toes in the sand).  
Use the sleeves of my sweater,  
Have an adventure,  
Head in the clouds, but my gravity's centered.  
Touch my neck, I'll touch yours.  
You in those little high waisted shorts.

She knows what I think about, what I think about:  
One love, two mouths,  
One love, one house.  
No shirt, no blouse.  
Just us, find out  
Nothing that I really 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.

I may just take your breath away,  
I don't mind if there's not much to say.  
Sometimes the silence guides our minds,  
To move to a place so far away.  
The goosebumps start raise,  
The minute that my left hand meets your waist.  
And then I watched your face,  
Put my finger on your tongue causes you love the taste, yeah  
These hearts adore,  
All the other beats heart is 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 really wanna tell you about,  
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...

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