

The Neighbourhood - Sweater Weather

Tom: C

Eb Cm
 All I am is a man
 Gm Bb
 I want the world in my hands
 Eb
 I hate the beach
 Cm Gm
 But I stand in California
 Bb
 with my toes in the sand
 Eb
 Use the sleeves on my sweater
 Cm
 Let's have an adventure
 Gm Bb
 Head in the clouds but my gravity's centered
 Eb Cm
 Touch my neck and I'll touch yours
 Gm Bb
 You in those little high wasted shorts
 Eb
 Oh She knows what I think about
 Cm
 And what I think about
 Gm
 One love, two mouths
 Bb
 One love, one house
 Eb
 No shirt, no blouse
 Cm
 Just us, you find out
 Gm Bb
 Nothing that I wouldn't wanna tell you about, no
 Eb Cm
 'Cause it's too cold whoa
 Gm
 For you here
 Bb
 And now
 Eb Cm
 So let me hold whoa
 Gm Bb
 Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
 Eb
 And if I may just take your breath away
 Cm
 I don't mind if there's not much to say
 Gm
 Sometimes the silence guides our minds
 Bb
 So move to a place so far away
 Eb
 The goosebumps start to race
 Cm
 The minute that my left hand meets your waist
 Gm
 And then I watched your face
 Bb
 Put my finger on your tongue
 Bb
 'Cause you love to taste yeah
 Eb
 These hearts adore
 Cm
 Everyone the other beats hardest for
 Gm
 Inside this place is warm
 Bb
 Outside it starts to pour

Eb
 Coming down
 Cm
 One love, two mouths
 Gm
 One love, one house
 Bb
 No shirt, no blouse
 Eb
 Just us, you find out
 Cm
 Nothing that I wouldn't wanna tell you about,
 Gm Bb
 No No No!
 Eb Cm
 'Cause it's too cold whoa
 Gm
 For you here
 Bb
 And now
 Eb Cm
 So let me hold whoa
 Gm Bb
 Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
 Eb Cm
 'Cause it's too cold whoa
 Gm
 For you here
 Bb
 And now
 Eb Cm
 So let me hold whoa
 Gm Bb
 Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
 Cm Bb F
 Cm Bb F
 Whoa, Whoa, Whoa, Whoa,
 Cm Bb
 Whoa, whoa...
 F
 Whoa, whoa...
 F
 Whoa, whoa...
 F
 Whoa, whoa...
 F
 Whoa, whoa...
 F
 Whoa, whoa...
 Eb Cm
 'Cause it's too cold whoa
 Gm
 For you here
 Bb
 And now
 Eb Cm
 So let me hold whoa
 Gm Bb
 Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
 Eb Cm
 'Cause it's too cold whoa
 Gm
 For you...
 Bb
 And now
 Eb Cm
 So let me hold whoa
 Gm Bb Eb
 Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
 Cm Gm
 It's too cold, it's too cold
 Bb
 the holes of my sweater.

Acordes

