

The Neighbourhood - Sweater Weather

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Tom: G
                                                                 Outside it starts to pour
 (forma dos acordes no tom de A )
                            Afinação: D G C F A D
                                                                   Coming down
All I am is a man
                                                                  One love, two mouths
           Αm
I want the world in my hands
                                                                  One love, one house
           F7M
I hate the beach
                                                                 No shirt, no blouse
       Dm
                    Am
                                                                  Just us, you find out
But I stand in California
With my toes in the sand
                                                                 Nothing that I wouldn't wanna tell you about
Use the sleeves on my sweater
                                                                No no no!
                Dm
Let's have an adventure
                                                                                 F7M
                                                                'Cause it's too cold who-oa
Head in the clouds but my gravity's centered
                                                                        Am
                                                                For you here
Touch my neck and I'll touch yours
                                                                And now
You in those little high waisted shorts, oh
                                                                           F7M
                                                                So let me hold who-oa
                                                                                         G
                                                                           Αm
  She knows what I think about
                                                                Both your hands in (the holes of my sweater)
                                                                               F7M
 And what I think about
                                                                'Cause it's too cold who-oa
                                                                        Am
 One love, two mouths
                                                                For you here
 One love, one house
                                                                And now
                                                                           F7M
 No shirt, no blouse
                                                                So let me hold who-oa
 Just us, you find out
                                                                Both your hands in the holes of my sweater, whoa-oh
                                                                ( Dm C G )
( Dm C G )
 Nothing that I really wanna tell you about, no
                F7M
'Cause it's too cold who-oa
                                                                      C
                                                                  Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
For you here
                                                                     C
                                                                               G
                                                                  Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
    G
And now
                                                                               G
          F7M
                                                                  Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
So let me hold who-oa
                                                                 Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
          \mathsf{Am}
Both your hands in (the holes of my sweater)
                                                                'Cause it's too cold who-oa
And if I may just take your breath away
                                                                For you here
I don't mind if there's not much to say
                                                                    G
                                                                And now
Sometimes the silence guides your mind
                                                                           F7M
                                                                So let me hold who-oa
So move to a place so far away
                                                                          Am
                                                                Both your hands in (the holes of my sweater)
  The goosebumps start to race
                                                                                F7M
                                                                'Cause it's too cold who-oa
The minute that my left hand meets your waist
                                                                        Am
                                                                For you here
 And then I watched your face
                                                                       F7M
Put my finger on your tongue
'Cause you love to taste yeah
                                                                Let me hold who-oa
  These hearts adore
                                                                Both your hands in the holes of my sweater
Everyone the other beat hard is for
                                                                It's too cold, it's too cold
 Inside this place is warm
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The holes of my sweater

Acordes

