

## The Neighbourhood - Sweater Weather

```
The minute that my left hand
               tom:
               Eb (forma dos acordes no tom de F )
                                                               Meets your waist
               Afinação: D G C F A D
        [Primeira Parte]
                                                               And then I watch your face
                                                                 С
                                                               Put my finger on your tongue
                                                               'cause you love to taste
                                                               These hearts adore
                                                               Dm7
All I am is a man
                                                               Everyone the other beats
           Αm
I want the world in my hands
                                                               Hardest for
           F
                                                                             (Riff 1) C
                                                               Inside, this place is warm Outside, it starts to pour
I hate the beach, but I stand
       Am
In California
                                                               [Refrão]
With my toes in the sand
Use the sleeves of my sweater
                                                                Coming down
                Dm7
Let's have an adventure
                                                               One love, two mouths
Head in the clouds
                                                               One love, one house
                                                               No shirt, no blouse
But my gravity's centered
        F
                             Dm7
Touch my neck and I'll touch yours
                                                               Just us, you find out
         Am
You in those little high
                                                               Nothing that I wouldn't
(Riff 1) C
Waisted shorts
                                                               Wanna tell you about, no, no, no
                                                               Cause it's too cold
[Refrão]
                                                                       Am
                                                               For you here and now
She knows what I think about
                                                               So let me hold
And what I think about
                                                               Both your hands in
One love, two mouths
                                                               The holes of my sweater
One love, one house
                                                               'Cause it's too cold
No shirt, no blouse
                                                                      Am
                                                               For you here and now
Just us, you find out
Am
Nothing that wouldn't
                                                               So let me hold
Wanna tell you about, no
                                                               Both your hands in
                                                               The holes of my sweater
'Cause it's too cold
        Am
                                                               Oh, oh, oh
For you here and now
                                                               So let me hold
          Am
Both your hands in
                                                               [Final]
The holes of my sweater
                                                               'Cause it's too cold
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                        Am
                                                               For you here and now
And if I may just take
                                                               So let me hold
Your breath away
Dm7
I don't mind if there's
                                                               Both your hands in
Not much to say
                                                               The holes of my sweater
                                                                              F
Sometimes the silence guides our minds
                                                               'Cause it's too cold
To move to a place so far away
                                                                       Am
                                                               For you here and now
The goosebumps start to raise
```

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