

And 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 centered.

Touch my neck and I'll touch yours. You in those little high waisted shorts, oh.
Oh, 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 I wouldn't 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.

And if I may just take your breath away. I don't mind if there's not much to say.
Sometimes the silence guides a mind to move to a place so far away.
The 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 to taste, yeah.

These hearts adore, everyone the other beats hardest 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 wouldn't wanna tell you about, no, no, no

'Cause it's too cold for you here, and now,
So let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater.
'Cause it's too cold for you here, and now,
So let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater. Whoa ...

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Whoa, whoa. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Whoa, whoa.

'Cause it's too cold for you here, and now,
So let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater.
It's too cold for you (here), and now,
Let me hold both your hands in the holes of my sweater.

And it's too cold, it's too cold ... the holes of my sweater.