## SUB inglés

## Fill in the gaps

## Sweater weather by The Neighbourhood

| And all I am is a man                              | Put my finger on your tongue because you love to taste |
|--|--|
| I want the world in my hands                       | This heart's a door                                    |
| I hate the beach                                   | Everyone the other be touched is for                   |
| But I stand in California with my toes in the sand | Inside this (7) is warm                                |
| Use the sleeves on my sweater                      | Outside it starts to pour                              |
| Let's (1) an adventure                             | Coming down  |
| Head in the (2) but my gravity's centered          | One love, two mouths                                   |
| Touch my neck and I'll touch yours                 | One love, one house                                    |
| You in those little high waisted shorts            | No shirt, no blouse                                    |
| Oh, she knows what I think about                   | Just us, you find out                                  |
| And what I think about                             | Nothing I really want to tell you about, no            |
| One love, two mouths                               | Because it's too (8) for you here                      |
| One love, one house                                | And now, so let me hold both your hands                |
| No shirt, no blouse                                | In the holes of my sweater                             |
| Just us, you find out                              | Because it's too cold for you here                     |
| Nothing I really want to tell you about, no        | And now, so let me hold both your hands                |
| (3) it's too cold for you here                     | In the holes of my sweater                             |
| And now, so let me hold both your hands            | Because it's too (9) for you here                      |
| In the (4) of my sweater                           | And now, so let me hold both your hands                |
| Before I may just take your breath away            | In the (10) of my sweater                              |
| I don't mind because now I might to say            | Because it's too cold for you here                     |
| Sometimes the silence guides your mind             | And now, let me hold both your hands                   |
| So (5) to a place so far away                      | In the holes of my sweater                             |
| The goosebumps (6) to race                         | It's too cold, it's too cold                           |
| The minute that my left hand                       | The holes of my sweater                                |
| Meets your waist                                   |  |
| And then I watch your face                         |  |



- 1. have
- 2. clouds
- 3. Because
- 4. holes
- 5. move
- 6. start
- 7. place
- 8. cold
- 9. cold
- 10. holes

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