

Sweaters

Blanks

Amsterdam on a Tuesday night
Don't know anyone, but I guess that that's alright
Drinks and smiles, tryna fake good times
Telling everyone about how they got inside

Don't know why this ain't feeling right
Maybe I just don't get this vibe
Why are we tryna fool ourselves
We know we rather be, rather be somewhere else

Why don't we stay inside for the night
Sweaters as dressing code, watching our favorite show
Why don't we stay inside for the night
Green tea instead of blow, baby let's take it slow
Nobody around
Telling us about
His friend whose cousin knew Post Malone
Why don't we stay inside for the night
Sweaters as dressing code, watching our favorite show

Hollywood on a Wednesday night
In a limousine, hoping to be seen
Getting drunk, it's called good times
Its the atmosphere, get me out of here

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