

Blanks - Sweaters

tom:
 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 what 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
 Pretty aesthetical, baby lets take it slow
 Nobody around
 Telling us about
 Who's friends are dressing up as 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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Acordes

