

Heather – Conan Gray

I still remember, third of December, me in your sweater
You said it looked better on me than it did you
Only if you knew, how much I liked you
But I watch your eyes as she

Walks by
What a sight for sore eyes, brighter than a blue sky
She's got you mesmerized while I die

Why would you ever kiss me?
I'm not even half as pretty
You gave her your sweater, it's just polyester
But you like her better
(Wish I were Heather)

Watch as she stands with her, holding your hand
Put your arm 'round her shoulder, now I'm getting colder
But how could I hate her? She's such an angel
But then again, kinda wish she were dead as she

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I'm not even half as pretty
You gave her your sweater, it's just polyester
But you like her better
(I wish I were Heather)

(Oh) Wish I were Heather
(Oh, oh) Wish I were Heather

Why would you ever kiss me?
I'm not even half as pretty
You gave her your sweater, it's just polyester

But you like her better
Wish I were



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych