

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
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
(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