

Conan Gray, Heather

I still remember
3rd of December
Me in your sweater
You said it looked better

On my 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 am not even half as pretty
You gave her your sweater
It's just piolyestertr
But you like her better
Wish i were Heater

Watch as she stains
With her holding your hand
Put your arm tround her shoukder
Now i am getting colder

But how could i hate her
She's such an anger
But then again kind
Wish she were dead as she

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What a sight for
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