

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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But you like her better
Wish I were