

# Heather

Tate McRae

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  
I 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

I 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

I wish I were Heather