

Back to December

Taylor Swift

I'm so glad you made time to see me.
How's life? Tell me how's your family?
I haven't seen them in a while.
You've been good, busier than ever,
We small talk, work and the weather,
Your guard is up and I know why.
Because the last time you saw me
Is still burned in the back of your mind.
You gave me roses and I left them there to die.

So this is me swallowing my pride,
Standing in front of you saying, "I'm sorry for that night,"
And I go back to December all the time.
It turns out freedom ain't nothing but missing you.
Wishing I'd realized what I had when you were mine.
I'd go back to December, turn around and make it all right.
I go back to December all the time.

These days I haven't been sleeping,
Staying up, playing back myself leavin'.
When your birthday passed and I didn't call.
And I think about summer, all the beautiful times,
I watched you laughing from the passenger side.
Realized I loved you in the fall.

And then the cold came, the dark days when fear crept into my mind
You gave me all your love and all I gave you was "Goodbye".

So this is me swallowing my pride
Standing in front of you saying, "I'm sorry for that night."
And I go back to December all the time.
It turns out freedom ain't nothing but missing you,
Wishing I'd realized what I had when you were mine.
I'd go back to December, turn around and change my own mind
I go back to December all the time.

I miss your tanned skin, your sweet smile,
So good to me, so right
And how you held me in your arms that September night
The first time you ever saw me cry.

Maybe this is wishful thinking,
Probably mindless dreaming,
But if we loved again, I swear I'd love you right.

I'd go back in time and change it but I can't.
So if the chain is on your door I understand.

But this is me swallowing my pride
Standing in front of you saying, "I'm sorry for that night."
And I go back to December...
It turns out freedom ain't nothing but missing you,
Wishing I'd realized what I had when you were mine.
I'd go back to December, turn around and make it all right.
I'd go back to December, turn around and change my own mind

I go back to December all the time.

All the time.