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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