

Taylor Swift, Back to December

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 go back to December, turn around and make it alright
I go back to December all the time

These days I haven't been sleeping
Staying up playing back myself leaving
When your birthday passed and I didn't call

Then I think about summer, all the beautiful times
I watched you laughing from the passenger side
And 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 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 go back to December, turn around and make it alright
I go back to December, turn around and change my own mind

I go back to December all the time, all the time