

Conan Gray - Heather

tom:
Bb

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

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

Uh, oh
I wish I were Heather
Oh, oh
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
Wish I were

Acordes

