

# 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

