

# 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 in the weather  
Your guard is up and I know why  
Cause the last time you saw me  
Still burns 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 missin' you  
Wishing I'd realized what  
I had to blow that night  
And I 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 sleepin',  
Stayin' up playing back myself leavin',  
When your birthday passed  
And I didn't call, then  
I think about summer,  
All the beautiful times,  
I watched you laughin',  
From the passenger side  
And realized I loved you in the fall  
And then the cold came,  
With the dark days when  
The 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 missin' you  
Wishing I'd realized what  
I had to blow that night  
And I go back to December, turn around  
And change my own mind  
I go back to December all the time...

I miss your tan 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  
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 missin' you  
Wishing I'd realized what  
I had to blow that night  
I go back to December, turn around  
And make it all right  
I go back to December, turn around  
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I go back to December all the time...

All the time...