

Yeah! I have a girlfriend...

But she doesn't go here.

She travels a lot.

Can't pin her down.

But she's beautiful.

I promise you.

Smells good too.

Like sea salt and maple and bonfire smoke.

I know you've seen her before.

Probably passed right by her.

Looking down.

Too in love with the noise.

I'm no different.

But I'm trying to be.

Because when I get to see her.

Like, really see her.

She's everywhere.

In the oceans and the trees and the smiles of strangers.

I really hope you get to meet her one day.

Just...walk a little slower next time.

Life is jazz, baby!

One big improv show

You don't gotta know the ending

Just yes and

Just jam

And if you hate jazz?

That's all good!

I do too.

I find joy in sad songs.

Love in the wails of a man

with a broken heart.

Maybe I'm his ex.

I pick the pieces up

without a single tear.

He sings of our memories

but my life's just beginning.

And at the end of my life

when my heart is broken

I'll sing too.

Because I'll be that man.

I'll remember.

And I'll sing with a smile on my face.

These brand new Converse.
They're right out the box. Sparkly white.
With rock-hard soles and fluffy laces.
Each step feels regal.
Like I'm a king or something.
But in a month, I'll be me.
Each step'll feel mortal.
With battle-tested soles and frayed laces.
They'll wish they had the box. Stained white.
My brand new Converse.

My parents told me that Savannah, Georgia
is a beautiful place.

Every house is a different color along
the historic cobblestone streets.

I've never been to Savannah, Georgia
Good chance I'll never go.

But my neighbor's got a green door
It's a little faded, but still.

And I don't live on a cobblestone street
but it's felt my footfalls every day since I could walk.

And frankly, plane tickets are expensive
So why bother?