

If this city was a kingdom, I'd want you to rule with me  
So worried for your safety after all our tomfoolery  
And I know I'm prolly freakin' out foolishly  
I just don't want the next thing that I write to be a eulogy  
In your honor  
And I know you'd hate it too  
All the petty little things that I'd associate with you like  
Stairwells, night vale, and beautiful smiles like  
Tyco, instruments, and 300 miles like  
Happiness, elated afternoons in the shade, like  
Long car trips and tryin' to move where it rains, like  
Never thinkin' twice but always usin' your brain and like  
Sherlock Holmes and every tune that you sang like  
Pie, baking, Seattle, or Portland or  
Lack of good fortune  
Kisses in the mornin'  
Mathematical equations  
Empty night skies  
Bonfires, poetry, and livin' life right and there's  
Beaches, boats, sailing, togetherness  
The feelin' like you're smilin' even brighter when the weather's  
shit  
Tellin' all my friends that I was happy when I gotcha and there  
's coffee shop dates  
And certainly Sinatra  
Meetin' every mornin' and consortin' by your locker how the fir  
st time that we kissed you said you're not much of a talker  
Nearly 8 months later  
I think you had it backwards  
I asked you who you were, said you're cute, you were flattered  
Now our story's gotta fill with happily forever afters  
And I don't think I could have fallen for you any faster