

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 first
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