

She's got a kick like a motorbike
She's got a brain with an appetite
She reads in prose, speaks in metaphors
Prefers bikinis to Prada coats
I met her out where she never goes, she said the parties all suck
She'd rather sit somewhere on the coast reading her book in the sun

In a room of pretty faces, empty souls
And crowded spaces, finding something real is difficult
I'm so fascinated by the girl with dark hair from Hawaii
Talking with opinions of her own

She likes Attack On Titan
She listens to The Doors and lives on a little island
But pays rent in California
I don't know what the high was, it felt like psilocybin
Walking through Central Park and losing all sense of timing

All of the magic remains even when I pull the curtain
I had never seen such grace fit into a single person
Some are from a different age
Swearing they belong behind this
She couldn't fit on one page
She is, simply put: timeless

She could finish half of my sentences
I wonder if she practiced telepathy
I wonder if she laughs at my messages
It's almost like I wrote what she's sending me
Wavelengths lined up
How do you define love?
Someone you don't mind giving time up 4 4 4

I saw a lot of angel of numbers on this trip
I try my best to pay attention to the signs
And the patterns are impossible to miss
And I know things like this don't happen all the time
Magic is real you just gotta notice it
I had to ask "hold up, can you read my mind?"
Thought to myself, "what a moment to exist"

And she replied

We were five miles from where we started
Five hours uninterrupted
Museums and ancient gardens
She's so easy to have fun with
She makes time for herself and reserves a lot for family
She's just a sweet reminder how good a woman can be

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