

Dear Carly Rae Jepsen—

After listening to this album I really feel like your name should be spelled “Carlee”. Every single one of your songs is dripping with sugar and candy and sparkles.

Not that an artist should necessarily think about this when they’re making their “art” but—what’s the demographic you are catering to with this album? Because at first I thought it was teenage girls but the pop is a little too nuanced and the lack of a real radio banger makes me think otherwise. Are these songs really from the depths of your soul?

“Not a flower on the wall, I am growing ten feet tall”—what made you think of this lyric? Were you sitting in your LA apartment looking at the fern in your living room when you thought up this line? Sorry for the harsh critique but, the whole time I was listening to your album, I couldn’t stop thinking, I hope I don’t feel the need to write a song with the title “Boy Problems” when I am 29 years old.

After having listened to the whole thing I’m left with a sickly sweet (almost as bad as sour honestly) taste in my mouth and can’t help but think of your album as a sad cousin to Taylor Swift’s *1989*.

I will admit, however, that “Gimmie Love” is a damn fun song. But I’m not gonna give you love for this album.

Best of luck on your future creative endeavors,
Reta

P.S. How often do you think about your stint on *Canadian Idol* and does it still bug you that you placed 5th?