

**Transition Noises:
An Ode to the Ends of Songs on the Mix CDs You Made Me
(That I Still Keep in My Car)**

There are songs that taste new every time
they roll off your tongue. Music is meant to
be listened to in cars going forty over the
speed limit. If you cry to a song when you're
sixteen, you'll eventually have sex to it.
This is just how the world happens to turn
today.

Another New World
(Punch Brothers)
>>
Medicine Man
(The Hush Sound)

If you see the cop, it doesn't count. If the
fifty-seven-year-old man sees you, he'll hold
eye contact for an uncomfortably long moment.
Your skin will smell of watermelon long after
you shed your clothes.

Cops and Robbers
(The Hoosiers)
>>
Awkward
(San Cisco)

There's something I love about listening to
your CDs. I think it's the bile that rises in
my throat, just a little. Chemicals and
pirates. The basement doesn't let you linger.

Boy With a Coin
(Iron & Wine)
>>
Chemistry Set
(Peter and the Wolf)

Driving on the highway is where you had some
of your best fights. It's so easy to
stay on a route long past your welcome.
Each connection is as natural as
breathing, sometimes you cannot even
stop the needle from winding closer to
the eye of the hurricane. You hope it
doesn't hit anything important on its
trajectory.

Turntable
(Grace Potter and the Nocturnals)
>>
No You Girls
(Franz Ferdinand)

North and South don't mean much to you
anymore. You have to play music to fuck in a
dorm room. You break the rules all the time.

Wandering Eyes
(Kopecky Family Band)
>>
Don't Gotta Work It Out
(Fitz and the Tantrums)

You still need the disks. Even after wearing
the grooves well past your breaking point,
after miles and miles of seawater spreading
the ocean closer to your door, even then, the
words pull at your larynx but refuse to
float. You burn the ship for warmth and wait
for something you'd never call rescue.

Sun
(Two Door Cinema Club)
>>
Wasting Time
(Katie Herzig)