

Madison's Song

To: Madison

From: Andrew Parker

Candleberry Light. Verse 1. Madison, you wild heart, moving your own way. From Carolina mornings to sun-warmed European days. Long brown hair in the light, olive tone from your roots. You carry the world softly, never chasing proof. Venice Beach sunsets, Costa Rican rain. Hawaii tides and learning peace inside the change. You never followed lines someone else drew. You've always listened close to what feels true. Pre-Chorus. They said, "Pick a lane," you said, "I need to feel". What lasts, what heals, what's real. Chorus. You're learning your rhythm, your body, your breath. Finding your balance, redefining success. Not chasing titles or money or praise. But the life that feels right when the noise fades away. As thirty gets closer, I can see it clear. What you've been searching for is almost here. Verse 2. Bare feet in the sand, salt air in your hair. You've always felt lighter near the water out there. You love what's living, gentle souls that need a place. Animals find safety in your care and your space. You've had your share of love that didn't last. But you kept what was good, let go of the past. Each lesson stayed, none of it wasted time. Just steps toward something healthier, kinder, more aligned. Pre-Chorus. You believe expression shouldn't come with shame. That being yourself isn't something to tame. Chorus. You're learning your rhythm, your body, your breath. Finding your balance, redefining success. Not chasing titles or money or praise. But the life that feels right when the noise fades away. As thirty gets closer, I can see it clear. What you've been searching for is almost here. Bridge. You heal through nature, through movement, through care. Through showing up honest, completely aware. Dreaming of land where people can rest. A farm, some quiet, a life that feels blessed. Where women come back to who they've always been. Stronger, softer, starting again. Chorus. You're learning your rhythm, your body, your breath. Finding your balance, redefining success. Not chasing titles or money or praise. But the life that feels right when the noise fades away. As thirty gets closer, I can see it clear. What you've been searching for is almost here. Outro. And while you're finding it, just know it's true. You don't walk alone — we're right here with you. No rush, no clock, no finish line. We'll love you, wait with you, trust your time.

Swoonsong