Title: Ridin' Down Rodeo In My Maserati Sports Car
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Summary: Shaun is confused by song lyrics. Lea tries to enlighten him.
Timeframe: Post season 4.
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Lea had always hated folding laundry, but somehow since moving in with Shaun, it had become her Sunday afternoon zen relaxing thing that she almost looked forward to now. He was always so meticulous about everything, and it was teaching her to take a page out of his book.

Sometimes they talked while folding—they'd had sessions with light banter as well as those with deep philosophical discussions. Today, they were folding in comfortable silence. Shaun's mind seemed far away, and she knew better than to mess with that.

He was working on his underwear, when he said absent-mindedly, "My life is a movie, bull riding and boobies, cowboy hat from Gucci, Wrangler on my booty."

She looked up from her t-shirts. Shaun's expression was all confusion and bewilderment, and Lea had to laugh.

"Oh boy. Heard me sing, did you?"

"What does that even mean?"

Lea shrugged her shoulders. "Hell if I know."

He shook his head. "That's confusing. Why do you sing something you don't understand?"

"I don't know, Shaun, it's song lyrics. They don't always mean anything. Sometimes it's just about the music."

The look in his eyes told her it was one of those things for which he had more questions lined up because it didn't make sense to him, so she put down the top she was holding and pointed a finger at him. "Okay, Dr. Murphy. I think this is the time for show, don't tell."

He looked thoroughly confused again.

Lea got her phone and switched on the Bluetooth speaker on the shelf. "Okay. Shaunie? This is gonna be loud, okay?"

He shook his head. "I don't like loud."

"I know. Just… embrace it. Come on." She put on *Old Town Road*, jacked the volume up, and held out her hands.

He took them, and she started swaying to the beat. She could feel the resistance from him, the awkwardness and discomfort all over his features.

"Close your eyes," she told him. Then she placed her hand on his belly. "Feel the bass, right here. Let it guide you."

“What? I don’t—”

She put her finger on his mouth. “No talking. Just listen. Close your eyes.”

He reluctantly did, and it took a few awkward moments for him to get into it, until a small smile started playing on his lips as he lightly swayed to the song. She watched in fascination, echoing his smile.

The song faded out with the last banjo chords and whistling, and she studied him. He opened his eyes.

“And?” she asked.

“That was nice.”

“See?”

“It was still too loud.”

“Which is why I use headphones when you’re here, but if you’re suggesting a ban from singing in this household, I will move out stat.”

She hoped he had understood that was a joke. He didn’t always get them. But there was no hint of panic in his expression, what she saw was more like subtle amusement. “I like your singing, even if the lyrics don’t always make sense.”

“Oh, phew. Now I’m *so* relieved.”

“What are Fendi sports bras?”

Lea laughed. “Still hung up on those lyrics?”

“They *are* confusing.”

“Yeah, I’m not gonna argue with that. Tell you what. Let’s go on YouTube and watch the music video.”

“Will that explain what the lyrics mean?”

“I don’t know. It might.”

They watched the video together, a black man in a ridiculous old-style cowboy outfit riding on a horse through modern day suburbia, and Lea had to admit that the video was even weirder than the lyrics.

Shaun looked at her afterwards. “That did not help.”

“No, it didn’t. Let’s file this one under *‘cool song but nonsensical lyrics’*, shall we?”

“You sing a lot of songs like that.”

“Do I now?”

He looked up in the air for a moment, then recited, “I wipe my brow and I sweat my rust, I'm breathing in the chemicals.”

She covered her face with her hands while she giggled. “You’re hilarious, and your eidetic memory is crazy scary.”

“Welcome to the room of people who have rooms of people that they loved one day, docked away.”

“Okay, stop. I can’t take it.”

“Looking at life through the eyes of a tire hub, eating seeds as a pastime activity.”

“Stop,” she laughed. “That’s a very loud and very heavy metal song. I will play it at top volume *right now* if you don’t stop.”

That silenced him into subservience, but there was still a mischievous smile hidden behind those blue eyes.

The next morning—she was pouring herself a mug of coffee—he walked past behind her and said in passing, “I’m a holy river made of buck-shot sweat.”

Her brow creased, and she turned around to try and make sense of what he’d just said. And then she remembered.

He was standing by the cooking island, all his attention on her. His hair was still messy and he was holding an apple.

It was one of those magical moments—the mischievous smile, the insanely astute intelligence, the quirky humor that a lot of people didn't take the time to even see or appreciate. There he was, beneath all the awkwardness and idiosyncrasies: The Shaun that she loved with all her heart.

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Lyrics used:

Lil Nas X – Old Town Road (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r7qovpFAGrQ)

Imagine Dragons – Radioactive (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ktvTqknDobU)

Twenty-One Pilots – Heathens (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UprcpdwuwCg)

System of a Down – Toxicity (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=64FrYGRrKVY)

Mudville – Blown (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gKrQyIgdu_A)