

# **Song Title: Parcel Hearts**

Genre: PostGrunge / Power Ballad

Tempo: 129 BPM

Vibe / Mood: Brooding late-night confessions echo with forbidden passion and nostalgic ache.

Written For: Sean Killeen

Vocals: Lead Male Vocals

Theme: Office romance chaos sparked by unexpected deliveries and forbidden temptation.

SONG DESCRIPTION: Parcel Hearts tells the bittersweet tale of a forbidden crush. An Account hopelessly drawn to Nicole, a FedEx courier whose heart is promised to another. A longing heart lingers where love can't bloom.

Beat Description: Steady drums, gritty bass, layered electric guitars with mild distortion. Fingerpicked acoustic guitar weaves in and out. Emotional male vocals sit upfront with occasional layered harmonies. Reverb and ambient pads support moments of fantasy and heartache.

## **[Intro 8 Bars: Hazy, Melancholic Prelude]**

(Spoken, hushed)

Funny how routine becomes the thrill you crave/

The little moments in your mind you'll save/

As it goes, it seems some men just have the luck/

And the way her ponytail sways - yeah, it hits like a truck/

Blonde strands, brown eyes, that curve in her fit FedEx shorts/

Man, it just makes my week/

That sly grin/

That walk-the-aisle delivery spin just makes me weak/

Sweetheart, I know you're spoken for but those hearts on those parcels?/

They speak/

## **[Verse 1 16 Bars: Imagery + Personality]**

(Laid-back groove, slight swing in drums, swagger in vocal tone)

FedEx fit, that perfect stitch, breeze catching locks like a film scene roll/

Walk got rhythm, that main character stroll/

Rearview mirror got nothing on that glow/

And Im just here, frozen in the overflow/

She signs, scans, smiles says, hows the day?/

A dear in headlights, just nothing to say/

I watch her leave, trying not to break/

Her mans just minutes away, for heavens sake/

Nicole, why you got to be that fine/

I wish I could just rewind time/

(Just to watch you walk)

### **[Hook Repeat w/ New Textures]**

(Add echo, soft harmony layers, stronger downbeat on chorus)

Monday, halfway through the grind at noon/

My gut says shell be loading soon/

Boxes outbound, shes inbound

And I swear she hums the same old tune/

Yeah, I know shes got a man/

Got the ring, got the plan/

But them hearts on those parcels/

But shes still in demand/

### **[Verse 2 16 Bars: Contrast + Return to Core Theme]**

(Drums punch sharper, vocals more impassioned)

Ive seen LA lights, Miami nights, Tokyo trains with a rush divine/

But no city hits like that smile in the FedEx line/

Yeah, shes North Carolina sweet, but her lips must taste like the sweetest peach/  
That rings got her anchored her heart bought and out of reach/  
But why draw hearts in Sharpie black?/  
Why laugh like that if youre never coming back?/  
That body built better than the best Cadillac/  
And sugar these parcels are waiting on the rack/

**[Bridge 8 Bars: Smooth, Intimate, Reflective]**

(Strip it down acoustic guitar, minimal pad. Vocals close and raw.)

If you ever read this on your route home late/  
Know I held back, never made you choose fate/  
But I felt something in your scribbled little hearts/  
You smiled and it tore me apart/

**[Final Hook 16 Bars: Big, Anthemic, Layered]**

(All instruments in, full chorus harmonies, backup vocals chant on beat)

Monday, same time, same old room/  
I wait like clockwork, reminiscing perfumes/  
Wishing we could meet in a nearby saloon/  
Because those hearts felt like some kind of tune/  
If youre his, I wont hope for a kiss/  
But damn those eyes, and that beautiful smile/  
My name on the label, wondering if I am able/  
To have something so Devine/  
Way more than fine/  
Even if Nicole isnt mine/  
We still have these parcels/  
And those hearts every time/

**[Outro 8 Bars: Ambient Fade / Loose Vocal Play]**

(Reverb-heavy pads, fading guitar fingerpicking. Loose ad-libs and hums.)

Ooh parcel hearts yeah, yeah/

Shes gone still got her marks/

Monday noon my room/

Still waiting/

(Fades into silence)