

There's no you and me.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8068507) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8068507>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Panic! at the Disco
Relationship:	Ryan Ross/Brendon Urie
Characters:	Ryan Ross , Brendon Urie , Spencer Smith (Mentioned) , Jon Walker (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Sadness , Riding, on a car , smh , Ya'll are gross , Ryden
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-09-18 Words: 639 Chapters: 1/1

There's no you and me.

by [GoddessOfShitpost](#)

Summary

A sad nostalgic tribute to old panic! and gay ol' little ryden. Sorry for the sad.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

I never liked driving on my own. It made me think too much. I felt all these emotions. All the angst, all the anxiety, all the everything poured out when I'm alone. No wonder I became a musician.

I sat in silence, enjoying the cold September breeze softly rustle my hair. It was getting longer. I should probably get it cut soon. I'd look too much like the My Chemical Romance fanatic Ryan back in 2005.

2005.

That was one hell of a year.

I knew leaving them was a mistake from the second I was out of it. It wasn't just because of Spencer and Brendon and drifting apart from them but the music. Brendon and I sounded amazing together. He never could deny either. I missed the laughs when we recorded and he messed up, and I'd make some dumb joke about not mattering if I mess up because I'm just a backing vocal. I miss when we listen to a finished track and just all toast over it. I miss Brendon. I miss Panic! No matter how much I deny it.

I paused from my thoughts and looked down at the silent car radio. Why aren't you doing your job, distraction maker? I took one hand from the wheel and turned on the radio, cranking it up to the highest volume. I got ready for some crappy pop song, which was better than just silence but instead I was greeted by a piano intro. "Weird. What sta-" Then the singing started. That full, familiar voice sang to me like it was for me and only me. Like back when that same voice sang and harmonized with mine.

*There's no sunshine.
This impossible year.*

"Only black days and sky grey." I sang each word with him, like we once did and I sang each word almost perfectly. There was something so incredibly fascinating with the way he wrote to me. It was so impeccably Brendon. It was different from mine. We always inspired each other when it came to songwriting but in his lyrics, he was more blunt. I loved my songs, I loved how I write, but there is something so beautiful in the way he wrote.

I tapped my fingers against the steering wheel along to the piano instrumental and sang every next word correctly. It was incredible how much I knew him. It's incredible how much his music has changed. His voice was still the same though. Our voices still complimented each other perfectly. "And a coast that's unclear." Another perfectly sung lyric. I sung it as if I was in love with it. Like I knew the song by heart and that I hadn't just heard it for the first time. I sped up and watched the headlights passing through. I remembered the way the spotlights would find me. And the way it shone on Brendon, the way it'd highlight all of his features and the sweat dripping down his face. He was such an amazing performer. And an amazing musician.

*There's no you and me
This impossible year*

I remember before we did a show and he'd smile to my way, giving me a "I know you're anxious but you can do it!" look. I remember when he messed up and I helped him finish the song. When he held my hand during an interview when my dad was dying. What happened? Why the fuck did I leave?

*There's never air to breathe
There's never in-betweens*

"These nightmares always hang on past the dream."

And the last thing I heard was the mix of the piano and a loud bang. My vision grew fuzzy and the music got weaker. Suddenly, my mind was blank. Everything was blank.

There's no sunshine.

There's no you and me.

There's no good times.

This impossible year.

End Notes

I am so sorry. You can sue me now

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