

VOGUE



APR

“I’M MOST PROUD WHEN I’M BEING HONEST IN MY WRITING, EVEN IF IT SCARES ME.”

THE NEW VOICE OF A GENERATION

Soft-Spoken,
Loud Heart:
How Gracie
Abrams Built
Her World

GRACIE ABRAMS

FINDING STRENGTH IN VULNERABILITY

Wrapped
in Reverie:
Gracie
Abrams’
Evolving

A woman with short, wavy brown hair is shown in profile, looking towards the left. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, spaghetti-strap top. On her left shoulder, there is a small, dark tattoo that appears to be the Greek letter tau (τ). The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a gentle glow on her skin.

soft spoken,
loud heart

How Gracie Abrams Built Her World

chapter one: a beginning written in quiet

By: ChatGPT

Gracie Abrams grew up in a house where art was everywhere — films flickering on living room walls, paintings layered with stories, music humming through every open window. Creativity was the background noise of her childhood, but even surrounded by it, Gracie never tried to shout over it.

Instead, she learned early on that not everything had to be loud to be powerful.

While the world around her buzzed with ambition and noise, she found herself pulled toward the stillness, the in-between moments where feeling could exist without needing to perform.

She began writing songs almost as soon as she could hold a pen, filling notebooks with half-finished verses, lines of thoughts she could not quite say out loud. Her songwriting was never about trying to be heard. It was about trying to understand. Late at night, when the house was finally quiet, Gracie would sit with a guitar,

searching for melodies that matched the ache in her chest — not to show anyone, not to perform, but simply to feel less alone inside her own skin.

Music became a private language, a sacred space where confusion and sadness could be softened into something beautiful.

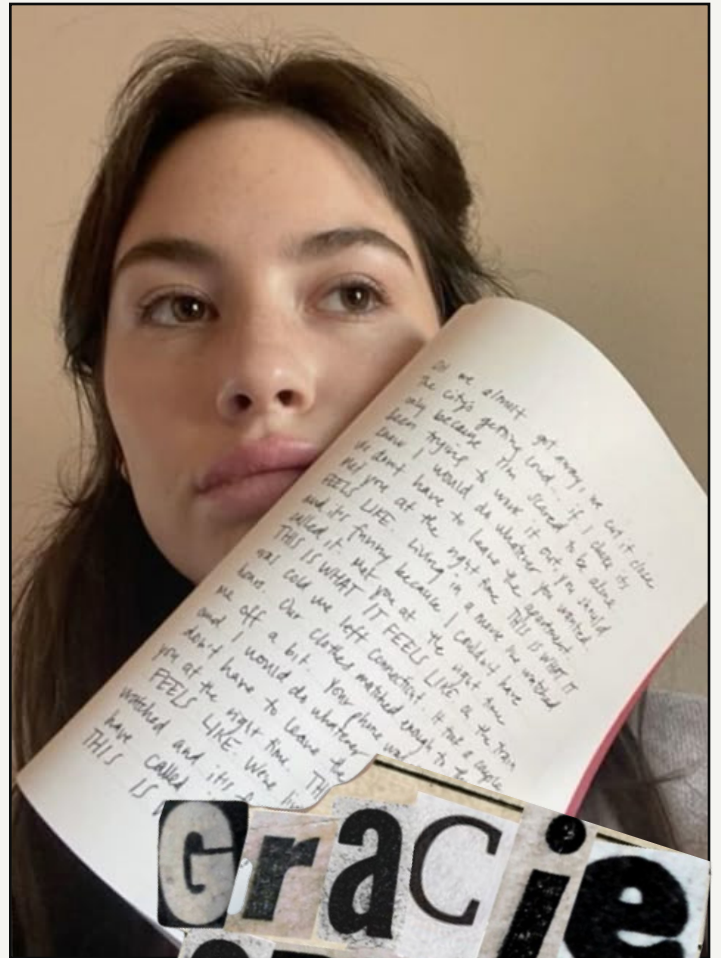
It was how she processed heartbreak long before anyone knew her name.

It was how she captured the little losses that everyone experiences but no one talks about — the drifting away of a friend, the silence after an argument, the homesickness for a version of yourself you can never get back.

In a world obsessed with volume, fame, and constant motion, Gracie built something quieter, slower, more lasting.

A voice that didn't demand to be listened to — but one you had to lean in close to hear.

And once you heard it, you couldn't forget it.



**Gracie
Abrams**



"IT ALWAYS STARTED WITH JUST ME IN MY ROOM, TRYING TO TURN FEELINGS INTO SOMETHING I COULD HOLD ONTO."

Before millions of people would cry to her music, Gracie Abrams' songs lived quietly inside four familiar walls.

Her bedroom was not just where she slept — it was a studio, a confessional, a safe place where her softest thoughts could take shape.

She would sit cross-legged on the floor or curled up by the window, recording half-finished demos into her phone, layering whispers over simple guitar chords, not thinking about what would happen next.

She did not post her early music with any dream of fame.

She posted because she needed to — because there was no other way to make sense of the things that felt too big to carry alone.

Her songs were not polished pop hits. They were raw letters, sent out into the world without the expectation of an answer.

What set her apart even then was her gift for capturing tiny, painfully specific moments and turning them into something almost universal — the awkwardness of a goodbye you didn't see coming, the sharp breath after a fight you didn't mean to start, the ache of missing someone you knew you should have let go of long ago.

Her first EP, *minor*, was never built for radio play or for sold-out arenas.

It was made for lonely car rides, silent bedrooms, long walks where you replay the same conversation in your head over and over again.

It was a project written not to escape sadness, but to sit with it until it softened into something you could survive.

Songs like "21" and "Friend" became quiet anthems for a generation too used to pretending everything was fine.

She gave permission to feel messy, to feel too much, to be unfinished.

Her music did not fix the sadness — it made it feel less lonely.

Without marketing tricks, without artifice, without any big machine behind her, Gracie built a following based purely on truth and connection.

There was no persona, no performance, no elaborate storytelling.

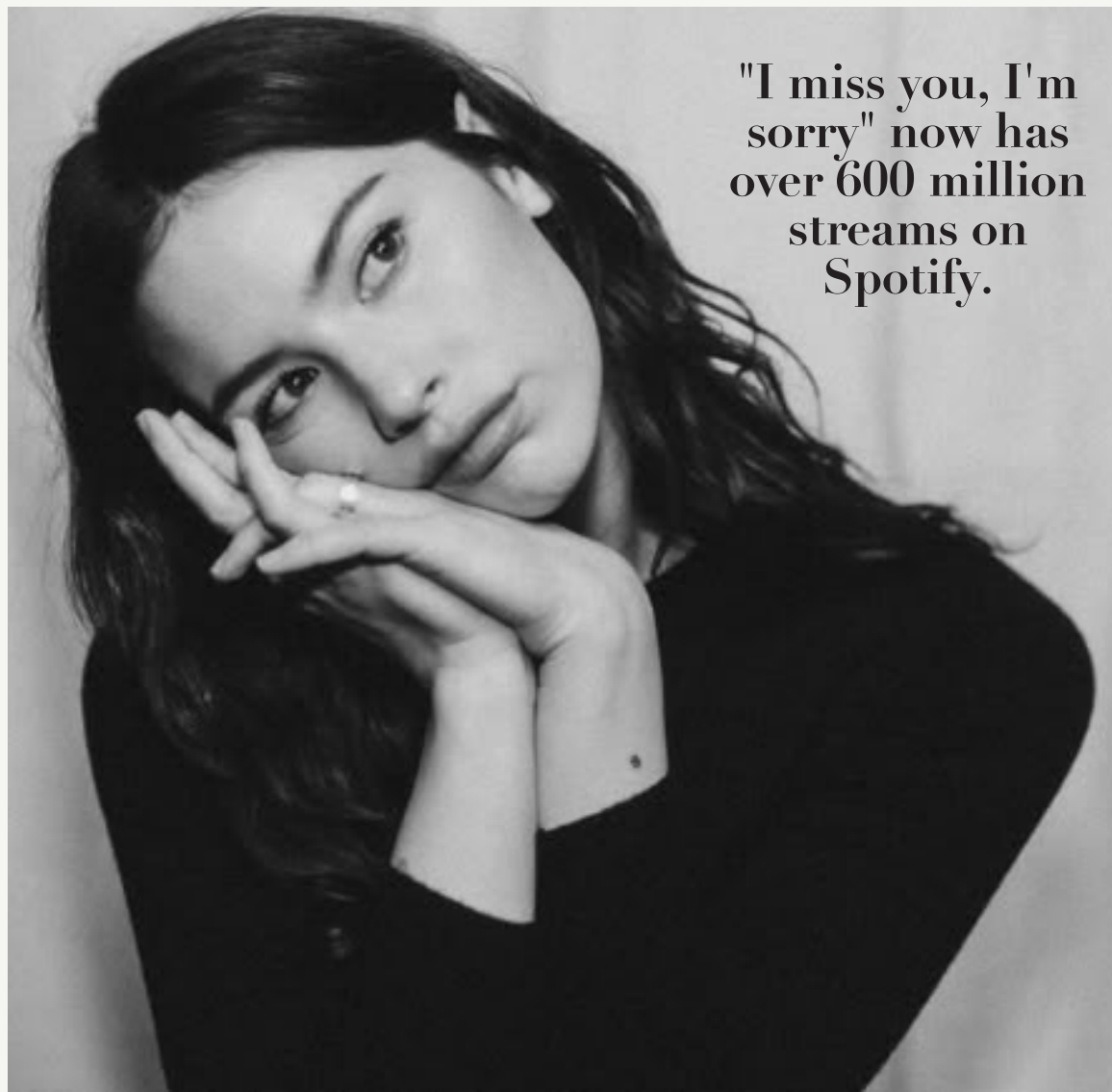
There was only her: a soft voice, an honest heart, a willingness to say the

thing everyone else was too scared to admit.

And somehow, that was enough.

Enough to start a career.

Enough to start a movement.



"I miss you, I'm sorry" now has over 600 million streams on Spotify.



chapter two: a voice that carried

When Gracie Abrams released *minor* into the world, it felt like dropping a letter into the ocean.

There was no viral campaign. No global announcement.

Just a handful of songs, offered quietly, like a hand reaching out in the dark.

And somehow, people found her.

At a time when the world had slammed its doors shut — during long, empty days of lockdowns, uncertainty, and silence — Gracie's music slipped into the spaces people didn't know how to fill.

Her voice didn't shout over the noise. It wrapped itself around the quiet, making it feel less terrifying.

While the world craved escape and distraction, Gracie gave them permission to sit with what hurt.

Her songs did not offer perfect endings.

They stayed in the questions — messy, unfinished, real.

In an industry where spectacle often wins, where louder is often mistaken for better, Gracie's vulnerability felt radical.

She didn't polish the sadness out of her songs.

She left it there — visible, trembling, beautiful in its imperfection.

minor was not designed for fame.

It was designed for survival.

It was music for the people who needed to feel seen in their loneliness, for the ones who were tired of pretending they were okay.

Each song was a quiet offering: "You are not the only one feeling this way."

There was no explosive moment. No instant superstardom.

Instead, Gracie's music moved slowly, organically — like word-of-mouth secrets passed between friends.

A Spotify playlist added "21."

A TikTok creator used "I miss you, I'm sorry" as the background to a video about losing someone who was never really yours.

A college student drove home across an empty highway at night with *minor* playing, and posted about how it felt like someone had finally written a soundtrack for their heartbreak.

The connection wasn't manufactured.

It wasn't loud or shiny.

It was quiet, but it was real.

Her fans didn't stumble across her because she was everywhere.

They found her because her music found them — in their sadness, in their longing, in their quietest, most private moments.

What Gracie built during the *minor* era wasn't just a fanbase.

She built trust.

And in an industry where attention fades overnight, trust is everything.

Fans didn't just listen to her songs.

They carried them around like small personal truths, like pieces of themselves they hadn't been able to put into words until she did.

Without chasing it, without marketing herself as anything other than exactly who she was, Gracie Abrams created something almost impossible:

a world where softness, sadness, and uncertainty weren't weaknesses — they were the point.

A voice that didn't demand to be heard.

A voice that carried because it spoke only when it had something true to say.

chapter four: building something that lasts



Gracie Abrams has always built quietly. Now, she builds for good.

Gracie Abrams never set out to dominate the charts. She didn't build her music to chase headlines or break streaming records.

From the beginning, her songs were stitched together for something quieter, something deeper, the soft spaces that fame usually forgets.

And that's exactly what made her different.

In a world obsessed with speed, spectacle, and instant gratification, Gracie chose to build slowly.

She chose to build honestly.

Every lyric, every whispered confession, every aching pause became a brick in a foundation that feels more like a home than a career.

She has always understood that music isn't about being the loudest — it's about being felt.

Her songs live in the places most people overlook: the long drives home, the silent mornings after heartbreak, the moments when being vulnerable feels like the only brave thing left to do.

Good Riddance proved her voice could stretch into bigger rooms without losing its intimacy.

Touring with Taylor Swift on the Eras Tour showed that even in stadiums, Gracie could make thousands of strangers feel like the only person in the room.

Now, with her newest project, *The Secret of Us*, she moves even deeper into that emotional honesty.

The songs feel sharper, braver, but never detached.

She lets the joy and the fear live side by side, trusting that real connection doesn't come from perfect stories — it comes from true ones.

Gracie Abrams isn't chasing a moment.

She is building a life.

A life where softness isn't something to overcome.

A life where uncertainty isn't failure.

A life where feeling deeply, even when it hurts, is its own kind of strength.

She has already built something rare.

The rest, the bigger stages, the new eras, the unknowns, will come one feeling at a time.

Word by word.

Song by song.

"I'm just trying to stay open to whatever happens next."

A woman with long, dark hair is shown in profile, looking towards the left. She is wearing a light-colored, textured blazer over a white top. The background is dark with a soft, teal-colored circular light source behind her.

wrapped *in* REVERIE

Gracie Abrams' style has always felt like an extension of her music: soft, thoughtful, and quietly powerful. Over the years, her aesthetic has grown with her, moving from cozy, understated beginnings to a more refined, minimalistic elegance. Through every era, her look has stayed true to the heart of her story: honest, vulnerable, and beautifully real.

early years

In the early stages of her career, Gracie's style mirrored the intimacy of her first songs. Oversized sweaters, vintage denim, delicate jewelry — her looks were casual, cozy, and unguarded, as if she could have stepped straight from her bedroom to the stage. Her clothes, like her music, felt lived-in and personal.

growing into her own

As her music matured, so did her aesthetic. Gracie's style began to balance softness with structure: clean lines, muted tones, effortless layering. She embraced a more intentional look without losing the gentle spirit that defined her. Minimalism became her quiet rebellion against the noise around her, allowing the emotion in her presence to speak louder than any trend.

today

Now, stepping into a new era with *The Secret of Us*, Gracie Abrams' aesthetic reflects a woman who has come into her own. Her style is elevated but still deeply authentic — simple slip dresses, tailored jackets, soft monochromatic palettes. Nothing about her feels overproduced. Every look feels like a continuation of the story she's been telling from the beginning: one built on emotion, connection, and the kind of strength that only comes from being fully yourself.

