



LYRICS OF LIVIN'

bumper stickers by McConaughey

I started this newsletter with an audio version after the success of *Greenlights*' audiobook. With my permission, ElevenLabs worked with me to translate my voice so I could sound like I'm speaking Spanish. In a marketplace where people choose their content and WHOSE voice they want it read by, ElevenLabs is enabling me to localize my voice and bring it to my listeners' ears in their language.

Same tone. Same tempo. My voice. Speaking Spanish.

You can check out the Spanish version by clicking on the video below—and if you dig it, you can sign up [here](#) for a waitlist to receive it in the future as well.



And if you want to stick to the English version, click and listen below:



Or read it for yourself:

Now, speaking of Spanish translation, I've had my fair share of trouble with the language. The first time, in particular, was when I was shooting *Scorpion Spring*. At the time I thought it'd be a good idea to show up on set without

even reading the written scene I was in because if “I just *know my man*,” I’ll have it licked. Only moments before the director called “Action!” to shoot the said scene did I realize that my character—a guy smuggling drugs on the Texas-Mexico border—had a four-page monologue...In Spanish.

The Spanish language malapropped my brother Pat one time too. Pat lived on thirteen acres in Dripping Springs, Texas, and one day before he was about to go out of town he needed to pick up his shirts from the dry cleaner and grab a can of Copenhagen—but before he *ran his errands* he needed to communicate to his newly-hired gardener that he wanted *all* of his thirteen acre lawn mowed that day.

Problem was, his new gardener was Mexican, did not understand English, and only spoke Spanish—of which Pat spoke very little.

The gardener had a red industrial “Toro” brand lawnmower on his trailer, so in an attempt to use charades as a means to convey his directions, Pat pointed to the mower, then crouched down with his hands sweeping wide across his thirteen acre lawn, and said, “Toro!, Toro! Toooooorrr-ro! The gardener nodded in affirmation. “Ah, Todo... sí, Todo, Todo.”

With no reason to be any less than self-assured that the gardener understood, Pat then left to run his errands.

An hour later Pat returned home and to his shock, found the gardener with a chainsaw cutting down all of his oak trees.

“No!! No!!! Alto!!! Alto!!! Pat yelled as he ran across the lawn. “What the hell are you doing man?!!

The gardener innocently turned off the chainsaw while Pat continued his tirade, “Why are you cutting down my oak trees?!!!”

Evidently, Pat’s outburst was loud enough to concern a neighbor (who DID speak Spanish) to come over and see what the hubbub was about.

Well, turns out that “Toro” and “Todo” sound a lot alike, but have very different meanings. “Toro,” which in Spanish means “bull,” is the brand name of the lawnmower that my brother Pat was asking the gardener to “mow” his entire thirteen acre lawn with. “Todo,” meaning “everything” or “all of it,” is what the gardener *thought* Pat was asking him to do - so he proceeded to not only mow the lawn, but cut down my brother’s oak trees as well.



Funny story, yeah—but it carries a message.

In America, most of us speak the same language but it sure doesn't always sound like it. Why?

Sometimes the same word means something different to different people.

Sometimes we DO mean the same thing but we're too caught up in "winning" the discussion that we never listen well enough to realize when we're actually in agreement.

We assume. We judge. We don't listen correctly.

And sometimes when you say *mow the lawn with the mower named after a bull*, what I hear you saying is *mow down everything, including the trees*.

If you liked the Spanish episode, [sign up for our waitlist here](#) and receive more in the future - straight to your inbox.

just keep livin',
y'all
y'all
y'all

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