# 24 Frames

## Jason Isbell

This is how you make yourself vanish into nothing
And this is how you make yourself worthy of the love that she
Gave to you back when you didn't own a beautiful thingThis is how you make yourself call your mother
And this is how you make yourself closer to your brother
And remember him back when he was small enough to help you singYou thought God was an architect, now you know
He's something like a pipe bomb ready to blow
And everything you built that's all for show goes up in flames
In twenty- four framesThis is how you see yourself floating on the ceiling
And this is how you help her when her heart stops beating
What happened to the part of you that noticed every changing windThis is how you talk to her when no one else is listening
And this is how you help her when the muse goes missing
You vanish so she can go drowning in a dream againYou thought God was an architect, now you know
He's something like a pipe bomb ready to blow
And everything you built that's all for show goes up in flames
In twenty- four framesYou thought God was an architect, now you know
He's sitting in a black car ready to go
You made some new friends after the show
But you'll forget their names
In twenty- four frames
In twenty- four frames

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