

# 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 thing  
This 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 sing  
You 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 frames  
This 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 wind  
This 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 again  
You 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 frames  
You 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

Songwriters

JASON ISBELL

Published by  
Lyrics © DOWNTOWN DMP SONGS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>