



Jason Isbell – *Something More Than Free*
Lyrics
All songs written by Jason Isbell

If It Takes A Lifetime

I been working here, Monday it'll be a year,
and I can't recall a day when I didn't want to disappear.
But I keep on showing up, hell-bent on growing up,
if it takes a lifetime.

I'm learning how to be alone. I fall asleep with the TV on.
I fight the urge to live inside my telephone.
I keep my spirits high. Find happiness by and by,
if it takes a lifetime.

I got too far from my raising. I forgot where I come from.
And the line between right and wrong was so fine.
I thought the highway loved me but she beat me like a drum.
My day will come, if it takes a lifetime.

I don't keep liquor here. Never cared for wine or beer.
And working for the county keeps me pissing clear.
The nights are dry as dust, but I'm letting my eyes adjust,
if it takes a lifetime.

A man is the product of all the people that he ever loved.
It don't make a difference how it ended up.
If I loved you once, my friend, I can do it all again,
if it takes a lifetime.

We got too far from our raising and we fought 'til we went numb.
You were running up a mountain in your own mind.
And I thought that I was running too, but I was running from.
Our day will come, if it takes a lifetime.

Twenty-Four Frames

This is how you make yourself vanish into nothing.
And this is how you make yourself worthy of the loving
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:

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've 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've built that's all for show goes up in flames.
In twenty-four frames.

Flagship

There's a few too many years on this hotel,
but she used to be a beauty. You can tell.
The lights down in the lobby, they don't shine.
They just flicker while the elevator whines.
And the couple in the corner of the bar
have traveled light and clearly traveled far.
She's got nothing left to learn about his heart.
They're sitting there a thousand miles apart.

Baby, let's not ever get that way.
I'll say whatever words I need to say.
I'll throw rocks at your window from the street.
We'll call ourselves the flagship of the fleet.

There's a lady shining shoes up by the door,
and cowboy boots for seven dollars more.
I remember how you love to see them shine,
so I run upstairs to get a pair of mine.
There's a painting on the wall above the bed.
The watercolor sky at Hilton Head.
And I see you in that summer when we met,
and that boy you left in tears in his Corvette.

Baby, let's not ever get that way.
I'll drive you to the ocean every day.
We'll stay up in the presidential suite
and call ourselves the flagship of the fleet.

You gotta learn to keep yourself naive.
In spite of all the evidence, believe.
Volunteer to lose touch with the world,
and focus on one solitary girl.

Baby, let's not live to see it fade.
I'll cancel all the plans I've ever made.
I'll drive and you can ride in the backseat.
We'll call ourselves the flagship of the fleet.

How To Forget

Give her space, give her speed, give her anything she needs,
but get her out of here.
Give her weed, give her wine, give her anything but time.
Get her out of here.
She won't stop telling stories and most of them are true.
She knew me back before I fell for you.

I was straight, I was sad, didn't realize what I had.
It was years ago.
I was sick, I was scared, I was socially impaired.
It was years ago.
My past, a scary movie I watched and fell asleep.
Now I'm dreaming up these creatures from the deep

Teach me how to forget.
Replace the character set.
Teach me how to unlearn a lesson.

Teach me how to forget.
I ain't sorry just yet.
Teach me how to unlearn a lesson.

Have a seat, have a drink, tell the jury what you think.
Was I good to you?
Was it hell? Was it fun? Did you think I was the one?
Was I good to you?
Now that I've found someone who makes me want to live,
does that make my leaving harder to forgive?

Teach me how to forget.
Replace the character set.
Teach me how to unlearn a lesson.

Teach me how to forget.
I ain't sorry just yet.
Teach me how to unlearn a lesson.

Children Of Children

Pictures of the farm before us.
Old men in a Gospel chorus.
Sepia and saddle horses.
Easy on the reins.

Eighty-one, a motor inn.
Your momma's seventeen again.
She's squinting at the dusty wind,
the anger of the plains.

You and I were almost nothing.
Pray to God the Gods were bluffing.
Seventeen ain't old enough to reason with the pain.
How could we expect the two to stay in love,
when neither knew the meaning of
the difference between sacred and profane?

I was riding on my mother's hip.
She was shorter than the corn.
And all the years I took from her
just by being born.

I didn't mean to break the cycle.
At seventeen, I went by Michael.
No one ever called me by my own name anyway.
Five full generations living.
All these expectations giving way to one
late to have a baby on the way.

You were riding on your mother's hip.
She was shorter than the corn.
And all the years you took from her
just by being born.

The Life You Chose

Who are you if not the one I met
one July night before the town went wet?
Jack and coke in your momma's car.
You were reading 'The Bell Jar.'
Where are you if you're not on your own?
Always lonely, never quite alone.
Where's the Jesus that you swore you'd find
after running the last line?

Are you living the life you chose? Are you living the life that chose you?
Are you taking the grownup dose? Do you live with a man who knows you
like I thought I did back then? But I guess I never did.
Did I, kid?

I got lucky when I finished school.
Lost three fingers to a faulty tool.
Settled out of court. I'm no one's fool.
You probably knew.
There's plenty left to make a getaway.
I've spent enough nights in the bluegrass state.
We could go somewhere where people stay up late,
or just somewhere new.

Are you living the life you chose? Are you living the life that chose you?
Are you taking the grownup dose? Do you live with a man who knows you
like I thought I did back then? But I guess I never did.
Did I, kid?

Here I am, inviting you to throw your life away.
A victim of nostalgia, maybe Tanqueray.
But just tonight, I realized I am still in your backseat.
And nothing I've had since has meant a thing to me.
Are you living the life you chose? Are you living the life that chose you?
Are you taking the grownup dose? Do you live with a man who knows you
like I thought I did back then? But I guess I never did.
Did I, kid?

Something More Than Free

When I get home from work, I'll call up all my friends
and we'll go bust up something beautiful we'll have to build again.
When I get home from work, I'll wrestle off my clothes
and leave them right inside the front door
'cause nobody's home to know.
You see, a hammer finds a nail and a freight train needs the rail.
I'm doing what I'm on this earth to do.

I don't think on why I'm here or where it hurts.
I'm just lucky to have the work.
Sunday morning I'm too tired to go to church,
but I thank God for the work.

When I get my reward, my work will all be done
and I'll sit back in my chair beside the Father and the Son.
No more holes to fill. No more rocks to break,
and no more loading boxes onto trucks for someone else's sake.
The hammer needs the nail, and the poor man's up for sale.

Guess I'm doing what I'm on this earth to do.

I don't think on why I'm here or where it hurts.
I'm just lucky to have the work.
Every night I dream I'm drowning in the dirt,
but I thank God for the work.

The day will come. I'll find a reason.
Somebody proud to love a man like me.
My back is numb and my hands are freezing,
but what I'm working for is something more than free.

I don't think on why I'm here or where it hurts.
I'm just lucky to have the work.
Sunday morning I'm too tired to go to church,
but I thank God for the work.

Speed Trap Town

She said "It's none of my business, but it breaks my heart."
I dropped a dozen cheap roses in my shopping cart.
Made it out to the truck without breaking down.
Everybody knows you in a speed trap town.
It's a Thursday night, but there's a high school game.
Sneak a bottle up the bleachers and forget my name.
These 5-A bastards run a shallow cross.
It's a boy's last dream and a man's first loss.

And it never did occur to me to leave 'til tonight,
when there's no one left to ask if I'm alright.
I'll sleep until I'm straight enough to drive, then decide
if there's anything that can't be left behind.

Doctors said Daddy wouldn't make it a year,
but the holidays are over and he's still here.
How long can they keep you in the ICU?
Veins in the skin like a faded tattoo.
Was a tough state trooper 'til a decade back,
when that girl that wasn't Momma caused his heart attack.
He didn't care about us when he was walking around.
Just pulling people over in a speed trap town.

But it never did occur to me to leave 'til tonight,
when I realized he'll never be alright.
Sign my name and say my last goodbye, then decide.
There's nothing here that can't be left behind.

Road got blurry when the sun came up,
so I slept a couple hours in my pickup truck.

Drank a cup of coffee by an Indian mound,
a thousand miles away from that speed trap town.

Hudson Commodore

In the time between the glory days and the golden years,
she did the work of twenty able men.
Sent Tommy off to school to be an engineer.
Sarah went to try out all the sins.
She took to taking tea out in the Belvedere,
and Bourbon in the evenings by the fire.
As if the Great Depression never made it here.
As if she had defeated her desires.

She just wanted to ride in a Delahaye 135.
She just wanted to ride in a Hudson Commodore.
No need to worry anymore.

A doctor, then a lawyer, then a Roosevelt
had tried to take her underneath a wing
when she was in her twenties in the Bible Belt.
Before she knew she didn't need a thing.
She didn't need their pity on the single girl.
She didn't need their help to raise the brood.
She wouldn't be returning to her daddy's world.
She didn't want a better attitude.

She just wanted to ride in a Delahaye 135.
She just wanted to ride in a Hudson Commodore.
No need to worry anymore.

Palmetto Rose

Palmetto rose in the A/C vent. Cross-stitch pillow where the headrest went.
Said his cab was his orneriest friend. Left hand jumping the trees in the wind.
Thought he had the red lights memorized. Glass in the gravel like the stars in the sky.
In that slow-motion minute between living and dead,
he looked in my eyes and he told me, he said:

It's war that I wage to get up every day.
It's a fiberglass boat. It's azaleas in May.
It's the women I love and the law that I hate,
but Lord, let me die in the Iodine State.
Lord, let me die in the Iodine State.

Palmetto rose in the sidewalk mud, dirty white stem and a big green bud.
Catch them coming out of a King Street store, with some bullshit story about the Civil War.

Now, you can believe what you want to believe, but there ain't no making up a basket weave.

Everybody in the tri-county knows who makes the best palmetto rose.

It's war that we wage to get up every day.
It's a basket of sweetgrass, a wedding bouquet.
It's the ladies I love and the law that I hate,
but Lord, let me die in the Iodine State.
Lord, let me die in the Iodine State.

Out on Sullivan's Island, they're swimming
on the beach where the big boats rolled in,
with the earliest slaves and their children, our first American kin.

Here on King Street, we're selling our roses.
Two for a five-dollar bill.
At night, after everything closes,
I follow my own free will,
and I take in my fill.
I take in my fill.

To A Band That I Loved

Though everyone tried to ignore us,
we'd scared them all off by the chorus.
There you stood, looking proud.
What was left of the crowd at our show.
I was twenty-two backwoods years old.

You were singing that night by yourself.
I thought I was the only one left
from an old Southern town,
new ideas bouncing round in my head.
I thought everyone like me was dead.

Somehow you put down my fears on a page
when I still had nothing to say.
How I miss you today.
Hope you find what you gave, all that hope.
Somewhere down at the end of your rope.

Now I know you'll be fine on your own.
And your families all need you at home.
And the dream was just smoke.

At least you all got the joke off the bat,
and you were alright with that.

Somehow I'm still out here burning my days.
Your voice makes the miles melt away.
I'll be guarding your place
in the lights, on the stage, in my heart.
I guess we're all still finding our part.

Somehow I'm still out here seeing your faces
in likely and unlikely places.
Somewhere playing too loud,
or in what's left of the crowd at our show.
Hanging out when it's past time to go.
Hanging out when it's past time to go.