

The Frame

Mr. Big

I was a lucky man
When my second chance fell in place
A solid seat at the table
Where my words were heavyweight
I used to be the best of me
But that part of me is forgotten
Now I see my soul fading
Fading away

Time slips right through my fingers
Like a light switch turns on to off

Cut right out of the picture
I've become some man with no name
I once was an indelible figure
Now I don't even fit in the frame

Well, there's trouble in the kingdom
Trouble
For a king without a crown
I've been dearly departed
And nowhere to be found
My eyes could see for miles
But blind to the bullet coming
My brief and shining moment
Out of sight and out of sound

Time slips right through my fingers
Like a light switch turns on to off

Cut right out of the picture
I've become some man with no name
I once was an indelible figure
Now I don't even fit in the frame

I'm stuck in the silence
And I look around and there's no one
Finding forgiveness for myself

Cut right out of the picture
I've become some man with no name
I once was an indelible figure
Now I don't even fit, it's like I don't exist
I don't even fit in the frame

And I don't even fit in the frame