

## Fence Post

Aaron Watson

Now this is a true story for the most part  
That occurred on the top floor of this bigwig record executive's office in Nashville, Tennessee  
Now understand I'm not poking any fun or disrespecting anybody  
God knows I love country music with all my heart and soul  
And I love the Grand Ole Opry  
But I do have a problem with someone who can't even play a D chord on a guitar  
Telling someone with a dream that they won't get far  
So this song is dedicated to all those underdogs like me out there running around  
Don't get discouraged if you have a dream  
Don't be afraid to chase it down  
It's how it goes

He said, "Son, don't get offended by what I'm about to say  
I can see you have a passion  
For the songs you write and play  
But you lack what we all call commercial appeal  
And you just don't have what it takes  
To make it here in Nashville"

Ouch...

Well my heart felt like a train wreck  
But I wore a smile on my face  
I said, "Thank you for your time, sir"  
Put my guitar back in its case  
Our little conversation was like a revelation  
Redirecting my dreams  
'Cause God knows I'd never sell my soul to rock 'n' roll or rap  
Or wear those tight skinny jeans

Cause you know I'd rather sing my own songs  
Than be a puppet on a string  
I'll wear what I want to wear  
I'm gonna sing what I wanna sing  
Heaven knows all I need  
Is my faith, my fans, my friends and my family  
Besides I'd rather be an old fence post in Texas  
Than the king of Tennessee

So I loaded up my old pickup truck  
And I drove back home to Amarillo  
Got a gig off old route 66  
At this ballroom called "The Armadillo"  
And for the first thousand shows or so  
Not a soul showed up  
I thought about quitting every other day  
But I just kept on kicking that cup

Yeah, I kept kicking that can surrounded by blood, sweat, and beers  
And wouldn't you know I became an overnight sensation  
In just over ten years  
And now I'm packing out all the dance halls  
And the rodeos every night  
I got a pretty wife, a ranch, a band, a bus, a boat

I'd say I'm doing alright

And you know I'd rather sing my own songs  
Than be a puppet on a string  
I'll wear what I want to wear  
I'm gonna sing what I wanna sing  
Heaven knows all I need  
Is my faith, my fans, my friends and my family  
Besides I'd rather be an old fence post in Texas  
Than the king of Tennessee

Oh, how 'bout a little front porch picking, boys

Well, wouldn't you know that old record man  
Showed up one night at this honky tonking bar  
After my show he said, "Son, I believe you might be the next big country star"  
He said, "We like how you keep it raw  
We like how you keeping it real  
And I think you may just have what we all like to call commercial appeal"  
Huh, ain't that something  
Well, sir...

I'd rather sing my own songs  
Than be a puppet on a string  
I'll wear what I want to wear  
And I'm gonna sing what I wanna sing  
Heaven knows all I need  
Is my faith, my fans, my friends and my family  
Besides I'd rather be an old fence post in Texas  
Than the king of Tennessee  
God bless Tennessee  
But I'd rather be just an old fence post in Texas  
Than sell my soul to rock 'n' roll or rap  
Or wear those tight fitting skinny jeans