

Fence Riders

Jimmy Needham

Am I foolishness to you
And is it laughable the things I do
Can you callused minds see past yourselves to his devine
Am I foolishness to you

Can I sing about my maker
And have you not role your eyes
Can I weep about my maker
And the way he died
I know it don't make sense
To those who ride the fence
But I'm so out to cry

You call it loosening up
Loosening up
I call it spiraling down
Only one thing's the same
Only one thing remains
Jesus Jesus

Can I sing about my maker
And have you not role your eyes
Can I weep about my maker
And the way he died
I know it don't make sense
To those who ride the fence
But I'm so out to cry

You're all asleep
You're all asleep
You're all asleep oh children
But he's over needed
You don't see it no

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And have you not role your eyes
Can I weep about my maker
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