

Where The Fence Is Low (acoustic)

Lights

Where the fence is low
And the water is rising
And the fire comes down
And the dark fills the skies in
One foot on the ledge
One feeling for safety
Somewhere between sure
And I don't know, maybe

I'm off on my rope here
I'm off on my own here
And I find my hope here
I find my own here
I'm off on my rope here
Where the fence is low

Where the fence is low
Where the fence is low

Each shadow I walk
To the edge of the forest
In the shape of the hands
That break the ground for us
The fear that contains
And binds like a blessing
Then again, I'm guessing

I'm off on my rope here
I'm off on my own here
And I find my hope here
I find my own here
I'm off on my rope here
Where the fence is low

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