

## 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  
And the way he died  
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