Fence Post

Aaron Watson

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.
And 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 and roll or rap
or wear those tight skinny jeans.
Cause you know I'd rather sing my own songs, then be a
puppet on a string.
I'll wear what I wanna 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.
So I loaded up,
my old pick up truck and I drove back home to Amarillo.
Got a gig off old route 66 at this bar room called the Armadillo.
And for the first thousand shows or so,
not a sole showed up.
I thought about quitting,
every other day,
but I just kept on kicking that cup.
Yea, I kept kicking that can surrounded by,
blood, sweat, and beers.
And wouldn't you know, I became an overnight sensation
in just over 10 year.
Now I'm packing out all the dance halls and the rodeos everynight.
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, then be a
puppet on a string.
I'll wear what I wanna 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.
Aw how bout a little front porch pickin boys.
Well wouldn't ya know, that ole record man showed up one night at this here honky tonking bar.
And after my show he says, son I believe you might be the next big country star.
He said, we like how you keep it raw,
we like how you're keeping it real,
and I think you may just have what we all like to call,
commercial appeal.
Huh, well ain't that something.
Well Sir,
I'd rather sing my own songs, then be a
puppet on a string.
I'll wear what I wanna 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 a
just an old fence post in Texas,
then sell my soul to rock and roll or rap or wear those tight fitting
skinny jeans.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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