

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
And I'm 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
The fence is low
Where the fence is low
Where the fence is low Each shadow I walk
To the ends of the forest
And the shape of the hands
They break the ground for us
The fear that contains
That burns like a blessing
I've been here before
The edge, and 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 where
The fence is low
Where the fence is low
Where the fence is low

Songwriters

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