Fence Post

Aaron Watson

Now this is a true story for the most part
That occurred on the top floor of this
Bigwig record executive's office in Nashville, Tennessee
Now understand I'm not poking any fun or disrespecting anybody
God knows I love country music with all my heart and soul
And I love the Grand Ole Opry
But I do have a problem with someone who
Can't even play a D chord on a guitar
Telling someone with a dream that they won't get far
So this song is dedicated to all those underdogs like me
Out there running around
Don't get discouraged if you have a dream
Don't be afraid to chase it down
It's how it goesHe 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"OuchWell my heart felt like a train wreck
But I wore a smile on my face
I said, "Thank you for your time, sir"
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 'n' roll
Or rap or wear those tight skinny jeans'Cause you know I'd rather sing my own songs
Than be a puppet on a string
I'll wear what I want to wear
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 TennesseeSo I loaded up my old pickup truck
And I drove back home to Amarillo
Got a gig off old route 66
At this ballroom called The Armadillo
And for the first thousand shows or so
Not a soul showed up
I thought about quitting every other day

But I just kept on kicking that cupYeah, I kept kicking that can surrounded by
Blood, sweat, and beers
And wouldn't you know I became an overnight sensation
In just over ten years
And now I'm packing out all the dance halls
And the rodeos every night
I got a pretty wife, a ranch, a band, a bus, a boat
I'd say I'm doing alrightAnd you know I'd rather sing my own songs
Than be a puppet on a string
I'll wear what I want to wear
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 TennesseeOh, how 'bout a little front porch picking, boysWell, wouldn't you know that old record man
Showed up one night at this honky tonking bar
After my show he said,
"Son, I believe you might be the next big country star"
He said, "We like how you keep it raw
We like how you keeping it real
And I think you may just have what
We all like to call commercial appeal"
Huh, ain't that something
Well, sirI'd rather sing my own songs
Than be a puppet on a string
I'll wear what I want to 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 just an old fence post in Texas
Than sell my soul to rock 'n' roll
Or rap or wear those tight skinny jeans

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