

Aaron Watson - Fence Post

Tom: D
Intro: D x 2

(spoken)
D
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 goes

Verse 1
D
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...

D
Well 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

Chorus
G A
And you know I'd rather sing my own songs than be a puppet on a string
Bm G
I'll wear what I want to wear, I'm gonna sing what I wanna sing
A
Bm
Heaven knows all I need is my faith, my fans, my friends and my family
G A
D
Besides I'd rather be an old fence post in Texas than the king of Tennessee

verse 2 (spoken)
D
So 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 cup

Yeah, 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 alright

Chorus
G A
And you know I'd rather sing my own songs than be a puppet on a string
Bm G
I'll wear what I want to wear, I'm gonna sing what I wanna sing
A
Bm
Heaven knows all I need is my faith, my fans, my friends and my family
G A
D
Besides I'd rather be an old fence post in Texas than the king of Tennessee

Oh, how 'bout a little front porch picking, boys

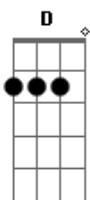
Solo
G G A A Bm Bm G G
G G A A Bm Bm Bm Bm
G G A A D D D D

Verse 3 (spoken)
D
Well, 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

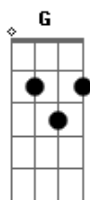
Chorus
G A
Well, sir... you know I'd rather sing my own songs than be a puppet on a string
Bm G
I'll wear what I want to wear, I'm gonna sing what I wanna sing
A
Bm
Heaven knows all I need is my faith, my fans, my friends and my family
G A
Bm
Besides I'd rather be an old fence post in Texas than the king of Tennessee
G
A
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 fitting skinny jeans

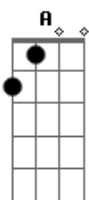
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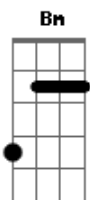
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