

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

Acordes

