

# Jimmy Needham, Fence Riders

Am I foolishness to you  
And is it laughable the things I do  
Can you callused minds see past yourselves to his devine  
Am I foolishness to you

Can I sing about my maker  
And have you not role your eyes  
Can I weep about my maker  
And the way he died  
I know it don&#039;t make sense  
To those who ride the fence  
But I&#039;m so out to cry

You call it loosening up  
Loosening up  
I call it spiraling down  
Only one thing&#039;s the same  
Only one thing remains  
Jesus Jesus

Can I sing about my maker  
And have you not role your eyes  
Can I weep about my maker  
And the way he died  
I know it don&#039;t make sense

To those who ride the fence  
But I&#039;m so out to cry

You&#039;re all asleep  
You&#039;re all asleep  
You&#039;re all asleep oh children  
But he&#039;s over needed  
You don&#039;t see it no

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And have you not role your eyes  
Can I weep about my maker  
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