

Varnadeau Jeni, Fences

J. Varnadeau, A.S. Foster
Romans 14, Galatians 5:13-15
You like your fence a picket white
With a gate that opens wide
I keep mine brown the natural kind
Not always pretty to the eye
But I cannot demand that you would do
the same
And I don't have to like your choice or
color of paint

CHORUS

'Cause your fences are not mine
My fences are not yours
Why do we have them anyway
I couldn't ask anymore from you
Than to stay within the city of truth
Why do we have them anyway
These Fences
You've set your boundaries I've set mine
We've drawn the line
You've kept your guard up I've kept mine
We think we're safe inside
Until we find the walls that once
surrounded and protected
Are the walls that now divide

BRIDGE

There is freedom within the city
But there's so much more freedom when
the fences are down