

Jimmy Needham

"Fence Riders"

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

Can I sing about my maker
And have you not roll your eyes
Can I weep about my Savior
And the way He died
I know it don't make sense
To those who ride the fence
But I'm sold out to Christ

You call it loosening up
Loosening up
I call it spiraling down
Only one thing's the same
Only one thing remains
Jesus Jesus

Can I sing about my Maker
And have you not roll your eyes
Can I weep about my Savior
And the way He died
I know it don't make sense
To those who ride the fence
But I'm sold out to Christ

You're all asleep
You're all asleep
You're all asleep oh children
But He's over needed
You don't see it no

Can I sing about my Maker
And have you not roll your eyes
Can I weep about my Savior
And the way He died
I know it don't make sense
To those who ride the fence
But I'm sold out to Christ

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