

Marit Larsen "Fences"

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"Fences"

In the heat of the battle
He who hesitates is lost
Every word is here on my tongue but
Wont come out at any cost
All of the achin'
Yearnin'

These fences
We invent with what we say
These fences
Are growing taller every day
These delicate fences
On my mind
And in my way

Waiting for the dust to settle
I'm waiting for another goal
Is it time I realized now

Forgiving me is not what you want

All of the tossing
Turning

And these fences
We invent with what we say
These fences
Growing taller every day
These delicate fences
On my mind and in my way

In the heat of the battle

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