

## **Brian Burns**

# **"Along Old Fence Lines"**

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Along old fence lines  
Truth rings like the music of a mockingbird,  
Where a man is still as worthy as his word...  
Along old fence lines.  
And I see my grandpa resting by that old Artesian well,  
Ah, there's watermelon dripping down my chin,  
The ladies in their finest dresses coming out for  
church,  
And so I guess it must be Wednesday evening...  
Along old fence lines.

Across old bridges  
Are fragments of a world that didn't turn so fast,  
But if you were headed somewhere, friend, they'd let  
you past...  
Across old bridges.  
And I see those kids on Shetland ponies out near  
Clifton's Store,  
The old men playing checkers by the gate,  
And Haggard's singin' "Mama Tried" somewhere along  
the dial,  
And I believe it must be about 1968...  
Across old bridges.

There's a place between this two-lane highway and the  
past,  
Where old friends pass gently through my mind.  
I see them for a moment, then they slowly slip away,  
And melt back through the distant lens of time,  
Along old fence lines...  
Across old bridges...  
Beside old rail yards...  
Along old fence lines.

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