

Landon Rogers

"On The Fence"

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I was born to this disaster
Just to pacify my father
Aristotle, slave and master
I'm the clay and I'm the potter

I used to know a kid who wore his heart on his sleeve
And he would've gave his life to make another believe
But the world ate him up
And it don't wanna spit him out
So the only question's whether his faith
Is stronger than his doubt

Well I'm a man of great discretion
Make so many good impressions
Under false pretense
I'm still on the fence
I ask all the wrong and right questions
I use all of the right expressions
In their proper tense
Still it makes no sense

Why, why I'm, I'm going down
I'm going down

I ask all the wrong and right questions
I use all of the right expressions
In their proper tense
Still it makes no sense
I'm a man of no discretion
Make so many bad impressions
And there's no suspense
I fell off the fence

So let me go and just let me be
I, I need to breathe

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