

Along Old Fence Lines

Brian Burns

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..
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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.