

## A Mission

Fences

Now I am standing alone at the top of your hill  
With no one to meet me and no one to pick up the bill  
Guess that my drinking has become a form of religion  
I pray to it nightly on knees like a devoted christian

And now I am a no one  
And now I am a known one

You are the river, but baby, you know I can't swim  
You run through me coldly through mountains, through trees and  
through hills  
Guess that my drinking has become a form of a prison  
And next to a veteran I lay on a cot, in a mission

And now I am a no one  
And now I am a known one

And now I am a no one  
And now I am a known one  
And now I am a no one  
And now I am a known one