

## Fences

Marit Larsen

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