

One Thin Wire

I've seen that horse jump higher when he's
Prancing that young filly round the yard,
So how could one thin wire
Two feet off the ground be so hard?
But it shocked his leg like lightning once
And he bolted halfway back to the other side.
He touched it a few times more like that
And now he doesn't even try.

*But oh the pastures he could roam
If he only knew
Just how frail these fences are
That tell him what he can and cannot do.*

That stallion's independent,
No saddle ever sat upon his back
So how could one thin wire be enough
To stop him in his tracks?
He'll run his life in circles
Til the urge for wandering has ceased,
But to step over that wire is
Too large a leap, for his mind at least.

...

These fields they run unbridled
For as far as the eye can see
And if not for that thin wire, well you know,
That's where that horse would be.
Grassy plains can taunt us,
And if not for fences made of fear
And failures that still haunt us,
We'd high-tail it right outa here.

*And oh the pastures we could roam
If we only knew
Just how frail these fences are
That tell us what we can and cannot do*

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