

Counting Fence Posts

Written by Julie Pennell

As arranged and performed by The C-Denny Band

From Gospel, Folk & Grassroots

Key of B

Guitar Intro

An autumn breeze stirs the maple trees on a small rural farm
It's been two years now since Sammy's been gone
His grandpa stares through the dusty air to that old tractor by the barn
And it's been two years now since it's been ridden on

Chorus:

He's been counting fence posts, instead of tilling land
And what he really wants most, is to get back his little helping hand
But Sammy's not returning, and all he's seeing is his ghost
So he spends his sad and lonely days counting fence posts

He recalls the day and wipes a tear away, from his wrinkled weathered cheek
To a day when Sammy was just ten years old and
It was his turn to steer the old John Deere and he sat proud on grandpa's knee
'till the tire hit a rut on the hill and the old tractor rolled

Chorus

Bridge:

The highest count he could ever reach was just 200 and two
Until the image of a tiny twisted frame came cutting through
These fence posts are like prison bars to which he's thrown away the key
Wherein he sows seeds of guilt and grows crops of misery

Sam would hate to see how things have come to be, grandpa's farmland going to waste
Or to see him so full of anguish and woe
But grandpa's heart just tears apart when the footsteps are retraced
To the day that Sammy died in his arms two years ago

Chorus

Yes Sammy is not returning and all he's seeing is his ghost
So he spends his sad and lonely days just counting fence posts