

Good Christian Soldier

Kris Kristofferson

Not so long ago, in Oklahoma
The son of an Okie preacher, knelt to pray
He said Lord I wanna be a Christian soldier, just like you
And fight to build a new, and better day

Now many years and miles, from Oklahoma
That same young Okie boy still kneels to pray
But he don't pray to be no Christian soldier, anymore
He just prays, to make it through, another day

'Cause it's hard to be a Christian soldier, when you tote a gun
And it hurts to have to watch a grown man cry
But we're, playin' cards, writin' home, an' havin' lots of fun
Tellin' jokes and learnin' how to die

You know the things I've come to know, seem so confusin'
And it's gettin' hard to tell, what's wrong from right
I can't separate the winners from the losers anymore
And I'm thinkin' of just givin' up the fight

'Cause it's hard to be a Christian soldier, when you tote a gun
And it hurts to have to watch a grown man cry
But we're, playin' cards, writin' home, an' ain't we havin' fun
Turnin' on and learnin' how to die