

Under the Gun

Kris Kristofferson

Break a man, break a promise
Break a heart, break a home
Take a long hard look at a heaven
Gone to hell under the gun
See the child, young and hungry
Growing wild, on the run
And he'll die reaching for freedom
He was born under the gun
Swollen men, blind with power
Break the rules, one by one
With their lies raising the danger
Of their games under the gun.
No more time, no more chances
No more wars will be won
In the end only the losers
Hold the land under the gun
Hold the truth like a candle
Let it shine like the sun
On the love that's left to believe in
In a world under the gun.

Songwriters

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