

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, havin' lots of fun
Telling jokes and learning how to die
Now, the things I've come to know seem so confusin'
It's gettin' hard to tell what's wrong from right
I can't separate the winners from the losers anymore
And I'm thinking of just giving 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, ain't we hadn't fun
Turning on and learning how to die

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