

America Is a Hard Religion

[Robbie Fulks](#)

Some rule from the sky
Some inch cross the ground
Their bent backs turn to all
Heaven above sends down Scratch and puff from this earth
What gold it may give
Fattening on feasts to come
Laboring now to live And America is a hard religion
Not just anyone may enter
America is a hard religion
Some never do surrender Sent to a savage land
Mother knows not why
To plant a seed in rocky soil
And perhaps to die
Freedom come it may
To this child instead
Freedom comes freedom goes
Father is surely dead And America is a hard religion
Not just anyone may enter
America is a hard religion
Some never do surrender Paid by thankful praise
Yet we soldier on
Trials to test our hearts
Doubts to make us strong Cheered by loved ones that
From the graveyard say
All my tears surely gone
After I fly away
And America is a hard religion
Not just anyone may enter
America is a hard religion
Some never do surrender
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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