

# Burden of Freedom

by Kris Kristofferson (1967)

*G Gma7 G6 G*  
 I stand on the  
*G Gma7 G6 G Am Am Am Am7*  
 stairway my back to the dungeon the doorway to  
*D D D D G G G G*  
 freedom so close to my hand while voices  
*Am Am Am Am7 G G G G*  
 behind me still bitterly damn me for seekin'  
*Am Am Am D7 G G G G*  
 salvation they don't understand. Lord help me to

*C Cma7 C6 D7 G G G G7*  
 shoulder the burden of freedom and give me the  
*C Cma7 C6 C D7 D7 D7 D7*  
 courage to be what I can. And when I am  
*G G G G Am Am Am Am*  
 wounded by those who condemn me. Lord help me  
*D7 D7 D7 D7 G G G G*  
 forgive them they don't understand. Their lonely

Their lonely frustration descending to laughter, erases the  
 footprints I leave in the sand. And I'm free to  
 travel where no one can follow, in search of the  
 kingdom they don't understand. Lord help me to

shoulder the burden of freedom. And give me the  
 courage to be what I can. And when I have  
 wounded the last one who loved me, God help her  
 forgive me, I don't understand