

Smalltown Poets, Call Me Christian

Sometimes it's sink or swim
And I've been treading water
I should have expected the flood
But floating never has been easy for me
You caught me carefree
And You called me like You saw me: a sinner

And I said five wits, looks, and strength
I don't think are much in the way of companions
And good deeds couldn't pay my account
Not kinsmen nor knowledge stand
The trial of every man
Don't call me every man

Call me Christian
(I am in You, You are in me, I am in You)
Call me Christian
(I am in You, You are in me, I am in You)
Call me Christian

I've looked on the evergreen
And I've seen it constantly grow and show us life
And I want to live eternally
I want to be an imitation of Christ
I want to be a little Christ

As a boy I'd put my steps
In my brother's bigger tracks
To match his stride
And just like that I follow Jesus
Jesus is my guide.