

Time of the Preacher

[Willie Nelson](#)

But he could not forgive her
Though he tried and tried and tried
And the halls of his mem'ry
Still echoed her lies And he cried like a baby
And he screamed like a panther
In the middle of the night
And he saddled his pony
And he went for a ride It was a time of the preacher
In the year of O-one
Now the lesson is over
And the killin's begun

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