

Son of a Preacher Man

Joan Osborne

Billy Ray was a preacher's son
And when his daddy would visit, he'd come along
When they gathered 'round and started talking
Cousin Billy would take me walking
Through the back yard, we'd go walking
Then he'd look into my eyes, Lord, knows to my surprise
The only boy who could ever reach me
Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
He was, yes, he was, oh yes, he was
Being good isn't always easy
No matter how hard I tried
When he started sweet talking to me
He'd come and tell me everything is alright
He'd kiss and tell me everything is alright
Can I get away again tonight?
The only boy who could ever reach me
Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
He was, yes, he was, oh yes, he was
How well I remember
The look that was in his eyes
Stealing kisses from me on the sly
Taking time to make time
Telling me that he's all mine
Learning from each others knowing
Looking to see how much we'd grown
The only boy who could ever move me
Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever groom me
Was the son of a preacher man
He was, yes, he was, oh yes, he was

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