

The Little Lady Preacher

Tom T. Hall

Oh, the little lady preacher from the limestone church
I'll never forget her, I guess
She preached each Sunday mornin' on the local radio
With a big black Bible and a snow-white dress
She was nineteen years of age and was developed to a fault
But I will admit she knew the Bible well
A little white lace hanky marked the text that she would use
She'd breathe into that microphone and send us all to hell
She had a guitar picker by the name of Luther Short
A hairy-legged soul, lost out in sin
She would turn and smile at Luther when the program would commence
With a voice as sweet as angels she would break out in a hymn
I was pickin' for her too with what we call the
doghouse bass
I clung to every word that passed her lips
She was down on booze and cigarettes and high on days to come
And she'd punctuate the prophecy with movements of her hips
The Lord, knows how I loved her, He was there
each time she preached
But ol' Luther took her home each Sunday morn'
Lookin' back I still recall the way it hurt my tender pride
I longed to be a hero but they're made not born
Sometimes ol' Luther showed up at the studio half-tight
And smokin' was a thing he liked to do
She never said a word to him but said a prayer for me
I told her in a way that I'd been prayin' for her too
One Sunday her old man showed up and said that she was
gone
Said she and brother Luther had a call
I can see me standin' in that studio that day
I had to face the heartbreak, unemployment and all
I don't know where they are, 'cause I ain't seen them people
since
Lord, if I judge 'em let me give 'em lots o' room
I know ol' Luther Short and he's a hard ol' boy to change
And I've often sat and wondered who it was converted whom

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