

Preacher's Daughter

The Levees

Summertime nothing to do
Mercury said it was 102
I can't stand sittin round no more
Think I'll take a walk down Crowlegger Road

On the bank in the shaded cool
Sat a girl I knew from Sunday school
She said, "I don't want no tan lines"
"Show me yours and I'll show you mine"

Chorus:
Know I shouldn't but I think I'm gonna
Go a-skinny dippin with the preacher's daughter
Swimmin round in the muddy water
Skinny dippin with the preacher's daughter

I used to think Louisiana's hot
Til she showed me everything she's got
Soon as our clothes hit that shore
I figured she's done this before

No one raises hell like a preacher's kid
And I couldn't tell you half the things we did
Every Sunday we would cleanse our souls
Then wade in the water down on Crowlegger Road

CHORUS

My knees were shakin and my socks were wet
This Sunday morning I would not forget
Well I could feel him giving me the eye
That I was a question that was on his mind

"Who will confess their sins today?"
As the congregation bowed and prayed
I looked up, what did I see
That preacher man he was a-starin at me

CHORUS

Lyrics submitted by Courtney.

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