

Preacher's Daughter

The Whiskey Gentry

She had a habit that she couldn't really stop
Needed money so she had to hit the block
Nobody knew it so She steady had to play a role
Went to church
But surely tearin' up her soul
She'd repent sometimes Then she'd press rewind
Started over messin' up her life
Couldn't cope so she had to hit a knee slow
Started prayin' to the Lord She was a preacher's daughter
Sendin' herself the tears
Sendin' herself the tears A preacher's daughter
So she had common sense
It's ashamed the way her life went
He's too busy though Steady savin souls
To realize he lost one of his own
Full of pain and stuck out in the dark
I even heard her father made his mark Now she's confused
Now she's about to lose everything
She thought she ever owned Preacher's daughter
Sendin' herself the tears
Sendin' herself the tears (It's a cryin' shame, oh)
It's a shame she couldn't make a way out
Now I'm sittin' here twiddlin' my thumbs
'Cause her life is gone and her kids are gone
And she lost everything and see her own father Was a preacher but he couldn't pray for her
'Cause he was too busy prayin' for everybody else
And layin' hands on all the women in the congregation
But I guess that's what goes on When you walk right and perfect
And your whole house seems to be perfect
And behind closed doors everybody suffers from some kind of demon
But nobody knows it until it all unavails itself Your own daughter is out there
Locked out in the dark
She was a preacher's daughter Help me, Lord, help me, Lord
Help me, Lord, I need You right now
I need you daddy
Could you hear me prayin'
Don't you hear me prayin'
(She's somebody's daughter) I need you, say I need you
I don't know what to do

I'm dyin' inside
(She's somebody's baby)
I can't stop the tears from fallin'
I need you, I need you, I need you, daddy
Oh, I need you

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