

# Preacher's Daughter

## The Refreshments

Well I was born in the thirsty earth  
Showed up in Tucson,  
Fresh out of Leavenworth  
Did my time on stale bread and dirty water  
Nobody told me that lady was the preacher's daughter  
Yeah heah with her arms she holds me  
When we kissed, she never told me  
Lamb for a slaughter  
She's my preacher's daughterGot loose from my incarceration  
I paid a visit to her daddy's congregation  
Welcome home she said, your lookin' good too  
Meet my new husband, he's the sheriff who arrested youYeah heah with her arms she holds me  
When we kissed, she never told me  
Lamb for a slaughter  
She's my preacher's daughterYEAH  
So I said my congratulations  
'Bout lost myself to my infatuation  
I stole a kiss or two just havin' fun again  
Sheriff don't like it  
Now I'm back on the run again

Songwriters

CLYNE, ROGER / NAFFAH, PAUL H. / BLUSH, BRIAN / EDWARDS, ARTHUR "BUDDY"Published by  
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>