

Mr. Bailey's Daughter

Bryan Duncan

Whoa, ha ha! Now, this is the story of a lower-middle class, American preacher's kid who found that we don't always do all the right things for the right reasons. Now my Dad is the finest man of God to ever grace the pulpit of a small Pentecostal church. To tell the truth, I was born on Saturday and in church on Sunday, and I guarantee I was never late. 'Cause Mom was the organ player and the Sunday School teacher, while I took up the offering. They would always make me give it back. And as a child, I had the honor of sittin' in the front row for the first five minutes of every sermon. That's usually how long it took to be called up to the platform for the express purpose of keeping me from escaping under the pews. And there I would sit, behind the pulpit, and count ceiling tiles for the next hour and a half. Like most people, over the years, I got used to the pressure of sayin' and doin' all the right things whether I believed it or not. 'Cause if I didn't I had the largest gathering of elderly ladies ever to act upon their moral obligation to report everything I ever said or did. So, you can understand why I loved goin' to the youth conventions, 'cause it proved beyond that shadow of a doubt there were girls goin' to church who were under sixty-five years of age. And suddenly there she was, fourth row back, on the left, in the choir, the absolute dream of every kid ever to seek permission to borrow the family car!

Mr. Bailey has a daughter

Hopin' she'll notice me

Got me singin' in the choir

Volunteerin' my time for free

Now I'm prayin' for revival

Workin' at livin' right

Man, I never looked more sanctified

At church on Sunday night

Now, it's amazing what'll turn your life around in a hurry. Overnight I'd come to realize what it meant, wrong or right, to be motivated.