

Preacher Man

John Rich

I'm a son of a preacher man
Everybody calls him Brother Jim
Seem like I spend my life
Trying to live up to him

Week he taught me wrong from right
But Lord knows I still sin
Hey I'm the son of a preacher man

Daddy said that the narrow road
Was the only road to take
But now I make my living on a tour bus
Rolling down interstates

All-nighters with cheaters and liars
Can sometimes test your faith
I'm still the son of a preacher man

Well the good books say that Jesus ran with a party crowd
So I believe and pray them Pearly Gates are still where I'm bound
And I don't know if the life I chose make my daddy proud
Of who I am
I'm just the son of a preacher man

Most Sunday mornings
I spend getting over Saturday nights
While he's down there preaching in the pulpit
Singing, "I Saw The Light."

And sometimes it's hard
To look my mirror in the eye
Knowing I'm the son of a preacher man

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I'm just the son, I'm just the son
Hey I'm the son
Of a preacher man