

Preacher

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Preacher come by today
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He talked a whole lot, didn't have much to say

He told me of a place with streets of gold
He told me of a place with streets of gold
Went on to say that God and the Devil both want my soul

Said my life was empty, something was missing
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Carried on and on about how his Savior lived in a world above t
his one

My woman, she was hangin' clothes on the line

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I said "Look out yonder, preacher. Now tell me, have you ever s
een anything as fine?"

"See how she moves slow

"See how she moves slow

"You can see I ain't missin' nothin' when she stooped down low"

Preacher closed his Bible and he put his hat on his head
He closed his Bible and he put his hat on his head
He took off down the road, must've been something I said