The Little Lady Preacher-Tom T. Hall

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C                                    F         C
Oh the little lady preacher from the Limestone Church
                         G7
I'll never forget her I guess
    C                               F            C
She preached each Sunday morning on the local radio
                        G7          C
With a big black Bible and a snow white dress

        F                                C
She was nineteen years of age and was developed to a fault
                                  G7
But I will admit she knew the Bible well
  F                                C
A little white lace hankie marked the text that she would use
                                   G7             C
She'd breathe into that microphone and send us all to hell

                                F              C
She had a guitar picker by the name of Luther Short
                                G7
A hairy legged soul lost out in sin
          C                                    F             C
She would turn and smile at Luther when the program would commence
                                           G7             C
With a voice as sweet as angels' she would break out in a hymn

      F                                  C
I was picking for her too with what we called the doghouse bass
                                   G7
I clung to every word that passed her lips
    F                                   C
She was down on booze and cigarettes and high on days to come
                                   G7                C
And she'd punctuate the prophecy with movements of her hips

                                   F                    C
The Lord knows how I loved her he was there each time she preached
                                      G7
But old Luther took her home each Sunday morn
        C                            F             C
Looking back I still recall the way it hurt my tender pride
                                 G7       C
I longed to be a hero but they're made not born

    F                                  C
Sometimes old Luther showed up at the studio half tight
                                   G7
And smoking was a thing he liked to do
    F                              C
She never said a word to him but said a prayer for me
                                  G7               C
I told her in a way that I've been praying for her too

                                   F                  C
One Sunday her old man showed up and said that she was gone
                                 G7
Said she and brother Luther had a call
  C                            F           C
I can see me standing in that studio that day
                                 G7           C
I had to face the heartbreak unemployment and all

  F                                  C
I don't know where they are cause I ain't seen them people since
                                             G7
Lord if I judge 'em let me give 'em lots of room
  F                              C
I know Luther Short and he's a hard old boy to change
                                           G7          C
And I've often sat and wondered who it was converted whom
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