The Little Lady Preacher—Tom T. Hall

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
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