

## Billie Holiday "Preacher Boy"

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Jeanne Burns / Billie Holiday

He was lanky and tall as a beanpole  
And he wind fanned my heart to a flame  
As he looked to the sky  
And there's no wonder why  
For Preacher Boy was his name  
With his old yaller dog there beside him  
And his eyes throwin' sparks in the sun  
I grew faint from the heat  
From my heart to my feet  
When I knew Preacher Boy was the one  
Then he didn't say much

He's the silent kind  
But his arms were strong  
Just the same as his mind  
And my knees grew weak  
As I clung to him  
My Preacher Boy, my Preacher Boy  
But he heard the call  
Now he's left me  
For his faith was stronger than I  
And thought we are apart  
Yet he's still in my heart  
My Preacher Boy, my Preacher Boy  
My wonderful Preacher Boy

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