Tom T. Hall
"Little Lady Preacher"

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

She was nineteen years of age and was developed to
the fault
But I will admit she knew the Bible well
A little white lace hankie marked the text that she would
use
She breathed into that microphone and sent us all to
Hell

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

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

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

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

One Sunday her old man showed up and said that she

was gone
Said she and brother Luther had a call
I can see me standin' in that studio that day
I had to face the heartbreak unemployment and all

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