**THE LITTLE LADY PREACHER** (4/4)

**KEY OF D**

**Oh the *D* little lady preacher from the *G* Limestone *D* Church,**

**I'll never forget her I *A7* guess.**

**She *D* preached each Sunday morning on the *G* local radi- *D* o,**

**With a big black Bible and a *A7* snow white *D* dress.**

She was ***G*** nineteen years of age and was de- ***D*** veloped to a fault,

But I will admit she knew the Bible ***A7*** well

A ***G*** little white lace hankie marked the ***D*** text that she would use.

She’d breathe into that microphone and ***A7*** send us all to ***D*** hell!

She had a guitar picker by the ***G*** name of Luther ***D*** Short;

A hairy legged soul lost out in ***A7*** sin.

She would ***D*** turn and smile at Luther when the ***G*** program would com- ***D*** mence,

With a voice as sweet as angels', she would ***A7*** break out in a ***D*** hymn.

I was ***G*** picking for her too, with what we ***D*** called the doghouse bass;

I clung to every word that passed her ***A7*** lips.

She was ***G*** down on booze and cigarettes and ***D*** high on days to come

And she'd punctuate the prophecy with ***A7*** movements of her ***D*** hips.

The Lord knows how I loved her, He was ***G*** there each time she ***D*** preached,

But old Luther took her home each Sunday ***A7*** morn.

Looking ***D*** back I still recall the way it ***G*** hurt my tender ***D*** pride;

I longed to be a hero, but they're ***A7*** made not ***D*** born.

Some- ***G*** times old Luther showed up at the ***D*** studio half tight

And smoking was a thing he liked to ***A7*** do.

She ***G*** never said a word to him but ***D*** said a prayer for me.

I told her, in a way, that I've been ***A7*** praying for her ***D*** too.

One Sunday her old man showed up and ***G*** said that she was ***D*** gone.

Said she and brother Luther had a ***A7*** call.

***D*** I can see me standing in that ***G*** studio that ***D*** day;

I had to face the heartbreak, unem- ***A7***ployment and ***D*** all.

I ***G*** don't know where they are, cause I ain't ***D*** seen them people since.

Lord, if I judge 'em, let me give 'em lots of ***A7*** room.

***G*** I know Luther Short and he's a ***D*** hard old boy to change,

And I've often sat and wondered, who it ***A7*** was converted ***D*** whom.