

Bill Wells And Isobel Campbell, Preacher Boy

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