Sherrie Austin, Son Of A Preacher Man

Billy Ray was a preacher's son,
An' when his daddy'd visit, he'd come along.
When they gathered around and started talkin',
Oh, that's when Billy'd take me walkin';
Out through the back yard, we'd go walkin'.
An' then he'd look into my eyes, Lord knows, to my surprise.

The only one who could ever reach me,
Was the son of a preacherman.
The only boy who could ever teach me,
Was the son of a preacherman.
Yes, he was, he was; oh, yes he was.
Ooh.

Oh, bein' good isn't always easy,
No matter how hard I try.
When he started sweet-talkin' to me,
He'd come 'n tell me: "Everything is all right."
He'd kiss and tell me: "Everything is all right."
Can I get away again tonight?

The only one who could ever reach me,
Was the son of a preacherman.
The only boy who could ever teach me,
Was the son of a preacherman.
Yes, he was, oh, yes he was.

How well I remember, the look that was in his eyes.
Stealin' kisses from me on the sly.
Takin' time to make time;
Tellin' me that he's all mine.
Learnin' from each other's knowin',
Lookin' to see how much we've grown,

And the only one who could ever reach me,
Was the son of a preacherman.
The only boy who could ever teach me,
Was the son of a preacherman.
Yes, he was, he was; oh, yes he was.
He was, he was.

(The only one who could ever reach me.)
That sweet-talkin' son of a preacherman.
(The only boy who could ever teach me.)
He was the son of a preacherman.

Oh, (The only one who could ever move me.)
Yes, he was.
(The only boy who could ever groove me.)
That sweet-talkin' son of a preacherman.

(The only one who could ever reach me.)
Oh, yeah.
(The only boy who could ever teach me.)
Mmm, mmm.
Yes, he was, he was; oh, he was,
The son of a preacherman.