

The Suffering

Bel Canto

Billy-Ray was a preacher's son,
And when his daddy would visit he'd come along.
When they gathered round and started talkin',
That's when Billy would take me walkin',
A-through the backyard we'd go walkin'.
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 preacher man.
The only boy who could ever teach me,
Was the son of a preacher man.
Yes he was, he was,
Ooh, yes he was.
Being good isn't always easy,
No matter how hard I try.
When he started sweet-talkin' to me,
He'd come and 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 preacher man.
The only boy who could ever teach me,
Was the son of a preacher man.
Yes he was, he was,
(Ooh...) Lord knows he was
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 knowing,
Lookin' to see how much we've grown. And the only one who could ever reach me,
Was the son of a preacher man.
The only boy who could ever teach me,
Was the son of a preacher man.
Yes he was, he was,
Ooh, yes he was. The only one who could ever reach me,
He was the sweet-talking son of a preacher man.
The only boy who could ever teach me,
I kissed the son of a preacher man.
The only one who could ever move me,
The sweet-lovin' son of a preacher man

The only one who could ever groove me...

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