

Pastor Paul

@ David Pugh/Rick Lang

V1

In the great state of Ohio where the corn grows sweet and tall
Lived my friend, this farming man, known as Pastor Paul
He tilled the land with calloused hands, and how he loved our Lord
Four young hungry mouths to feed and a wife that he adored

V2

God sent Paul a message in a vision late one night
Laid down your plow and harrow
leave that farming life
Down in old Kentucky you could find him every week
Standing at the pulpit, tending to his sheep

Chorus

Preaching was his calling, to spread God's Holy word
He could write a sermon like you never heard
In a voice so sincere with that southern drawl
Planting different kinds of seeds
In those hallowed halls
That was pastor Paul

V3

Paul reached out to everyone
He had a heart of gold
He'd let me tag along with him
As he saved lost souls.
I'd follow in His footsteps, became a preaching man
Everything I am today I owe
to my best friend

V4

Got to see him one last time when he turned ninety three
Then the good Lord called him home, Paul went so peacefully
On that day I took his place, in that church beneath the pines
Planting seeds, trying to keep, Paul's legacy alive