

# Preacher Man

Bananarama

Its like a magic  
I've got to have it  
Whatever lies out of reach of me  
And to despise it  
Just magnifies it  
Can't obliterate the need

You're bad news disguised  
Dressed and painted with lies  
But I just can't see  
When truth is concealed  
How the danger appeals  
But my conscience sees

I heard it from the preacher man  
He said leave that boy alone  
He's no good for you  
I heard it from the preacher man  
He said heaven must have sent you  
But the devil's gonna get you  
He's gonna do it for you

You're like a black cat  
Who always knows that  
It's life is a mystery  
You mesmerize me  
And then you hypnotize me  
'Til obsession devours me

You're silky words soothe me  
As they move me  
To ecstasy  
And just as I'm falling  
I hear a voice calling  
Don't believe

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He's gonna do it for you