The Ballad of Aimee McPherson

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Did you ever hear the story of Aimee McPherson?
Aimee McPherson, that wonderful person,
She weight a hundred eighty and her hair was red
And preached a wicked sermon, so the papers said.

cho: Hi dee hi dee hi dee hi
Ho dee ho dee ho dee ho.

Aimee built herself a radio station
To broadcast her prraching to the nation.
She found a man named Armistead who knew enough
To run the radio while Aimee did her stuff.

Shc held a camp meeting out at Ocean Park
Preached from early morning 'til after dark.
Said the benediction, folded up her tent,
And nobody knew where Aimee went.
When Aimee McPherson got back from this journey,
Shc told her tale to the district attorney.
Said she'd been kidnapped on a lonely trail.
In spite of all the questions, she stuck to her tale.

Well, the Grand Jury started an investigation,
Uncovered a lot of spicy information.
Found out about a love nest down at Carmel-by-the-Sea,
Where the liquor was expensive and the loving was free.

They found a cottage with a breakfast nook,
A folding bed with a worn-out look.
The slats were busted and the springs were loose,
And the dents in the mattress fitted Aimee's caboose.

Well they took poor Aimee and they threw her in jail.
Last I heard she was out on bail.
They'll send her up for a stretch, I guess,
She worked herself up into an awful mess
Now Radio Ray is a going hound;
He's going yet and he ain't been found.
They got his description, but they got it too late.
Sin they got it, he's lost a lot of weight.

Now I'll end my story in the usual way,
About this lady preacher's holiday.
If you don't get the moral then you're the gal for me
Cause they got a lot of cottages down at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

From the liberated Woman's Songbook, Silverman.
Note: It happened in 1926. Lasted 36 days. Results inconclusive.
Armistead was really Kenneth Ormison, her radio engineer.
Hallelujah! RG

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