

Aimee McPherson

B7

Oh have you heard the story 'bout Aimee McPherson?

Em

Aimee McPherson that wonderful person.

B7

She weighed a hundred-eighty and her hair was red;

Em

She preached a wicked sermon so the papers all said.

Refrain:

A hi-dee hi-dee hi-dee hi ho-dee ho-dee ho-dee ho!

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

Now they had a camp meeting down at Ocean Park
Preached from early morning till after dark
Said the benediction and folded up the tents
Then nobody knew where Aimee went.

Now Aimee McPherson got back from her journey
She told her story to the District Attorney
She said she had been kidnapped on a lonely trail
And in spite of a lot of 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 is expensive and the loving is free.

Oh they found a little cottage with a breakfast nook
A folding bed with a worn-out look,
The slats was busted and the springs was 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.

Radio Ray is a goin' hound
A-goin' yet and he ain't been found
They got his description but they got it too late
'Cause since they got it he's lost a lot of weight.

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