

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Skinnydipping Baptism

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(songwriter unknown)

I was swinging from a vine, with some good old pals of mine
Down at the swimming hole one hot July.
We were feeling kind of free, left our clothes hung in a tree,
Went skinny-dipping, Jim, and Ted, and I.

Well we soon heard voices rising, and here comes this big baptizing
To invade this little spring in which we swam.
We could hear old Sister Brewster, squawking like a banty rooster,
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

It was too late to reach the bushes to hide our little tushes,
So we swam behind some cattails in the spring;
That day the water in our pool it was a little more than cool,
But we settled down to watch them praise and sing.

There was fat old Pastor Strock heading up his little flock.
Three young girls in long white dresses stood apart.
There was Sue, and Amadare wearing daisies in her hair
With Shirlene Brown the secret longing of my heart.

Jimmy let some bubbles rise, laughed when Teddy crossed his eyes.
I said, "Now straighten up you guys, we're in a jam."
While on the shore old Sister Kidd was chirping like a katydid,
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Sitting on some cypress roots, Pastor Strock took off his boots,
Rolled his sleeves up, took the socks right off his feet.
Took his wallet from his pocket, motioned to his wife to watch it,
Then led the girls waist-deep out in the creek.

Trapped air balloons their dresses, billowed up around their tresses.
We settled down to see what we could see.
While on the shore, old Deacon Tater bellowed like an old bull gator,
"Rock of ages let me hide myself in thee."

Our lips were turning blue, but there was nothing we could do.
I guess we thought we'd be caught committing sin.
Our teeth begin to chatter and some parts that really matter
We wondered if we'd ever find again.

Jimmy caused our blood to curdle when he whispered "Snapping turtles

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Like to hang around in all this breshy stuff."
Six hands went down in circumspect; there was manhood to protect.
And to sow the seeds of fear, he'd said enough.

Just then a bluegill took a nip out of Teddy's lower hip.
And that poor boy went all to pieces and he hollered, "Oh, Jesus!"
And the preacher said, "Amen," as I pulled him down again.
No one saw us but things are getting wild out there.

Preacher reached out for Shirlene. the purtiest girl I've ever seen.
Put a folded handkerchief across her nose.
With a shout he ducked her under, as I stood in dread and wonder,
My heart stood still the moment she arose.

Well, that white dress looked fantastic clinging just like shrinkwrapped plastic
,
What the water did, I scarcely could believe,
While on shore the congregation joined in this harmonization,
"Oh, we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

"Hallelujah!" they were shouting and a fever pitch was mounting
When a strange awareness caused my heart to thump
Looking back, to my surprise, I caught sight of beady eyes,
And there, behind us, coiled around a stump

There was the biggest water moccasin; no amount of anti-toxin
Could save the life of anything he bit.
Jimmy jumped and hollered, "Snake!" and left us in his wake.
There was nothing left for us to do but split.

Now some folks say we walked on water; I just know the preacher's daughter
Passed out cold when we went streaking down the shore.
Her father used vocabulary they don't teach in seminary.
Women screamed, men for vengeance against us swore.

They called the sheriff and protested; we all three got arrested,
Shirley Brown never spoke to me that day
While on the shore old Deacon Deangin, blind and deafly singing,
"Away, oh glory, I'll fly away!"

The guy that told me about it finally recorded the guy he heard sing it and gave
me a copy. Don't even know the name of it, but here are the words. The tune is
similar to Blind Alfred Reed's "Woman was made after man" or "My Cross-eyed Gal,
" neither of which I was able to find in the database. It could also be sung to
the tune of "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," et.al.

NS
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