I Kissed a Shirelle

by Con Chapman

I was out of college and at loose ends in a small town in Missouri. I was making no progress with my circle of friends who were anything but in a hurry.

We'd hang around with nothing to do on a Friday and Saturday night.

Idle minds get in trouble—and so would you—seeing nothing but dull rural sights.

And then one day I read in the pages of the local rag called The Bazoo that our burg would be graced by those 60's rages—The Shirelles! They were coming through!



If you're too young to recall "Doo ronde ronde" and "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?"—

I have only the most abject pity for you, your loss is the source of much sorrow.

That night I went to the Ramada Inn on the western edge of town and asked where and when the music'd begin and was shown to some stairs to walk down.

It was, all in all, a sad final act for one of the great girl groups;

folding tables and chairs (vinyl backed) to sit in and hear "Baby It's You."

There was the obligatory opening act, four guys in a soul revue, who would serve the girls to musically up-back as best as they could do.

They ran through their numbers, instrumental, while I drank my two-drink minimum.

Then three or four more, it got detrimental, to anything but mortal sinimum.

I was getting impatient, drumming my fingers on a tacky plastic table mat, when the bandleader said time to bring on the singers who're the reason you are where you're at.

They were in fine form and they brought down the house as they sang and danced through their hits, hair piled high, wearing low-cut blouses that revealed their gorgeous, uh, figures.



As the night wound down, before they headed out of town the girls gave us one final treat; they came into the audience in their elegant gowns and one pulled me out of my seat!

When the President asks you to the White House you put on your best coats and pants; so what do you do when a Shirelle asks you if you're in the mood to dance?

You get up, of course, and do as best you can as I did in front of the yokels—every woman, child and man—and hope you don't look like a jokel.



And then came the moment, when I'm dead in a ditch, 'twill be remembered if anybody missed me;
As the song ended a Shirelle (I don't know which)
Leaned close and breathlessly kissed me!

As I lie on my deathbed at the end of my days, Whether I'm going to heaven or more likely, hell The last words the few mourners will hear me say Are just these and no more: "I kissed a Shirelle."