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Freddy Cannon "Abagail Beecher"

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Hey, everybody get out of the street now I hear the roar of an XKE now Sloppy sweater and pony tail And the cop on the corner is turnin' pale Whoo! It's Abigail Beecher, our history teacher

All the kids are just crazy about her Central High would be a drag without her She knows her history from A to Z She digs the monkey and the Watusi Whoo! It's Abigail Beecher, our history teacher

Whoo!

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We're out in the hall and a-changin' classes Plays guitar, wears blue sunglasses She's prim and proper and a real swinger She's gonna be a rock-and-roll singer Whoo! It's Abigail Beecher, our history teacher

Whoo!

History class is getting' bigger and bigger They come from miles 'cause they really dig her The P.T.A. was real sore When she walked in with a red surf board Whoo! It's Abigail Beecher, our history teacher

Whoo!

C'mon, girl Aw, you're too much! Whoo! C'mon, girl Whoo!

FADE

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