

Freddy Cannon **"Abigail 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 turning pale

(CHORUS)
Woo, It's Abigail Beecher
Our history teacher

All the kids
Are just crazy bout her
Central High would be
A drag without her

She knows her history
From A to Z
She digs the monkey
And the Watusi

(CHORUS)

Woo

We're out in the hall
And a-changing classes
Plays guitar
Wears blue sunglasses

She's prim and proper
And a real swinger
She's gonna be
A rock and roll singer

(CHORUS)

Woo

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 surfboard

(CHORUS)

Woo, come on, girl
Aw, you're too much
Woo, come on, girl, woo

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