

Jeff Beck "Peter Gunn"

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Every night your line is busy
All that buzzing makes me dizzy
Couldn't count on all my fingers
All the dates you had with swingers

Bye, bye, bye, baby
I'm gonna kiss you goodbye
And go right through that doorway
So long, I'm leaving
This is the last time we'll meet
On the street going your way

Don't look surprised
You know you've buttered your bread
So now it's fair
You should stare at the back of my head
If you write a letter to me
My former friend, don't you end with an RSVP

I'm going bye, bye, I'm moving
Tomorrow I may be splitting to Britain or Norway
I'm saying bye, bye, bye baby
Now that I heard all that jazzing
Whereas I have had it, I've had it

I'm through now with you now
So baby it's 'Au revoir'
Adios, ciao, ciao, goodbye

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