

Abigail Beecher

Freddy Cannon

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!

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!