

## 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!