

# Buck Owens, Adios, Farewell, Goodbye, Good Luck

I don't wanna see you peeking through my window  
I don't wanna hear you call me on the phone  
I don't wanna hear you knocking on my door babe  
Adios, farewell, goodbye, good luck, so long.

Well you put me through my paces like a champion  
Like a champion, I jumped through the hoop for you  
But that's all over now, go find a brand new sucker  
Congratulations dear, I've had the course with you  
I don't wanna see you peeking.

--- Instrumental ---

Well I guess I'll have to get an act of congress  
To convince you that our love affair's all through  
Every time you snap your fingers I come running  
But that's all over now I'm sick and tired of you  
I don't wanna see you peeking.

Adios, farewell, goodbye, good luck, so long...