

Freddy Cannon, Abigail Beecher

Hey everybody get out of the street now,
I hear the roar of an XKE now,
Flops and sweater and a ponytail,
And the cop on the corner is turnin' pale,
Whoa! 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'd teach a monkey, and watch and see,
Whoa! It's Abigail Beecher,
Our history teacher,
Whoa!

We're out in the hall and changin' classes,
Plays guitar and wears blue sunglasses,
She's friendly, pop'lar and a real swinger,
She's gonna be a rock 'n' roll singer,
Whoa! It's Abigail Beecher,
Our history teacher,
Whoa!

History class is gettin' bigger and bigger,
They come for miles 'cause they really dig her,
The PTA was really floored,
When she walked in with a red surfboard,
Whoa! It's Abigail Beecher,
Our history teacher,
Whoa! Come on, girl!
Aw, you're too much!
Whoa!
Come on, girl!
Whoa!