

# The Guess Who, So Long, Bannatyne

Well he moved out of the city from his little tiny place alone  
Yes he moved out of the city from his little tiny place alone  
So long Bannatyne, hello my Chevrier home.

Well now there might be a few things missin'  
Like the Indians on a Saturday night  
Yes there might be just a few things missin'  
Like the odd hotel bar fight  
So long Bannatyne, hello my Chevrier home.

Maybe in the summer I can build myself a rec room  
And buy a power mower for the lawn,  
Or maybe that depends on the orders from the office and accountants and the label and Don  
The Emperor...

Hello my Chevrier  
Hello my Chevrier  
Hello my Chevrier adobe,  
I'm so proud of it, speak so loud of it, always.

Yes I moved out of the city and I left my Bannatyne behind  
Oh I moved out of the city and I left my Bannatyne behind  
I really like it here,  
The people are kind to me, at quarter to three  
When I sail my red Chevy past the house on the breeze  
I'm huggin' and a kissin' and a smoochin' and a lovin'  
Ballin' and a partyin', fightin' day and night  
And everybody knows that that's the way it goes,  
So long Bannatyne.  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

== Credits ==

\* Composers: Burton Cummings/Kurt Winter