

Peter Gunn

Jeff Beck

Every night your line is busy,
All that buzzin' makes me dizzy.
Couldn't count on all my fingers
All the dates you had with swingers.

Bye-bye.
Bye, baby.
I'm gonna kiss you goodbye
And walk right through that doorway.

So long.
I'm leaving.
This is the last time we'll meet
On the street going your way.

Don't look surprised
You know you've buttered your bread.
Now it's fair
You should stare

At the back of my head.
If you write a letter to me,
My former friend
Don't you end

With an R.S.V.P.