

## 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.