

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...