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Good-bye Christina Swanson.

Lyric by
Bob Adams.

Music by
Terry Sherman.

Moderato.

By yim - 'ny boss I got a lot of trouble,
I like Chris-tine I tank shewas a la - dy, But

tell you I'm so mad - some I can be, _____ My
now bee - gee I tank I was a fool, _____ In

gal Chris-tine she throw me down last Mon - day, She try to make a rum-my out of
San - ta Paul she got an - oth - er fell - ar, She says I am so cra - zy like a

me, She run a-round with ev -'ry Yack and Yohn - ny,
mule, I get so mad that I scood like to shoot her,

say Chris-tine by yol-ly shame on you, She laugh to me right in my face, I
tell you Yack by yol-ly that's no yoke, I say Christine I will skid-doo, I

tell you I get sore, There's no use monk-ying round I tank I'm through.
got e-nough from you, I'm goin' to yump be -fore you got me broke.

Chorus.

Good - bye Chris - tin - a Swan - son, I'm goin' to yump back

to Wis - con - sin, You have got har too much Yon - son
 twen - ty sex for you, Good - bye Chris - tin - a Swan - son
 I won't stand for this here non - sen, I'm goin' back to
 Huld - a Carl - son, Pooh, Pooh, for you. you.