

Too Much Giddyup

Canned Heat

All fixed up, ready to roll
He's feelin' his oats
So he's hittin' the road
No destination, nothin' on his mind
Just a strange premonition
He's gonna meet a deadline
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
All dressed up and no place to go
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
Whoa, oh oh oh oh
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
A cloud of dust and a rebel yell
Pedal to the metal
Gonna raise a little hell
Ain't got no script but he puts on a show
He's playin' the fool
And he was born for the roll
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
His fuse is lit and it's about to blow
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
Whoa, oh oh oh oh
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
Doesn't know just where he's goin' until he's there
No need for him to hurry, but he don't care
--- Guitar Solo ---
He's late for a date at the pearly gate
Speedin' in the fast lane
To an early grave
Comin' to his deadline, and he's losin' control
There just might be fireworks
At the end of the show
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
First to come and the first to go
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
Whoa, oh oh oh oh
Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa
Whoa, oh oh oh oh
Whoa, oh oh oh oh
Whoa, oh oh oh oh