

# 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