

Red Sovine, Giddy-Up-Go

The highways that wind and wander over mountain and valleys deserts and plains
I guess I've drove about all of 'em
Cause for the past 25 years now the cab of a truck has been my home
And it'd be kinda hard for me to settle down and not be on the go
Why I remember the first truck I drove
I was so proud I could hardly wait to get home to show my wife and my little boy
And my little boy was so excited like so when he saw his first snow
He wasn't old enough to say too many words
He just kept hollering goddyup go daddy giddyup go
So that's what I named the old truck Giddyup go
Oh things wasn't too bad of course I's gone a lot
And after about six years I got home one day and found my wife and little boy gone
I couldn't find out what happened nobody seemed to know
So from that day on it's been me and old Giddyup go
I've made a lot of friends at all the truck stops
And some of 'em would kick me about my litle sign
Of course they knew where I got the name
Cause I told 'em about that little boy of mine
And how his first word about that old truck was Giddyup go
Today I was barrelin' down old 66
When up beside me pulled down a brand new diesel rig
Both stacks of blowin' black coal
And as she pulled around and back in front of me a big lump came in my throat
And my eyes watered like I had a bad old cold
A little sign on the back of the truck that read Giddyup go
Well I pushed old Giddyup go stayed right on him
Until the next truck stop where he'd pulled up
I waited till he went in and I offered to buy him a cup
Well we got to talkin' shop and I said
Now did you come by the name on your truck Giddyup go
Well he said I got it from my pop
Dad used to drive a truck that's what mom talked about a lot
You see I lost mom when I was just past sixteen and I lost all track of pop
Mom said he got the name from me
I shook his hand and told him that I had something I wanted him to see
I took him out to the old truck
And brushed off some of the dirt so the name would show
And his eyes got big and bright as he read Giddyup go
Oh we had a lot of things to talk about and buddy I felt like a king
And now we've just pulled back on old 66 and he's handled that big rig
Better than any gearjammer that I'd ever seen
Well now the lines on the highway have got much brighter glow
As we go roarin' down the road and me starin' at a little sign that reads Giddyup go