Canned Heat, Too Much Giddyup (Not Enough W

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 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 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 Too much Giddyup, not enough Whoa

Whoa, oh oh oh oh Whoa, oh oh oh oh Whoa, oh oh oh oh