

My Mighty G.T.O.

Jan & Dean

Go go G.T.O.

When your engine is hot and your foot hollers drag
Get your wheels on the line cause you won't run stag
Hold your clutch down tight and rev it up to go
You're bout to do business with my mighty G.T.O.

Go go go G.T.O. (Rev it up)
Go go go G.T.O. (Rev it up)
There's no match cause nothin' can catch my G.T.O.
Go go G.T.O.

On the way to the strip you know she shows lottsa style
And nobody takes her in the quarter mile
With three pots on the manifold and lowers on the hood
And a competition steering wheel that's made out of wood

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If you're looking' for speed you can get your kick's
Yeah you can wind her up to sixty in four point six
The Sting Ray's and the Cobra's never even show
Cause none of 'em can catch me in my mighty G.T.O.

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(Rev it up)
Go go go G.T.O. (Rev it up)
Go go go G.T.O. (Rev it up)
Go go go G.T.O. (Rev it up)