

Little Pony

The Pointer Sisters

Hurry up, dig a Little Pony I know
Say that so
I said hurry up, dig and Little Pony will blow
Ride, ride, ride
When he's blowin' pretty, what a musical treat
Say that so
Get him goin' steady, with a wonderful beat
Ride, ride, ride

Giddy up, giddy up, do me the ditty up
Giddy up, giddy up, go wake the city up
Giddy up, giddy up, once more I wanna repeat
(People pass word, he's the last word
That's the mass word)
They don't dig 'til he's big, then they wig

I said hurry up, dig a Little Pony I know
Say that so
I said hurry up, dig and Little Pony will blow
Ride, ride, ride

Want to say a lot about a Little Pony
Wanna celebrate the night the Pony booted up the big beat
And every time he got to cookin' everybody started lookin'
I can't stop tellin' what he was doin' to blow as though his heart was in it
every minute
Singin' with a pretty kind of sound
Really givin' every pound
Never actin' like the greatest cat around

Everybody dug and he had 'em really drinkin'
Like they did a lot of swiggin' from a gallon jug
And then he cooled a while, sentimental style

Later on a little while he had 'em swingin'
Stompin' the floor. Little Pony went a-ridin'
Illustratin' what a horn is really for
Had 'em comin' back for more
When they added up the score: Joy Galore

Been down east, did up the west
Come to find this Little Pony's the best

Anywhere you go they gotta saddle Little Pony with a solid reputation
Down around the main street, over on the hipper beat
People think of Little Pony as a real king
And his playin' is a pleasure-givin' thing
Blowin' a horn and ridin' go together
And forever give the kind of thrill a lot of people never wanna end
But dig me tellin' about it, baby
And I'm merely goin' through
He can figure it out an' do it

Blow your horn, do up the sound
Sing your song, you're really puttin' it down

A little bit of listenin' with a passable ear

Will get an awful lot of messages anywhere

Ride Pony, ride! (That's me)
Be my wailin' guide (I'd like to be your wailin' guide)
Keep on singin', I dig you're bringin' the word
(Get a load, I'm really singin')
Go, Pony go! (I really will go)
Put me in the know (I'd like to put you in the know)
Dig me wigg'in' that way you're diggin' I heard

Anybody ever made it out to the coast
They would tell you what I'm talkin' about -
Little Pony wailin' on the alto saxophone
Hollerin' "giddy up" and "gallop"

Ball, Pony, ball. (I really will ball)
Don't be slow at all
Don't be bashful, be like you're blowin' for me
(Take it from me. Gotta move along speedily)
Go, on go
Gotta get along, gotta do the coda. (Stay, blow)
It's really the end, you see. (Go on)
Well, thanks a lot, be really baby
I must quit the scene, if you know what I mean. (Be back?)
Hang around with me and you know it's a fact
You be for me, when you're hittin' the peak
Get a record that'll play a week
Could be good be-bop, could be