

## 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 wiggin' 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