

Hard To Be Cool (In A Minivan)

The Oak Ridge Boys

Sitting at a red light
Down around Sunset
Girl pulled up beside me,
In a candy-apple red Corvette
She pulled down her shades, gave me a wink,
Gave her a little smile back.
Then she laughed as she hit the gas,
I remembered where I was at.

'Cause it's hard to be cool when you're behind the wheel
Of an eight-passenger automobile.
In a big bubble, cruisin' down the street,
With-a Barney blarin' and a baby seat.
Hey, it can be done, but I'm tellin' you man,
It's hard to be cool in a minivan.

I used to have a souped-up hotrod,
Man I spared no costs.
Two-eighty four, four-on-the-floor,
Headers and dual-exhaust.
About the time the family came,
Well that's the first thing that went,
The preacher said, "For better or worse..."
Now I know just what he meant.

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Now, I wouldn't change my life a bit,
I'm a lucky man I know.
Just wish my wife and kids could fit,
In a '67 GTO. Ho-ho-ho.

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Of an eight-passenger automobile.
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It's hard to be cool in a minivan.

Come on boys, can I hear an "Amen"?
It's hard to be cool in a minivan.

I'm tryin' to be cool.
You kids keep it down back there,
Don't make me pull this thing over.
I mean it.
Honey, I am not lost. I am NOT lost.
I promise you, I know where I'm goin'.