

# Cool Down Willard

Ray Stevens

Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
You're just too hot for the farm  
I said, cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
You gotta throttle back on the charm  
Yeah, my wife and my grandma and my aunt May  
Go wild when you wave your toupee  
I said, cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
You're just too hot for the farm

Well, I'm up every morning at the crack of dawn  
But my wife's already up and got the TV on  
Just sittin' there, starin' at the test pattern  
You can't budge her from that spot  
She's waitin' for that early morning Today Show  
With that sexy weatherman, her superhero  
Old debonair, devil-may-care Willard Scott

"Oh, Willard, you're just the sweetest thing"  
"Now sit down, grandma, and put your teeth back in  
You're drooling all in your cream of wheat"  
"Oh, Willard"

Now grandma just ain't been the same  
Since her last birthday when Willard mentioned her name  
Right there on coast-to-coast TV  
Why, we had to step up her medication  
And the wife don't cook nor clean the home  
She's talkin' all day on the telephone  
'Bout what Willard said, what Willard wore  
Why, it's a serious situation

Said, cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
You're just too hot for the farm  
Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
You gotta throttle back on the charm  
Now there's just so much these women can take  
You're the hottest thing to ever hit Wild Lake  
I said, cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
You're just too hot for the farm

"Oh, here I am, Willard"  
"Come and take me, you handsome hunk"  
"Now grandma, don't get yourself all riled up"  
"Come on, Willard"  
"Grandma, what have you got on?"

Now grandma ain't been acting like she should  
Since she rode off to Frederick's of Hollywood  
She just puts on her little outfit  
And waits for Mister Excitement with the boutonnière  
The whole darn thing has just gone too far  
Why, they've even started talkin' 'bout gettin' a VCR  
So they can watch Willard 24 hours a day  
I tell you, it just ain't fair

Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
Why, this is worse than Elvis, or the Beatles

Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
Yeah, the way these women are just throwing themselves at this man  
What is it gonna take to get somebody to help me with the chores?  
Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
I mean, I'm out here working my fingers to the bone  
Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
Milking the cows, slopping the hogs  
Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
Feedin' them chickens, I'm sick of this  
I tell you, Willard, I'm out here killing myself  
And these women are all piled up in the bed there watchin' you on TV  
Cool down, Willard (Cool down)  
Cavorting around and trampling where their bed's at  
I tell you, Willard  
Willard  
(Cool down)