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)

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