

# John Michael Montgomery

## "Cool"

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He really liked flannel with big bore arms  
If you looked in his closet, it was all that you saw  
He'd dress up on Sunday, a body looked neat  
In a green leisure suit with wing tips on his feet

An' I hated the music he played in the car  
It was hard to believe he called those people stars  
They'd sang through their noses like they all had colds  
I guess it's hard to be cool when you're forty years old

An' I was fifteen and real hip with long hair  
An' I'd ask Mamma, I'm home "Why's Daddy so square?"  
An' I couldn't believe all that he didn't know  
I guess it's hard to be cool when you're forty years old

The night, I turned twenty, she came with the news  
Scared half to death, an' didn't know what to do  
An' I told her, "I'm sorry", but it's not too late  
There's a doctor I've heard of, who fixes mistakes

An' I thought he was workin', an' I was alone  
But he was standin' behind me when I hung up the phone  
He said, "Son, there's a few things you don't know about  
If you listen real close, we can figure this out"

'Cause I was eighteen and as wild as they came  
When one night, a young girl told me the same thing  
An' you wouldn't be here if she hadn't said no  
You see, it's hard to be cool when you're twenty years old

These days I like flannel an' old Levi jeans  
An' I look at my young boy, who just turned fifteen  
An' I know what he's thinkin', but it's okay, you know  
You see it's hard to be cool when you're fifteen years old

