

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 sing 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 my Momma: "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.
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 o.k., you know.
You see it's hard to be cool when you're fifteen years old.