

Are We There Yet?

Wakin', up at dawn to get an early start.
Just not my idea of havin' fun.
Loadin' up the trunk, getting' ready to depart,
Our family vacation has begun.

Two miles out of town and Mom forgot the map.
Sister wants to blast the radio.
Dad hit a bump, spilled hot coffee on his lap,
And little Bobby Joe has got to go.

Trav'lin' down the road, haulin' quite a load
Seein' things that no one could forget.
Miles and miles of fun just headin' for the sun
When someone always yells, (*"Are we there yet?"*)

Two days in the car, played ev'ry game we know.
When it comes to songs, we sang 'em all.
Counted license plates from Maine to Idaho,
Sang forty thousand bottles on the wall.

Got to Yellowstone, got bitten by a bear.
Then Old Faithful just refused to blow.
Had a flat in Omaha and Dad forgot the spare,
And little Bobby Joe still has to go.

Trav'lin' down the road, haulin' quite a load
Seein' things that no one could forget.
Miles and miles of fun just headin' for the sun
When someone always yells, (*"Are we there yet?"*)

Gave my sister quite a scare, Mother's pulling out her hair.
Daddy's lookin' kind of spent, Bobby Joe, he fin'lly went.
Now we're running out of gas, almost wished I was in class.
Then someone fin'lly yells, "We're here!" Yahoo!