

**ARE WE EVER GONNA GET THERE?**

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We left home an hour ago  
Gee fifty miles an hour sure feels slow  
In the back seat, with six other feet, one Teddy bear and a picnic basket  
First we act like monkeys in a zoo  
Then pretend we're cardboard, stuck to the seat with glue  
As we roll along, we sing every song  
With ten verses  
`til it makes Mom nervous...

**ARE WE EVER GONNA GET THERE?**

I'm so thirsty I could croak

**ARE WE EVER GONNA GET THERE?**

Hurry up. I just can't take another stupid joke!

Mom points out a tractor and a farm  
Jenny grabs my finger, and so i pinch her arm  
The Dad slows down and turns around  
He looks angry, so we sit there staring at each other  
And the cows and horses by the fence  
Then we count the license plates and all the cars with dents  
But we don't stop for a soda pop  
Or an ice cream cone--  
Please, I need to wee Mom...

**Repeat chorus**