

## New KARS-4-KIDS radio ad: Out of the frying pan and into the ...

I just received an e-mail from the 1-877-Kars-4-Kids people. As you may remember, my toddler started singing that charity's ubiquitous radio commercial after hearing it on KNBR. [I wrote a post in February cursing whoever was responsible for creating the earworm.](#)

Nearly six months later, Kars-4-Kids representative Steven Wedler replies:

*"You wondered in the article about what was going through our heads when we wrote the jingle. Honestly, not much. But we have matured since then as a charity, and as an organization, and we wanted you to be one of the first to get a taste of our newly redone jingle."*

Steven pointed to [this link on the charity's web site](#), where ~~the suffering masses~~ fans can vote to decide which version goes on the air. I've included the new video above and the old one at the end of this post. My vote is below ...

I want to start by getting one thing straight.

Let's say, theoretically, someone doused me with gasoline and set me on fire. And then they gave me the choice of getting doused with more gasoline, or getting thrown off the Bay Bridge into the water. This would be a very easy decision. I might even initially seem *grateful* for the choice. But that doesn't mean I'm a big fan of getting thrown off a bridge.

With that said, I'm going to vote for the new electric guitar version of Kars-4-Kids. Or maybe I'm just going to smash all of my appliances, drive my cars off a cliff and go live with a tribe of primitive farmers in Borneo who don't have a word for "radio." I'm still deciding.

The electric version continues to bring pain, which ricochets around my nervous system like a handful of superballs thrown in a broom closet. And there's something overproduced about it, like a post-"Bella Donna" Stevie Nicks solo album. But the driving guitar and drums make the commercial seem to go by faster than the acoustic version. This new jingle makes the tune seem less folksy-cute, which was a primary reason I wanted to punch myself in the face every time I heard it. Finally, it was a smart move showing me the kid in the video. There's something about the fact that the commercial was recorded by a cute child, and not a 55-year-old trying to sound like a kid, that makes me despise it less.

Now for some constructive criticism. For the sake of the next Kars-4-Kids jingle, which will no doubt be a rap, I offer the following advice:



You're still not getting my car.

1. The word today ... is pronounced "Too-day." Not "Tuh-day." As in "Donate your car two-day."
  2. It's the same thing. I appreciate your attempt to shake things up, but you didn't really do anything radically different here. Let's say my neighbor's dog craps on my lawn, and I ask him to clean it up. If he comes back and places a string of lights and plants some flowers around it, THERE'S STILL CRAP ON MY LAWN. Same with this.
  3. Get a new song. I don't want to sound all cocky, but we're a sophisticated market in the Bay Area. Would you consider re-recording a new jingle just for us? How about the choir from Glide Memorial Church? Or some Tuvan throat singers? You'll get a ton of cars from Berkeley if you do that. And be sure to re-write the melody entirely. I have a feeling Marvin Gaye himself could sing your current tune, and it would still hurt my head.
- If it sounds like I'm a little less angry this time, it's mostly because I'm tired. Just so tired. And to be fair, Steven and the Kars-4-Kids people had a very good sense of humor about my admittedly harsh last post. (His entire e-mail seemed very friendly and tongue-in-cheek.) Best of luck with the kars. And the kids.

[Vote at the Kars-4-Kids web site.](#)