

Jizz In My Pants

The Lonely Island

Andy:

Lock eyes from across the room
Down my drink while the rhythms boom
Take your hand and skip the names
No need here for the silly games
Make our way through the smoke and crowd
The club is the sky and I'm on your cloud
Move in close as the lasers fly
Our bodies touch and the angels cry
Leave this place go back to yours
Our lips first touch outside your doors
A whole night what we've got in store
Whisper in my ear that you want some more

And I

Jizz in my pants

This really never happens you can take my word
I won't apologize, that's just absurd
Mainly your fault for the way that you dance

And now I

Jizz in my pants Don't tell your friends or I'll say you're a slut
Plus it's your fault, you were rubbing my butt
I'm very sensitive, some would say that's a plus
Now I'll go home and change

Jorma:

I need a few things from the grocery

Do things alone now mostly

Left me heartbroken not lookin' for love
Surprise in my eyes when I looked above
The checkout counter and I saw her face
My heart stood still so did time and space
Never thought that I could feel real again
But the look in her eyes said I need a friend
She turned to me that's when she said it
Looked me dead in the face, asked "Cash or Credit?"

And I

Jizzed in my pants

It's perfectly normal, nothing wrong with me
But we're going to need a cleanup on aisle 3
And now I'm posed in an awkward stance

Because I

Jizzed in my pants To be fair you were flirting a lot
Plus the way you bag cans got me bothered and hot
Please stop acting like you're not impressed

One more thing, I'm gonna pay by checkAndy:
Last week - I saw a film
As I recall it was a horror film
Walked outside into the rain
Checked my phone and saw you rang and I
Jizzed in my pantsJorma:
Speeding down the street when the red lights flash
Need to get away need to make a dash
A song comes on that reminds me of you and I
Jizz in my pantsAndy:
The next day my alarm goes off and I
Jizz in my pantsJorma:
Open my window and a breeze rolls in and I
Jizz in my pantsAndy:
When Bruce Willis was dead at the end of Sixth Sense I
Jizzed in my pantsJorma:
I just ate a grape and I
Jizzed... in... my pantsAndy:
I went check...
Jizzed... in... my pants
Okay, seriously you guys, can we... okay...Both:
I jizz right in my pants every time you're next to me
And when we're holding hands it's like having sex to me
You say I'm premature, I just call it ecstasy
I wear a rubber at all times, it's a necessityJorma:
Cuz I
Jizz... in... my pants
(I jizz in my pants, I jizz in my pants, yes I jizz in my pants, yes I jizz in my pants)
Yes I jizz... in... my pants
(I jizz in my pants, I jizz in my pants)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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