

# Where'd You Get Those Pants

Fishbone

Where'd you get those pants?  
Grabbin' flesh and moanin' like a Buddhist chant  
Polyester friction rubbin' butt  
Pedal pushers pumpin', I can't get enough  
Hip huggin' puts me in a trance

Ohhh, where'd you get those pants?  
Lord have mercy

Where'd you get those pants?  
Like honey stickin' to a jar attractin' ants  
It makes me alivate when your chocolate shakes  
So gimme double chili cheese and bacon cake  
And throw me in a side of romance

Girl, where'd you get those pants  
Hey foxy lady

This shiny silver sweaty shirt stuck to my skin  
Reveals the hot and helpless hungry state I'm in  
You give my brand new pants a brand new happy fit  
You really got me movin'  
So let me get you groovin'

Where'd you get those pants  
Let's hit the parking lot for a second glance  
In the back seat of my Cadillac, let's take a chance  
Them bitchy britches look so dope  
Hittin' switches til it itches, let's lose control

Where'd you get those pants?  
I can dig it  
Where'd you get those pants?

Click like a camera flash  
And them Spandex  
Making me erect  
Ahh, those daisy dukes  
The way they ridin' up the booty  
Make an old man just get up and dance  
And take all his Viagra

The fit on the hip makes my backbone slip  
The slope of the curve hits the rawest nerve  
Those silky thighs they hypnotize  
You're messin' up my mind

The fit on the hip makes it worth the trip  
The slope of the curve hits the rawest nerve  
Thsoe silky thighs they hypnotize  
You're messin' up my mind