

# Jizz in My Pants

The Lonely Island

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

I need a few things from the grocery  
Do things alone now mostly  
Left me heart-broken, not lookin' for love  
Surprised in my eyes when I looked above

The checkout counter and I saw a 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 clean-up 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 check

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 pants  
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 pants

The next day my alarm goes off  
And I jizz in my pants  
Open my window and a breeze rolls in  
And I jizz in my pants

When Bruce Willis was dead at the end of Sixth Sense  
I jizzed in my pants  
I just ate a grape  
And I jizzed in my pants  
I went to the, jizzed in my pants  
(Okay, seriously you guys, can we? Okay?)

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 necessity

'Cause I jizz in my pants  
(I jizz, yes, 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, yes, I jizz in my pants)