

Arse Huggin' Pants

Spiderbait

yesterday i got so stressed
i heard there's people half undressed;
poor and sick no credit card
they can't afford the cover charge;

how can i think once my butt starts to wriggle in time;
all of my cares and my thoughts just go out of my mind;
i hit the dance floor with faintly familiar songs,
i'm counting the calories.

we've got to do something for all the poor;
what we need now is an ambassador;
we'll send them Kylie to teach them to dance;
and maybe whip up some arse hugging pants;
how can they think once their butts starts to wriggle
in time?
all of their cares and their thoughts just go out of
their mind;
they'll hit the dance floor with faintly familiar
songs,
they're counting the calories.

we should go out to the refugee camps;
and turn them into hot discotheques;
all of the people will then hear the call;
all of the world under one mirror ball;
how can they think once their butts starts to wriggle
in time?
all of their cares and their thoughts just go out of
their mind;
they'll hit the dance floor with faintly familiar
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