

The Cramps, I Wanna Get In Your Pants

May I have this dance?
Can I get in your pants?
May I squeeze on them shoes?
Sing you maybe some blues?
I wanna wear your rain coat.
Dance around the house.
Your leopard skin and chain tote.
Has got me so aroused.

Baby you got the clothes.
Baby, you've got romance.
You got the moves.
So, while I got the chance...
I wanna get in your pants
I wanna get in your pants
I wanna get in your pants
I wanna get in your pants

To just unzip the back
Baby, that's where it's at
Can I try on that hat?
Give you my baseball bat
Oh baby it's uncanny
Bout them there Sunday panties
Hey, today ain't Sunday
Get 'em off o'your fanny

Oh, under your underpants
You got a wonderful ass
It's in the back o' my mind
But, meanwhile, back at the ranch
I wanna get in your pants
I wanna get in your pants
I wanna get in your pants
I wanna get in your...ooh

Did I tell you I'm in a band
And I can do handstands too
I got this burning desire
To don that darling attire
How that elastic snaps
Against my kneecaps
I wanna wiggle into
Your powdered rubber skin...ooh

Baby, you got the clothes
You got romance
You got the boots
So, I just gotta ask
Can I get in your pants?
Can I get in your pants?
I wanna get in your pants
I wanna get in your pants