The Lonely Island, Space Olympics

Reach for the stars!

You stand on a distant planet

Skyline of red plateaus

Strange air and vegetation

You're a winner!

Welcome to the Space Olympics

The year Thirty Twenty Two

Take part in a grand tradition

Your name echoes in the holes of the universe!

Believe in yourself!

Take your game into outer space!

Every single galactic athlete

Needs a coded ID badge

Drug tests are mandatory

You're a winner!

The Athlete's Village is on Zargon

You all get a junior suite

We don't cover incidentals

So keep your ass off the minibar!

You're the best in the world!

Brace yourself 'cause there's no gravity!

You're in the motherfuckin' Space Olympics!

Let it be known by every nation

You'll only get one meal a day

There was a bit of a budget SNAFU

And food funding is insufficient

We can't really enforce a curfew

As there is no light or sound

Just one of the many problems

With hosting a sporting event in space.

Attention all athletes. There are minor scheduling adjustments.

Space Disc! Is totally cancelled.

Space Swords! Is totally cancelled.

Space Luge! Is also cancelled.

And all other events are pending!

Welcome to your Space Olympics

All the oxygen has run out

And someone who will not be named

Accidentally hit self-destruct

As you file to your escape pods

I'll distract the alien hordes

And as I stare death in the face I know my sins will take me to hell.

You do it for the love

My love

And there ain't no woman that could take your spot my love