

# Dancin' And Pantsin'

## Adam Sandler

When I was a young man  
I didn't like to dance, I was shy  
I'd stand against the wall all night  
I'd never take a chance, so afraid  
I wouldn't get on that dance floor  
Unless I was really drunk, 10 shots  
But I found a place where the stars hang out  
And they taught me how to funk  
Real nasty, it ain't too far away  
It's just on the edge of town, nearby  
But be ready when you get there  
'Cause these folks don't fuck around  
You can, rub your belly with Liza Minelli  
Covered in jelly, you're gonna rub your belly  
Jiggle your droopy balls with singin' Lou Rawls  
Bounce off the walls, then jiggle them droopy balls  
Grind your hips with the blond guy from CHIPS  
Lick your lips  
Stroke it clean with Martin Sheen  
It's fucking obscene  
Clench your ass-cheeks tight  
With sexy grandma Betty White  
You'll see the light when your sphincter's tight  
If you don't know how to move  
Just feel the groove  
And dance, like you just shit your pants  
Spin like a little girl  
With cross-dressing Milton Berle  
Just give it a whirl  
Pretend you're a little girl  
Wave that juicy weeno with legendary Al Pacino  
Wave your weeno, even more obsceno  
Knock back a drink with Colonel Klink  
Piss in the sink  
Bounce your beef with Omar Sharif  
What a relief  
Ring the disco bell with ice cream wizard Tommy Carvel  
Tommy Carvel gonna make your dink swell  
Then spew all over the room

With Mr. Jeffery Goldblum  
And dance, like you just shit your pants  
Mr. Belvedere, fatty, fatty  
Finger in his own rear  
Bernard King, basketball, basketball  
Showing off his ding-a-ling  
Swimming Mark Spitz  
Mustache, mustache  
Playing with his hairy tits  
Big Earl Weaver, Tommy Seaver  
Both of them got the boogie fever  
You can, do the hustle with seven-footer Billy Russell  
Do the fucking hustle, jerking your love muscle  
Shake your big, round ass with the ghost of Mama Cass  
Blast from the past, the ghost of Mama Cass  
Dry-hump the floor with Mary Tyler-Moore  
Pump it sore  
Squeeze your nipple like baldy Mr. Whipple  
Drink some Ripple  
Give it a hearty whack  
With TV great Victor Tayback  
When you give it a whack  
Don't hurt the nut-sack  
So if the thought of grooving is bringing you down  
Come to the funkiest place in town  
The stars will show you how to move  
And dance, like you just shit your pants

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