

**James Bonamy****"I Got Ants In My Pants"**

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Ow, hey

Tell me what you're  
Gonna do about that  
Tell me what you're gonna do  
I got to know about that

Is your love for real  
Do you know how I feel  
Tell me what you're  
Gonna do about that

I got ants in my pants  
And I need to dance  
Come on

I got ants in my pants  
And I need to dance  
Some big fine mama  
Come and give me a chance

Hey, hey, hey  
I got ants in my pants  
And I need to dance  
Some big fine looker  
Gonna make me prance

Come on, hey, hey  
You need someone to love you  
I'm the one  
I'm a good fine loving  
Son of a gun

Come on, hey  
Do ya, do ya  
I love you, yes, I do  
With all my heart and soul  
I need you, yes, I do  
Don't let my love grow cold

Squeeze me tight

Hold me right  
Make me know you're mine  
Do you need all my love  
Yes, it's always fine

I want you, yes, I do  
With all my heart and soul  
I need you, yes, I do  
Don't let my love grow cold

Ahhh, Good God  
I said it's good now  
I said, baby, it's good now

Come on, bring me up  
Lift me up on the other side  
I said you got to lift me up  
On the other side

You got to lift me  
I said, ah, on the other  
You got to lift me up  
Good God, come on  
Bring your, bring your  
Bring your, aaahhh

Good God  
You got to lift me up  
On the other side  
You, you, you, you, you

I got ants in my pants  
And I need to dance  
Hey, hey, hey

I feel it  
You know that I feel it  
You know that I feel it

I got ants in my pants  
And I need to dance  
Some big fine mama  
Come and give me a chance

Hey, hey, hey  
You need someone to love you  
I'm the one  
I'm a good hard fighting  
Loving son of a gun

