

## Sudden Death

### "Fat Chicks In Spandex"

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Oh no, there they go another herd of elephants  
With big fat legs in tight black pants  
And an image of themselves that can't be clear  
'Cause it's obvious they ain't never looked in a mirror  
Following fashion is no surprise  
But when the fashion follows the form of your thighs  
And reveals every mound and cluster of fat  
Then it's time to take 'em off and take the damn things  
back  
But no, they gotta go strut their stuff  
And I'm here to say that enough is enough  
Spandex shorts, stretch pants and such  
If you weigh too much you're showin' way too much  
Spandex doesn't hide where you sag  
You look like a goddam hefty bad  
Wrappin' up all your cellulite wreckage  
Somethin' tells me it's gonna be one of those decades  
Marchin' in the mall two ton by two  
I guarantee that they're gonna sit by you  
Showin' off everything the fabric ain't fixin'  
Please God please no more fat chicks in spandex

Everywhere I go I just can't get away  
From the overweight legs gift wrapped every day  
I'm a humble man, I don't ask for much  
But it would be nice to keep down my lunch  
But I can't, they always walk by when I'm eating  
My muscles all lock and my heart starts beating  
Irregularly every time that I see  
A walking wooly mammoth in a woman's size three  
Clumps of fat popping out everywhere  
Her pants are so tight I can see all her hair  
It wiggles and wobbles when they're ridin' on a bike  
Now I know what Al Bundy must feel like  
The only thing I can imagine that would be any worse  
Is Roger Ebert in a speedo but that's a whole nother  
verse  
They wear 'em so much they're gonna wear the things  
up  
And when the pants give away they're gonna all hang  
out

Beauty's in the eye of the beholder but  
When these beauties walk by I keep my eyes shut  
Black abominations they're squeezin' their hips in  
Please God please no more fat chicks in spandex

If the back of your legs look like cottage cheese  
If you're talking scale says "get off please"  
If both of your breasts hang down to your knees  
Then you shouldn't be wearin' any spandex  
If you look like you're related to the Toxic Avenger  
If a whale gets beached and you try to befriend her  
If a mechanic sees your body and attaches a fender  
Then you won't look good in those spandex  
I'm gonna find who designed them it's all his fault  
I'm afraid I'm gonna turn into a pillar of salt  
When I accidentally look at a derriere  
That looks like a walking bean bag chair  
This has to be a dream but I can't wake up  
It's too horrible a story to ever make up  
It's the curse of the 20th century man  
To be subjected to this torture again and again  
By comparison the Spanish Inquisition was tame  
Undersize pants on an oversize dame  
Just ain't the way I like to get my kicks  
Oh please God please no more fat chicks in spandex

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