

Sudden Death

"Wedgies"

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Fruit of the Loom, Calvin Klein
No matter what the underwear goes up your behind
Buy what size you want, the underwear don't stop
Clinin' up your butt for an embarrassing time
It's called a wedgie, and there's nothing you can do
Because the power of the wedge overpowers you
It's a magical force that pulls your underwear up
Get a wedgie and walkin' is tough

[chorus]

It's a magical force that nobody understands
It's a universal threat to your mind
Your voice gets hoarse and there's sweat in your hands
As the wedgie goes up your behind
Guard your back give a warning to your friends
Don't try livin' life on the edge
Watch out for the attack, it's a powerful trend
It's the magical force of the wedge

Some call it sick some call it obscene
You can see his butt-crack right through the dude's
jeans
I don't know which is worse, a wedge up their back
Or when they bend over, carpenter crack
It's a form of torture for nerds of all sorts
Just lift 'em in the air by the back of their shorts
I bought a couple pairs from a Star Trek store
And they boldly went where they've never gone before
Once they go up they feel like plastic
Time turns 'em into swiss cheese with an elastic
It won't be long, in fact it's quite soon
You can keep your pants on and still chuck a full moon
Everybody gets 'em, everybody picks 'em
Everybody hates it when their underwear tricks 'em
Some poeple pick wedgies discretely, some bold
Some poeple look like they're diggin' for gold

[chorus]

