

Lonely Island, The "Space Olympics"

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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

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