

# The Lonely Island, Space Olympics

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