

Aliens Love Underpants

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Aliens love underpants,
Of every shape and size.
But there are no underpants in space.
So here's a big surprise...

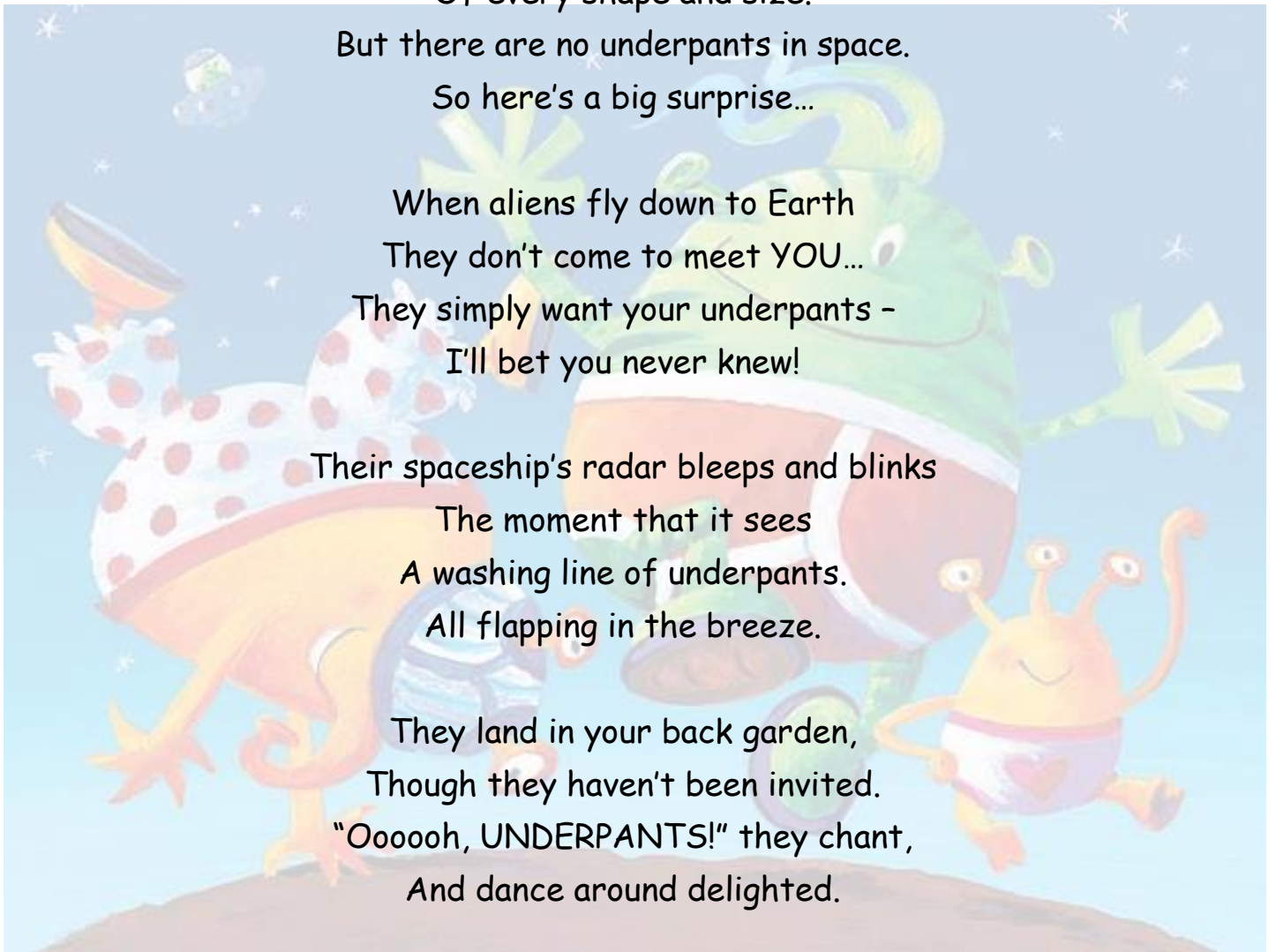
When aliens fly down to Earth
They don't come to meet YOU...
They simply want your underpants -
I'll bet you never knew!

Their spaceship's radar beeps and blinks
The moment that it sees
A washing line of underpants.
All flapping in the breeze.

They land in your back garden,
Though they haven't been invited.
"Ooooooh, UNDERPANTS!" they chant,
And dance around delighted.

They like them red, they like them green,
Or orange like satsumas.
But best of all they love the sight
Of Granny's spotted bloomers.

Mum's pink frilly knickers
Are a perfect place to hide,



And Grandpa's woolly long johns
Make a super-whizzy slide.

In daring competitions,
Held up by just one peg,
They count how many aliens
Can squeeze inside each leg.

They wear pants on their feet and heads
And other silly places.
They fly pants from their spaceships and
Hold Upside-Down-Pant Races!

As they go zinging through the air,
It really is pants-tastic.
What fun the aliens can have,
With pingy pants elastic!

It's not your neighbour's naughty dog,
Or next-door's funny game.
When underpants go missing,
The ALIENS are to blame!

But quick! Mum's coming out to fetch
The washing in at last.

Wheee! Off the aliens all zoom.
They're used to leaving fast...

So when you put your pants on.
Freshly washed and nice and clean.
Just check in case an alien
Still lurks inside, unseen!

