

Example, Toxic Breath feat. Britney Spears

It's getting late I have an inkling
That you would ra-ther stay out drinking
You're a dangerous, little pisshead,
(Drinking more than you need than you need to babe, that ain't not way for a girl to behave)
Look, even though you're proper fit
You kinda put me off because you smell a bit
Like a cross between
An ashtray and the sofa down the pub, darling give your tongue a scrub
Every weekend out on the town
You only ever stop when it all falls down
You can't string a sentence, legs don't work
Next day drinks cause your head still hurts
Your friend was pissed, you had more than she did
Face it love you drank more than you needed
I've tried pleading, you've tried reading self help books,
But they're misleading ? please love, you're getting worse by the day

[Chorus:]

Look you've spilt chardonnay all over you
And I still hang around there's no question your fit
So I still tell myself I'm in love with you
But your hair smells of fags and your breaths fucking toxic
I'm only telling you the truth,
Your toxic breaths fuckin rank
And I don't need no proof
Cause your hair smells of fags and your breaths fuckin toxic

I'm worried now that you're addicted
Cause you more than binge, you're unrestricted
I lay awake in bed at night
(Thinking about your liver and it makes me shiver)
I look at your smile and remember why
You're the sweet apple of my eye
If you carry on drinking, sinking into
Copious amounts of spirits, liquour
Lager, cider, you'll get wider,
And when you die your mum will cry
And I'll be right there sat beside her
Tryna hide her from the awful truth, that her daughter was a fuckin alci

[Chorus:]

Look you've spilt pinot G all over you
And I still hang around there's no question your fit
So I still tell myself I'm in love with you
But your hair smells of fags and your breaths fucking toxic
Look girl when we have sex,
It smells like I'm in a brewery
I don't know where we go next
Cause your hair smells of fags and your breaths fuckin toxic

Monday night just a bottle of pinot
Tuesday yet more bottles of vino
Wednesday night and you take a night off
Thursday your back on the Smirnoff
Friday night it's the cocktail menu
Saturday getting thrown out the venue
Sunday you lay comatose
Wouldn't be surprised if you'd overdosed, nah, not at all, cause you're a liability

[Chorus:]

Look I've spilt pinot g all over me!
And I still hang around there's no question your fit
So I still tell myself I'm in love with you
But your hair smells of fags and your breaths fucking toxic

You've spilt pinot G all over you
And I still hang around there's no question your fit
So I still tell myself I'm in love with you
But your hair smells of fags and your breaths fucking toxic