

Kate Nash, Mouthwash

This is my face, covered in freckles with the occasional spot and some veins.
This is my body, covered in skin, and not all of it you can see
And, this, is my mind, it goes over and over the same old lines
And, this, is my brain, it's torturous analytical thoughts make me go insane

And I use mouthwash
Sometimes I floss
I've got a family
And I drink cups of tea

I've got nostalgic pavement
I've got familiar faces
I've got mixed-up memories
And I've got favourite places

And I'm singing uh-oh on a Friday night
And I'm singing uh-oh on a Friday night
And I'm singing uh-oh on a Friday night and I hope everything's going to be alright
And I'm singing uh-oh on a Friday night and I hope everything's going to be alright

This is my face, I've got a thousand opinions and half the time to explain
And this is my body, no matter how you try and disable it, yes I'll still be here
And, this, is my mind, and although you try to infringe you cannot confine
And, this, is my brain, and even if you try and hold me back there's nothing that you can gain

'cause I use mouthwash
Sometimes I floss
I've got a family
And I drink cups of tea

I've got nostalgic pavement
I've got familiar faces
And I've got a mixed-up memories
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And I'm singing uh-oh on a Friday night
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Uh-oh-oh oh-uh-oh Uh-oh-oh oh-uh-oh (Repeat until end)