

Cledus T. Judd, Breath (Parody 'Breathe' - Faith Hill)

(Cledus T. Judd/Stephanie Bentley/Jeff Carter/Holly Lamar/Christopher Clark)

I can smell the onions floating in the air.
Must be something that you ate.
I can't imagine how your mouth must taste.
Forgive me if I turn away.

The slightest whiff just brings me to my knees.
I almost pass out in your arms.
I need a gas mask every time that you come near,
And the halitosis starts.

I can smell your breath.
It's chokin' me to death.
The only one who doesn't know is you.
Here's some gum to chew,
Oh Baby, there's no way of kissin' me.
Whaddya have for lunch.
Don't you ever brush?
Baby, a binoca blast or two's what I'd suggest.
I can smell your breath.

Bad breath.

It's tough to be there when your wakin' up.
And that green cloud fills up the room.
It's worsen than it's ever been before,
And I know, and you know,
(And everybody in a three mile radius knows!)
You should see a dentist soon.

'Cos I can smell your breath.
It's gaggin' me to death.
Somethin' must have died inside of you.
Whatcha oughtta do, is chase a cert or two with Listerine.
Even when you're gone,
The odour lingers on.
I'm buyin' you an Oral-B and a Jumbo tube of Crest.
'Cos I can smell your breath.

Bad breath.

Can't you smell the funk that's floating in the air.
Must be something that you ate.