

# Example, Toxic Breath feat. Britney Spears

It's getting late I have an inkling  
That you would rather 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, liquor  
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  
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