Breath

Cledus T. Judd

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 awayThe slightest whiff just brings me to my knees
Almost pass out in your arms
I need a gas mask every time that you come near
And the halitosis startsI can smell your breath it's choking me to death
The only who doesn't know is you here's some gum to chew
Baby there's no way you're kissing me
What you have for lunch? Don't you ever brush?
Maybe a Binaca Blast or two is what I'd suggest
I can smell your breath, bad breathIt's tough to be there when you're waking up
And that green cloud fills up the room
It's worser than it's ever been before and I know and you know
And everybody in a three mile radius knows, you should a dentist soonCause I can smell your breath it's gagging me to death
Something must have died inside of you
What you ought to do is chase a Cert or two with Listerine
Even when you're gone the odor lingers on
I'm buying you an Oral B and a jumbo tube of Crest
'Cause I can smell your breath, bad breathCan't you smell the fog that's floating in the air
Must be something that you ate

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