

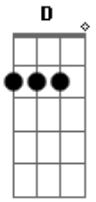
Owl City - Dental Care

Tom: D

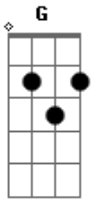
I brush my teeth
 And look in the mirror
 And laugh out loud
 As I'm beaming from ear to ear
 I'd rather pick flowers
 Instead of fights
 And rather than flaunt my style
 I'd flash you a smile
 Of clean pearly whites
 I've been to the dentist
 A thousand times, so I know the drill
 I smooth my hair, sit back in the chair
 But somehow I still get the chills
 Have a seat
 He says pleasantly
 As he shakes my hand
 And practically laughs at me
 Open up nice and wide

He says, peering in
 And with a smirk he says,
 "Don't have a fit, this'll just pinch a bit"
 As he tries not to grin
 When hygienists leave on long vacations
 That's when dentists scream and lose their patience (patients)
 Talking only brings the toothaches on
 Because I say the stupidest things
 So if my resolve goes south
 I'll swallow my pride with an aspirin
 And shut my mouth
 Golf and alcohol don't mix
 And that's why I don't drink and drive
 Because, good grief, I'd knock out my teeth
 And hafta kiss my smile goodbye
 I've been to the dentist
 A thousand times, so I know the drill
 I smooth my hair, sit back in the chair
 But somehow I still get the chills

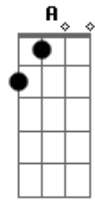
Acordes



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