

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

Talking only brings the toothaches on
Because I say the stupidest things
So if my result 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 have to kiss my smile goodbye

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