

**Katy Brand****"Valium"**

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Well most nights I come home  
On my own  
And I am completely slaughtered

And I get so off my face  
I'd crack a mirror  
'Cause I look like Satan's daughter

And I stagger through my door  
I'm pursued by all the press  
Yes, I need to brush my teeth and hide the bruises on  
my chest

Oh, I don't care that I'm living in a slum  
Even though I've got ten million  
I'm still on Valium  
Valium

So my husband's gone to jail  
I was going the same way, but I got a better lawyer

And I smoke crack anywhere  
Keep asylum seekers in my hair  
I'm not that busy

When my man wants to come home  
I won't give him my address  
'Cause he'll probably be stoned and try to ruin my  
success  
He'll come on over with two litres of the ????  
He'll come on over  
He'll come on over with his Valium  
Valium  
V-Valium  
Mmm-mmm  
\*Snores\*

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