

Dirty Love

Ke\$ha

It's Iggy Pop!
Yeah, and Ke\$ha.
All right!
Get up!
Yeah!
Rah! Don't want your money
I got my own
You're not my daddy
Baby, I'm full grown
Don't complicate it
Don't tell me lies
I'm not your girlfriend
I ain't never gonna be
Oh, your wife Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
All I need is to get in between your sheets
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
(I just want your dirty love)
I just want your dirty love
(I just want your dirty love) Cockroaches do it
In garbage cans
Rug merchants do it
In Afghanistan
Santorum did it
In a V-neck sweater
Pornos produce it
But wild child can do it better Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
All I need is to get in between your sheets
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
(I just want your dirty love)
I don't want your fancy things
I just want your, love
Champagne tastes like piss to me
I just want your, love
Keep your leopard limousine
I just want your, love
I just want your fucking filthy love Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love

All I need is to get in between your sheets
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love
(I just want your dirty love)
I just want your dirty love
(I just want your dirty love) I just want your dirty love (I just want your dirty love)
Dirty love, dirty love Yeah cool, alright, cool (I do)

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