

Dirty Magazine

Bree Sharp

I left home at the age of thirteen
With a fistful of cash and a dirty magazine
Now, I never cared for the things that I seen
I just want to be in a dirty magazine Everyone makes sacrifices
Everybody's got their vices Some girls got class and some girls got dreams
Some girls as sweet as a ripe nectarine
Well, I got no big plans and I ain't no beauty queen
I just want to be in a dirty magazine Can you speak of my disgraces?
Look at all the smiling faces I've been in a gutter, been in a latrine
I've been in the back of a black limousine
I've been just about everywhere in between
And if I had the choice to live dirty or clean I tell you I'd live in a dirty magazine
Yes, sir, I would live in a dirty magazine
A dirty magazine, a dirty magazine

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