

# Bree Sharp, Dirty Magazine

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 limosine

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