

# King of Magazines

Danko Jones

I got her picture up on my wall  
She's the type of girl who don't care at all  
If she's on your arm all tongues hangin' out  
Oh Lord, I don't mind if people hanging 'round

Don't talk sex when it's under your breath  
Say it loud like you want to confess  
Is she for real it's so hard to tell  
Yeah she just smiles and her picture sells

She gets a rise  
It gets me high  
It's not enough  
When the feeling makes me buzz

You know my heart is on my sleeve  
My heart is on my sleeve  
But when you're cool as a breeze  
They call you King Of Magazines

I like love when it feels like a drug  
Getting high off the shot of her mug  
Her and I got to steal away  
No one notices if we leave today

Shake a tailfeather show what you got  
Centerfold or not we know she's hot  
Two tickets is all that we need  
If I'm the band honey she's the scene

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