

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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