

# I Sell My Kids For Rock'N'Roll

Crucified Barbara

You say I'm good for being a girl  
Not sure I'm in it for real  
For years I proved you wrong  
Then you say I'm getting too old  
Can't hear you now  
I'm sorry, we're playing too loud  
I sell my kids for rock n' roll  
Sex, late nights and alcohol  
What a dirty woman  
You think it's true, don't you  
Think about it one more time  
I'm just a player in a band  
That's what I do  
Living the dream, not you  
You wonder how we get along  
Find the time to write any songs  
You think we're busy painting our nails  
And all the things we girls gotta do  
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