

# Rip Her to Shreds

## Blondie

(Hey! Psst Psst! Here she comes now)  
Oh, you know her, would you look at that hair  
Yeah, you know her, check out those shoes  
She looks like she stepped out of the middle of somebody's blues  
She looks like the Sunday comics  
She thinks she's Brenda Starr  
Her nose job is real atomic  
All she needs is an old knife scar  
Yeah, she's so dull, come on rip her to shreds  
She's so dull, come on rip her to shreds  
Oh, you know her, "Miss Groupie Supreme"  
Yeah, you know her, "Vera Vogue" on parade  
Red eye shadow! Green mascara!  
Yuck! She's too much  
She looks like she don't know better  
A case of partial extreme  
Dressed in a Robert Hall sweater  
Acting like a soap opera queen  
Yeah, she's so dull, come on rip her to shreds  
She's so dull, come on rip her to shreds  
She got the nerve to tell me she's not on it  
But her expression is too serene  
Yeah, she looks like she washes with Comet  
Always looking to create a scene  
Yeah, she's so dull, come on rip her to shreds  
She's so dull, come on rip her to shreds  
She's so dull, rip her to shreds  
Oh, you know her, "Miss Groupie Supreme"  
Yeah, you know her, "Vera Vogue" on parade  
Yeah, you know her, with the fish-eating grin  
She's so dull  
Yeah, she got the nerve to tell me!  
Huh, she's so dull  
Yeah, there she goes now  
She making out with King Kong  
She take her boat to Hong Kong  
Well, bye bye sugar  
And not a minute too soon

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