

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 Ehhh, 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 Ehhh, 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 Ehhh, 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 makin' 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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