

Rip Her to Shreds (Remastered)

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

Songwriters

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