Rip Her to Shreds

Boomkat

Hey, here she comes nowOh, you know her
Would ya look at that hair?
Yeah, you know her
Check out those shoesShe looks like she stepped out
Of the middle of somebody's blues
She looks like the Sunday comics
She thinks she's Brenda StarrHer nose job is real atomic
All she needs is an old knife scarEhh, she's so dull
Come on rip her to shreds
She's so dull
Come on rip her to shredsOh, you know her
'Miss Groupie Supreme'
Yeah you know her
'Vera Vogue' on paradeRed eye shadow
Green mascara
Yuck, she's too muchShe looks like she don't know better
A case of partial extreme
Dressed in a Robert Hall sweater
Acting like a soap opera queenEhh, she's so dull
Come on rip her to shreds
She's so dull
Come on rip her to shredsShe 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 sceneEhh, she's so dull
Come on rip her to shreds
She's so dull
Come on rip her to shredsShe's so dull
Rip her to shredsOh, you know her
Miss. Groupie Supreme
Yeah, you know her
Vera vogue on paradeYeah, you know her
With the fish eating grinShe's so dull
Yeah, she got the nerve to tell me
Huh, she's so dull
Yeah, there she goes nowShe's 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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