

Rip Her to Shreds

Boomkat

Hey, here she comes now Oh, you know her
Would ya 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 Ehh, 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 Ehh, 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 Ehh, 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'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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