

## **Blondie**

# **"Rip Her To Shreds"**

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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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