

# Shakedown

Blondie

I used to get sick with solitude  
I was always better in the multitude  
But now I like it up here all alone in my ivory tower  
Hi-ho at the end of my rope  
I watch it all through a telescope  
I think I'd have a better chance to see the pope  
I get so bored with his shtick and his mini-minute dick  
And all his high and mighty shit, I'm a witch  
Well, well, well a wish wanna throw it in a ditch  
I'm concentrating on the big laugh  
You just acting like that damn old Riff-Raff  
Shakedown baby  
I don't want to have to see  
What you got hiding in your body cavity  
I'm so sick of your Jersey rap  
Your slab rat white as a tic-tac  
Why don't you take a dirt nap  
You make me laugh and I know who I'm laughing at  
Big Jersey hoo-haa  
Like your style, like your freedom of speech  
Like your dirty thoughts, like your Cream of Wheat  
Tuesday is out  
Never may be great, level down and read 'em  
From the Garden State, this is a Jersey plate  
Saturdayin' pretty driving in the city  
Your boom is a distortion  
Your act is a contortion  
The perfume and pretension  
Your hair in invention  
Ha,Ha,Ha the hive is humming  
I thought I heard it all  
But there's still more coming  
Put it in, put it in, put it in, why don't you put it in  
You said your name was what  
What kind of a name is that  
Shooting past me on the turnpike  
Should have told you to take a hike  
But there was something  
I don't know what  
That I guess I kind of like, that nasty attitude  
Mediterranean lastitude  
I guess you did give me a rush  
Yeah you gave me a thrill  
Felt so hot and flushed  
I even had to take a pill  
And your pattern yeah your method yeah  
The way you deliver long and slow  
The way you get your percussion going  
Going strong, and it's my turn to be blowing  
Yeah singing my song  
You think you know me  
Think again  
Who's your friend  
Who put this freak flag in the mail  
Why you sending me this pig tail  
You back in Jail  
I got your post card saying

How it is in that pen your in  
Signed don't forget me, lot's of love from adrenaline  
Give it a rest, give it a rest  
You got one dimension pure pretension  
Cross the river start to shiver  
Over to the big smoke, and it's no joke  
I told you one more word from you  
About Jersey and your dead  
Let me lick that uh uh  
Can I kiss that, no  
Let me kiss that  
Let me lick that come on  
Let me lick that  
Uh huh it might be too sweet  
It won't be too sweet