

# 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