

# Blondie, Shake Down

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 act is a contortion  
Your boom is a distortion

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