Service Fee

The Waifs

You broke down my door and let yourself in
Helped yourself to my soul and skin
You ate all you needed and then had the nerve
To thank me for dinner and help yourself tp dessert
You helped yourself
I could've chaged you a service fee
For all you did to me
I should've chged you a service fee
For all you did to me
You helped yourselfIt wasn't very pretty, it wasn't very kid
But I rathr go deaf, paralysed or blind
But I lay back, held still by the fear
That you would smash me to pieces
And I'd die hereI carry knifes in my pockets, bullets in my guns
Don't try to chase me I'm not going to run
And don't ever ask me, don't you dare begin
I'm not going to talk about it but god knows
I'm going to sing
God knows I am going to sing about itNo thankyou boy I'd rather walk home alone
No thank you sir I'd rather walk home alone
No thank you brother I'd rather walk home alone
No thankyou mister I'd rather walk home alone

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