

# 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 to dessert  
You helped yourself  
I could've charged you a service fee  
For all you did to me  
I should've charged you a service fee  
For all you did to me  
You helped yourself It wasn't very pretty, it wasn't very kind  
But I rather 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 here I carry knives 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 it No thank you 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 thank you mister I'd rather walk home alone

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