

## Waifs, The "Service Fee"

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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 couldve chaged you a service fee  
For all you did to me  
I shouldve chged you a service fee  
For all you did to me  
You helped yourself

It wasnt very pretty, it wasnt 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 Id die here

I carry knives in my pockets, bullets in my guns  
Dont try to chase me Im not going to run  
And dont ever ask me, dont you dare begin  
Im not going to talk about it but god knows  
Im going to sing  
God knows I am going to sing about it

No thankyou boy Id rather walk home alone  
No thank you sir Id rather walk home alone  
No thank you brother Id rather walk home alone  
No thankyou mister Id rather walk home alone

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