

Waifs "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 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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