

# Scabs, You Don't Need A Woman

She buys hem food and clothing

she does his laundry

she washed stinking shirts

and she gets nothing in return

he's out there earning wages

talking dirty all the time

when he comes home for supper

he wants a slave and not a wife

at nights she wears sweet nothings

to please his dirty mind

He does his wham-bang special

and falls asleep right by her side

Let me tell you now

you don't need a woman, you need a slave

and it's no excuse for the way you behave

well, you don't need a woman

She can't wear to much make-up

'cause make-up that's for whores

he sees her when she wakes up

isn't she a bore

The weekends are for football

or for drinking with the boys

her heart is doing time

in a prison with no walls