

# You Don't Need a Woman

The Scabs

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