

No Deposit, No Return

Wrathchild America

She had the face of a queen
She was wild wet and mean
When I went down in between
She said she wanted to try
But she didn't know why
All she had was that look in her eye
I said you come to my place
You sit down on my face
I'll make you see things you never saw
It was checkmate, stalemate,
The bitch she was jailbait
I think it was against the law
Now I gotta have more of what's in store
So I said to myself no use
She didn't give me the time
She didn't give me the dime
But she gave it all to me when she went
Well I thought I had it made
When I finally got paid
I had my own little, private French maid
I've had her all these years,
She's been nothing but tears
I live my hole life in fear
Now I gotta have more of what's in store
So I said to myself no use
She didn't give me the time
She didn't give me the dime
She gave it all to me she did 'cause
It was checkmated
It was stalemated
It was jailbaited
It was checkmated
It was stalemated
It was jailbaited
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Now I'm trying to get out of this mess I'm in
With a friendly old bottle of Gin
She took all my money so I'll grab some change
When I take the bottle back in
But as I took my last drink
I threw up in the sink
And I noticed that the empty bottle read
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Other Wrathchild America songs