

## **Heck, My Accountant Said To Me**

**Copyright, Ruby Tunes LLC**

Heck, my accountant said to me  
Things ain't like they used to be  
Was a time you'd work real hard  
And drive a Caddy off the dealer's yard  
Joy was all your riches brought  
Now they bring you to tax court  
Try to defend what you have earned  
But in the end you will get burned

Heck, my accountant did proclaim  
All your deductions went up in flames

Taxes and death are the only constant  
Regarding both I'm most intolerant  
It's not just the taxes on your pay  
It's that you're taxed even when you play  
Pump your gas and drink your beer  
Uncle Sam will take his share  
It don't matter if you're rich or poor  
The taxpayer blues have no cure

Heck, my accountant he did shout  
Your cash flow is now a drought

So what's the answer you may ask  
Bourbon in a silver flask  
If that don't work there's some other ways  
Fully fund your 401k  
Maybe buy a tax-free muni  
Even if the returns are puny  
There simply must be a way  
To keep the IRS at bay

Heck no, my accountant said to me,  
And wait till I tell you 'bout the AMT