

Battle Hymn of the Taxpayer

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Mine eyes have seen the terror of the IRS's sword;
It is sucking out my lifeblood and keeps tightening the cord;
It has turned my big Mercedes to a little tiny Ford
It's bleeding me to death

Surely that can't be my tax bill. Surely that can't be my tax bill!
Surely that can't be my tax bill. It's bleeding me to death.

When the tax man's in a good mood he will toss some crumbs our way
Like a muni, SEP, or SIMPLE or a classic IRA
Then he'll throw the AMT in and he'll take it all away
He's bleeding me to death

Surely that can't be my paycheck. Surely that can't be my paycheck!
Surely that can't be my paycheck. It's bleeding me to death.

I tried a fixed annuity to see what I could save.
But the tax man flashed an evil smile and gave a little wave.
Said "it might help a little but he'd dance upon my grave."
He's bleeding me to death.

Surely that's not all that is left. Surely that's not all that is left.
Surely that's not all that is left. It's bleeding me to death.

I searched for every credit and deduction I could find.
My wife, my kids, my hybrid truck, my Labrador's behind.
No matter how I totaled it, his take was more than mine
He's bleeding me to death.

Surely that can't be what I owe. Surely that can't be what I owe.
Surely that can't be what I owe. It's bleeding me to death.

Now April 15th's coming like a hurricane at dawn.
I'm like a deer in headlights trying to protect my fawn.
If this were chess, the tax man's king and I would be the pawn
He's bleeding me to death.

Surely there must be a mistake. Surely there must be a mistake.
Surely there must be a mistake. It's bleeding me to death.

My accountant tells me one thing but my heart just can't believe.
All my work and all my sweat and this is what they leave.
My throat is parched, my stomach turns, and I just want to heave.
It's bleeding me to death.

Uncle Sam you must be joking. Uncle Sam you must be joking.
Uncle Sam you must be joking. You're bleeding me to death.