

Taxpayer Blues

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My accountant called me up this morning.
Said I don't know what to do.
No matter how I run the numbers
Uncle Sam gets more than you.

I said there's got to be an answer
It can't work out this way
Just tell me what I'm doing wrong
And why I've got to pay

He shook his head and mumbled
This much I know is true
You've joined the congregation
Of the taxpayer blues

Now what I need is a tax shelter
IRA or five-two-nine
Perhaps a fixed annuity
To help keep more of what's mine

I need to shrink my tax bill
With a Roth or 401(k)
Maybe invest in muni bonds
And get some tax ricochet

I worked my fingers to the bone
I can't believe it's true
I'm a card-carrying member
Of the taxpayer blues

I should've learned the tax code
Learned how to play the game
My hard work's going nowhere
It's a stinkin' cryin' shame

I wouldn't mind it so much if my taxes paid for schools
It's the pork barrel nonsense that plays us all for fools

So now I'm gonna fight back
Cop a brand new attitude
I just ain't gonna give it up
To those taxpayer blues.

I just ain't gonna give it up to those taxpayer blues.
No I ain't gonna give it up to those taxpayer blues.