

When Uncle Sam Is Smiling

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There's a tear in your eye, and it's no wonder why
When you look at the taxes you pay.
It begins with your paycheck, which gets cut to a speck
And it leaves you with shock and dismay

What you need is a way to hide some of your cash
And keep it from Uncle Sam's eyes
But make one mistake and the IRS snake
Will pounce on your weak alibi

When Uncle Sam is smiling
Well you know that's bad for you
Cause he'll take the shirt right off your back
Then he'll want your socks and shoes

When Uncle Sam is happy
All the world seems dark and gray
Cause when Uncle Sam is smiling
You're approaching tax doomsday

When Uncle Sam is giggling
Then you know you'd better run.
Cause he'll take your house and your car
Maybe even your first-born son

When Uncle Sam is smirking
There's a trick right up his sleeve
Cause he knows something that you don't
And it's sure to make you grieve

When Uncle Sam is laughing
You're in deep doggie-do
Cause you and your hard-earned money
Are about to bid adieu