

## **Taxpayer's Polka**

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I'm finishing my tax return and the numbers don't look right  
I screamed so loud I woke my kids and I gave my wife a fright  
It makes no sense for all my work that my paycheck is so slight  
And if Uncle Sam were here right now I'd challenge him to fight

There's income tax, excise tax, and a tax on rum and cola.  
There's property tax, state sales tax and a tax on plain granola.  
There's a great big tax on gasoline and on Starbucks vente mocha.  
And the only way to ease the pain is to dance the taxpayer's polka.

The problem is that Uncle Sam he knows just what you do  
He knows how much your house is worth, your car and sailboat too  
He even knows if you've won big and are holding IOUs  
The bottom line is you can whimper and whine until your face is blue

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Now I've figured a way to jump from the red and get back into the black  
I can quit my job, file a claim, and unemployment will pay me back.  
Course when I mentioned that to my wife she gave me quite the smack  
Uncle Sam, my boss, the wife and kids, there's no one who gives me slack

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