

My Tax Return the Fanciful

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Oh pity me for what I've done,
My tax return's a lie.
My gerbil's really not my son,
I'm not blind in one eye.

My tax return, my tax return.
God please forgive my sin.
And think of me with sympathy
I'm a tax code harlequin.

Oh think of how I'm suffering
I work more than I'm home.
I can't afford a single bling
Or faux cubic zircon.

My tax return, my tax return
Please spare me one thin dime.
And help me out before I shout,
"I ain't no Guggenheim."

Oh take a look at Schedule A
The whole damn thing's a joke
My only gift to any one
Was an empty can of Coke

And then, of course, there's Schedule D
With short term loss and gains
That's where I used hyperbole
Though I'd rather be profane

My tax return, my tax return
The numbers just ain't right.
Cause if they are, I can't go far
It's a tunnel with no light