

# I.R.S.

## B.Sladeâ,ç

Love, is it true  
What they say of you?  
Gonna call the president  
Gonna call a private eye  
Gonna get the IRS  
Gonna need the FBI  
There's not anymore that I can do  
All the reasons that you give, I follow you  
So when you lead them in  
That'll be the end of time, it's true  
Wouldn't be the first time I've been wrong  
Wouldn't be the last I'm sure, I've known  
With all the rumors I can tell  
Some things didn't work so well  
Well, anyway, it feels the same  
When you first told me you were gone  
So long ago but I still held on  
Through all the emotions that I've had to take  
And that's the truth, and here's the worst yet  
Wouldn't even matter the things that I say  
You've made your mind up and gone anyway  
And there's no use now in dragging it on  
Should've seen it coming all along  
Well, it's true, oh I had  
My doubts of you  
Gonna call the president  
Gonna call myself a Private Eye  
Gonna need the IRS  
Gonna get the FBI  
Gonna make this a federal case  
Gonna wave it right down in your face  
Read it baby, with your morning news  
With a sweet hangover and the headlines too, now  
Ah, ah  
I bet you think I'm doing this all for my health  
I should've looked again then at somebody else  
Feeling like I've done way more than wrong  
Feeling like I'm living inside of this song

Feeling like I'm just too tired to care  
Feeling like I've done more than my share  
Could've been the way that I carried on  
Like a broken record for so long and I do, oh oh  
I'm gonna call the president  
I'm gonna call a Private Eye  
Gonna get the IRS  
Gonna need myself the FBI  
Ooh, what shall I do  
If I gave my heart to you?  
It's such a crime, you know it's true  
Gonna call the president  
Gonna need myself a Private Eye  
Ooh, gonna need the IRS  
Gonna get the FBI  
Gonna make it a federal case  
Gonna wave it right down in your face  
Read it baby, with your morning news  
With the sweet hangover and the headlines too  
There's not anymore that I can do

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