Me and the I.R.S.

Johnny Paycheck

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well you can tell them boys at the IRS*
This ol' boy, hell I've had enough
The way the big man rakes it in
The little man coughs it up
Well the bite keeps gettin' bigger
And the paycheck keeps gettin' small
You know the IRS, they ain't gonna rest
Til they think they've got it all
They got the bluff on a lotta folks
But honeys I ain't one
From now on, I'm keepin' my pay
Ain't gonna deduct nothin'
Take the 1040 forms and shove 'em
Straighten out their own damn mess
You can write me off
Cuz I ain't givin' a dime to the IRS
How can I keep my arm around my woman
With Uncle Sam's hand in my pants?
If I can't pay the fiddler
Well how the hell am I gonna dance?
I don't mind kickin' in my fair share
I might even back up and say yes
But the big man plays while the little man pays
So the hell with the IRS
They got the bluff on a lotta folks
But honeys I ain't one
From now on, I'm keepin' my pay
Gonna deduct nothin'
Take the 1040 forms and shove 'em
Put 'em where the sun don't shine
You can write me off
Cuz I ain't givin' a dime to the IRS

You can write me off
Cuz I ain't givin' a dime to the IRS

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