

# The Auditor

[Michelle Malone](#)

There is a man, an angry man  
working for the IRS  
His heart is stone. He lives alone.  
He got a blow up doll on his chest  
He don't like dogs or kids or laughter  
He drinks turpentine for dinner so that he'll be thinner  
Works for the IRS, he gonna make you sweat  
He's the auditor  
He wont leave me alone, thinks I'm a Rolling Stone  
He's the auditor  
The economy? You can see it bleed  
shot by crooked banksters  
Make the kingpins pay, take their yachts away  
the summer houses in the Hampton's  
The government bailed out all the bandits  
but now they're coming after me? I don't understand it  
Works for the IRS, he gonna make you sweat  
He's the auditor  
He wont leave me alone, thinks I'm a Rolling Stone  
He's the auditor -and I got nothing to hide  
A government by the rich for the rich don't include me  
A government by the rich for the rich don't include me  
Works for the IRS, he gonna make you sweat  
He's the auditor  
He wont leave me alone, thinks I'm a Rolling Stone  
He's the auditor  
He sees it all black or white, I'm gonna put up a fight  
With The auditor  
there must be some mistake - I cant owe more than I make!

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