I.R.S.

Folly

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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