

I.R.S

Angie Fisher

2000 bucks would save my life,
200 bucks would ease the pain,
The I.R.S. is on my case,
But I refuse to let them make me go insane. 2000 bucks would pay the rent,
200 bucks and fourteen cents.
Right about now would be enough some complement
So that I don't have to sell my instrument I'm aware, I'm aware, I'm aware,
That pressure makes diamonds, diamonds, diamonds
My mamma told me, my mamma told me
That a girl's mouth doesn't get paid 2000 bucks would save my life,
200 bucks would ease the pain,
But I refuse, I refuse, I refuse, I refuse
To let them make me, to let them make me go insane. I'm talking 'bout the I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)
The I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)
The I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)
The I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)
The I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)
There's only three letters
That can come and cut up this stress
The I.R.S. (the I.R.S.)

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