

# After Taxes

## Johnny Cash

I feel so good come payday  
I think of all the things I'm gonna  
Buy when I pick up my pay Don't you know, but then they hand me  
That little brown envelope  
I peep inside, Lord I lose all hope 'Cause from those total wages earned  
Down to that net amount that's due  
I feel the painful sense of loss between the two There goes that bracelet for her arm  
There goes that new fence for my farm  
There goes that brand new Pontiac  
There goes the shirt right off my back  
You can dream about a honeymoon for two  
You can dream but that's about all you can do  
'Cause by the time old Uncle Sam gets through with you You can buy her a pair of hose  
A little powder for her nose  
And take her down to Sloppy Joe's for beer  
And stew them are the facts after tax You can dream about vacation in the sun  
You can dream but you can't never have you one  
'Cause by the time your good old Uncle Sam gets done You've got just enough for gas  
To see them city limits pass  
And if you get back home fourth class  
I'd say you won  
There goes that bracelet for her arm  
There goes that new fence for my farm  
Send back that short wave radio cancel that trip to Mexico  
Forget that brand new Pontiac  
There goes the shirt right off my back  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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