# 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 payDon'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 twoThere 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 youYou 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 taxYou 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 doneYou'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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