

Johnny Cash

"After Taxes"

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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

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