Laid Off

By John T. Wurzer

Billy was an auditor, just out of business school

At work on time each morning, obeying every rule

Things being what they are in this government as yet

He’d toss and turn every night, dreaming ‘bout the national debt.

It happened just last Friday, with a pink slip and a note

It said you’re on a permanent holiday, thanks for playing, that’s all she wrote.

Although he worked his very hardest, and he tried his very best

Billy is now unemployed, because we’re laying off workers at the IRS

In the streets they’re burning tax returns and forging refund checks

Because we’re laying off workers at the IRS

We’re laying off workers at the IRS

Because the country is in debt and the budget is a mess

You get a busy signal if you call them on the phone.

The auditors work double shifts doing audits logged in from home.

We’re firing the very men and women who get finances collected

Don’t it kind of make you wonder how these people got elected.

So don’t worry about the deadline or if you’ll pass the audit test.

Billy Jones is unemployed and we’re laying off workers at the IRS.

In the streets they’re burning tax returns and forging refund checks

Because we’re laying off workers at the IRS

I can hear the rich folks giggling at night as they get undressed

Because we’re laying off workers at the IRS

It isn’t any wonder that this country is still a mess

We’re laying off workers at the IRS

We’re laying off Billy, from the IRS.