

# Murray McLauchlan, When The Taxman Comes

When you're a poor boy  
You ain't no one  
The doors don't open  
The horse don't run  
When you got no money  
You're finished and done  
But when you're a rich boy  
The taxman comes

The sun goes up  
The sun goes down  
Babies get born  
To get laid in the ground  
There ain't much time  
To have your fun  
Nobody laughs  
When the taxman comes

There's no place to run  
There's no place to hide  
If you get too lucky  
They'll haul you inside  
Pour out a drink  
And he'll ask you for some  
You dig down deep  
When the taxman comes