

# I.R.S.

Guns N' Roses

Ah, ah  
Is it true  
What they  
Say of  
You

Gonna call the president  
Gonna call a private eye  
Gonna get the IRS  
Gonna need the FBI  
There's not anymore  
That I can do

All the reasons  
That you give  
I'd follow you  
To where you'd lead  
And if that'd be  
The end of time it's true

Wouldn't be the first time I been wrong  
Wouldn't be the last  
I'm sure I've known  
With all the rumors I could tell  
Somethings didn't work so well  
Well anyway it feels the same

As when you first told me you were gone  
So long ago but I stil held on  
Through all the motions the love and the sex  
And that's the truth and here's the worst yet  
Would it even mattered the things that I'd say  
You made your mind up and gone anyway  
And there's no use now in draggin' it on  
Shoulda seen it comin' all along

Well it's true  
I had  
My doubts of you

Gonna call the president  
Gonna call a private eye  
Gonna get the IRS  
Gonna need the FBI

Gonna make this a federal case  
Gonna wave it right down in your face  
Read it baby with your morning news  
With a sweet hangover and the headlines too

Ah...  
Ah...

I bet you think I'm doin' this all for my health  
I shoulda looked again babe at somebody else  
Feelin' like I've done way more than wrong  
Feelin' like I'm livin' inside of this song

Feelin' like I'm just too tired to care  
Feelin' like I've done more than my share  
Could it be the way I've carried on  
Like a broken record for so long

And I do  
Oh, oh

Gonna call the president  
Gonna call a private eye  
Gonna get the IRS  
Gonna need the FBI

Oh, what shall I do  
If I gave my heart to you  
It's such a crime, you know it's true

Gonna call the president  
Gonna call a private eye  
Gonna get the IRS  
Gonna need the FBI

Gonna make this a federal case  
Gonna wave it right down in your face  
Read it baby with your morning news  
With a sweet hangover and the headlines too

There's not anymore that I can do