

Capital Gains Blues (D. Chance)

Version: 10/16/10

(1st verse)

I got the capital gains blues, I got the capital gains blues
From my head down to my shoes
I got the capital gains blues
My car is on the blink
My life is in the sink
I got the capital gains blues

(2nd verse)

I need a subprime mortgage, just to stay in this place
I can't even afford drugstore makeup
To put on my face
I left it all with Bernie Madoff
And my old man done ran off
With some trophy wife

(1st bridge)

Yeah he high-tailed it off with some girl who looked kinda like Britney Spears
But that's the best thing that's happened, hell, I ain't sheddin no tears
And if I ever get some money and find myself a way to pay
I'll get a (spoken) tummy tuck, a boob job, and be a trophy wife myself some day
(backup voice: "I don't think so")

(3rd verse)

My sorry old dog don't even wag his tail when I come home
I guess that's cause I can't even afford
To throw him a bone
My daughter just got knocked up
By some guy who's now been locked up
It's the capital gains blues

(2nd bridge)

The only friend I got is a \$3 bottle of wine
And it's the only liquid asset that I can really call mine
All I really wanna do is get back up on my feet
How about an (spoken) economic stimulus to help *me* make ends meet?
(backup voice: "in your dreams")

(4th verse)

I got the IRS all over me, yesterday they sent a nasty fax
Hell, I ain't got no income

How can I owe any tax?
The only way I'm making it
Is pushing my plastic to the max

Repeat 1st verse

I got the capital gains blues
I got the capital gains blues
What's a girl gotta do?
When she's got the capital gains blues