

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