

TAX Bites

A Tax Bites Serenade

By Robert S. Steinberg*

Switzerland

(To the tune of “Summertime” by George and Ira Gershwin, from *Porgy and Bess*.)

In Switzerland,
Hiding money was easy.
Numbered bank accounts,
And no one asking you, “Why?”
Now that seems long ago,
What stirs the panic to seize me?
Doug Shulman is smiling
Like it’s the Fourth of July.
One of these mornings,
I’ll be served a subpoena
From that Jury Grand
Stating, “Come testify.”

I’ll call my lawyer,
Only to hear a recording,
“Dear loyal tax mavens,
Kiss your tax havens goodbye.”

Mr. and Mrs. Rose

(To the tune of “Have You Met Miss Jones” by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart.)

Intro

She hates him, the lady, hates him.
His heart she sees, with bullet holes.
Likewise, he hates her, of course he
hates her.
She took his money, now his shoes
need soles.
Now they’re in Tax Court litigating,
who’s to blame,
For the Notice of Deficiency that came.

Verse

“Your honor,” Mr. Rose
Says while standing up to vent,
“She’s not innocent,
This spouse.”

“Sit down, Mr. Rose,
You’ve a right to intervene.
That doesn’t mean
You’re not a louse.”

Bridge

He’ll testify she’d always known
About that hedge fund shelter blown.
All while Tax Court judges moan
and grouse.

Verse

And that’s how it goes.
No sweet smelling Rose in this
courthouse,
No blameless spouse.

Tax Entertainment

(To the tune of “That’s Entertainment” by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, from *The Band Wagon*.)

At a game while romancing a flame,
Or a lunch handicapping a hunch,
Sipping punch at the family brunch,
Tax entertainment.

You’re a star taking off for the car,
Making depreciation go far,
Playing golf and then writing off par,
Tax entertainment.

With pluck try your luck at deducting
a trip,
Hotels and even the tip.
“They’ll never catch me,” you quip.
Then some bad luck, you’ve caught it,
A notice for an audit.

Disguise all that fear in your eyes.
We can guess at the cause: IRS.
More or less, you’re a grape in the press,
A song to instruct, you’d best not deduct
Tax entertainment.

They Took My Home in San Francisco

(To the tune of “I Left My Heart in San Francisco” by George Cory and Douglas Cross.)

They took my home in San Francisco,
For taxes owed I didn’t pay.
Been riding little cable cars,
Because they took my cars.
My bank accounts
Had large amounts.
Now who counts?

I lived the life in San Francisco.
Now from the bridge into the bay,
I’ll jump. Tell IRS,
Keep San Francisco.
I’ve filed my last return today.

Getting to Know You at IRS

(To the tune of “Getting to Know You,” by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, from *The King and I*.)

Getting to know you,
Getting to know more about you.
Letting you know you
Are in our view.

Getting to know when
You earn a nice fee or interest.
With a keen interest
We’re watching you.

When you are filing,
Making you feel quite uneasy.
Doing it so you
Pay more not less.

Haven’t you noticed?
Everything you do is noticed.
We have computers humming
a wry song,
Tracking you in the tax throng,
At IRS. ■

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