

The Singing CPA Steven Zelin

1. Tax Busters

To the tune of Ghostbusters by Ray Parker Jr.
New lyrics by Steven Zelin, the Singing CPA

Tax Busters

If there's something strange on your tax return
Who you gonna call – Tax busters
If there's something weird; it's got you concerned
Who you gonna call – Tax busters

Don't be afraid of no tax
Don't be afraid of no tax

Tax Busters

If too many numbers are running through your head
Who can you call – Tax busters
An IRS agent is sleeping in your bed
Who you gonna call – Tax busters

Don't be afraid of no tax
Don't be afraid of no tax

Who you gonna call – Tax busters
If you're all alone, pick up the phone
And call – Tax busters

Don't be afraid of no tax
Let me show you the facts
Don't be afraid of no tax
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Who you gonna call – Tax busters
Who you gonna call – Tax busters

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2. Tax Deductible

To the tune of "Unforgettable" by Irving Gordon
New lyrics by Steven Zelin, the Singing CPA

Tax deductible

That's what you are.
Tax deductible
Just like my car.
Like a gift to local charity
You give my 1040 clarity
Never before has someone been more

Tax deductible

In every way.
And forevermore like my IRA.
As a shelter, we're indestructible.
I'm lucky someone so deductible
thinks that I am tax deductible too

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3. 9 to 9:05

To the tune of 9 to 5 by Dolly Parton
Updated lyrics by Steven Zelin, the Singing CPA

Tumble outta bed and I stumble to the golf club
Play nine holes and get a good back rub
I get served breakfast; then I kiss my wife.

Hop in the Jacuzzi, water starts pumpin'
Out on the street stock prices start jumpin' :
CEO's like me on the job from 9 to 9:05

Workin' 9 to 9:05. That's the way I make my livin'
There's a pie in the sky, and I love that tasty fillin'
I've got stocks and bonds, and investments, can't you see
I work just five minutes and that's enough for me

9 to 9:05, I get service and devotion
You may think that I gave my friends big fat promotions
Cuz they're on the Board, and they voted me a pay-raise, honey
I've got options and they're all in the money ooooh

I dream my dreams like a homerun batter
And when I swing my wallet gets fatter
I own the park and I get paid to play

Mornin' on the yacht with a lot of my friends
Hopin' the good times never end
And we raise a glass and toast the end of the workday

Workin' 9 to 9:05
That's the way I make my livin'
There's a pie in the sky, and I love that tasty fillin'
I've got stocks and bonds, and investments, can't you see
I work just five minutes and that's enough for me

9 to 9:05, I got all the new Mercedes
There's no better life; diamond rings for all my ladies
It's a rich man's game; And for sure it's one I'm winnin'
I've got 16 mansions, and it's only the beginnin'

9 to 9:05 5 minutes to heaven
9 to 9:05 I'm always rolling sevens
9 to 9:05

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4. Major in Accounting

to the tune of "Live Like You Were Dying" by Tim Nichols
Updated lyrics by Steven Zelin, the Singing CPA

I was in my early thirties and my place was always dirty
and the moment came when I could not pay my rent
First came the family friction, then the notice of eviction.
And before I knew it my girlfriend also went
Then I called her on up on the telephone, said girl I don't want to be alone.
She said "I love you but you gotta go to school"; man, what'd I do?

I learned e-filing
I learned reconciling
I went 4.0 in 8 semesters at a pretty darn good school
And I loved learnin' cuz I knew I'd be earning and I dug those
financials I was analyzing

And you know some day I hope you get the chance to major in accounting
I started workin' the night shift, and took on 2 internships
And I even had some money in reserve
And I won back my old girlfriend, and my folks began to call again
I gave myself the credit I deserve
Well I finally balanced my books and I sure improved my outlook
On my life that was feelin' like a perfect ten, You know why?

The Singing CPA Steven Zelin

I learned e-filing
I learned reconciling
I went 4.0 in 8 semesters at a pretty darn good school
And I loved learnin' cuz I knew I'd be earning and I dug those
financials I was analyzing
and you know some day I hope you get the chance to major in accounting
Like a company you grow, you wanna go IPO, makin' lots of
dough, you are the C-E-O
You are the C-E-O

e-filing
I learned reconciling
I went 4.0 in 8 semesters and you can do it too!
And you'll love learnin' and believe me you'll be earning and
you'll appreciate yourself so much you'll be cryin'
and oh yeah some day I hope you get the chance to major in accounting

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A Charitable Contribution (helps the tax bill go down)
To the tune of "A Spoonful of Sugar" (from Mary Poppins) by
Robert B. Sherman, Richard M. Sherman
Updated lyrics by Steven Zelin, the Singing CPA

In ev'ry tax return you do
There is a chance to construe
You change the numbers and snap!
The job's a game

And ev'ry schedule that you file
Will make your clients smile
A refund! A big refund! A great big beautiful refund! 'cause

A charitable contribution helps the tax bill go down
the tax bill go down
tax bill go down
Just a charitable contribution helps the tax bill go down
In a most delightful way

A legal secretary I know
Is always running to and fro'
He's making just enough to pay his rent
He paid a lot of city tax so I armed him with the facts
Now's he's not in the lurch and they love him at church – for

A charitable contribution helps the tax bill go down
the tax bill go down
tax bill go down
Just a charitable contribution helps the tax bill go down
In a most delightful way

There is a teacher on my street
Her lesson plans were all complete
But I had to help her beat the I.R.S.
So then she bought herself a house
And gave away more than one blouse
She won,
The prize
Now she loves to itemize, 'cause

A charitable contribution helps the tax bill go down
the tax bill go down
tax bill go down
Just a charitable contribution helps the tax bill go down, in a most
delightful way

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My CPA

To the tune of "YMCA" by Henry Belolo, Jacques Morali, Victor Willis
Updated lyrics by Steven Zelin

Young man, there's no need to pay tax
I said, young man, let me tell you the facts.
I said, young man, if your accounting is lax
There's no need to go to prison

Young man, there's a guy that I know.
I said, young man, who'll keep track of your dough.
He can meet all, all your financial needs
And then your cash won't be seized

You know you gotta call my CPA
I recommend you call my CPA
He will help you connive, all the rules to apply
You can brag about your loopholes with pride

You know you gotta call my CPA
I recommend you call my CPA
He's your financial man and he'll help you to plan
Be a stranger to your Uncle Sam!

Young man, are you listening to me?
I said, young man, did you pay AMT?
I said, young man, donate to charity
But don't take that home office deduction

Take all, all your business receipts
You'll have a ball, filing your schedule C,
Then call up, call up my CPA
You can save lots of bucks today.

You know you gotta call my CPA
I recommend you call my CPA
He will give you the keys and soon you'll be free
No more interest and penalties

You know you gotta call my CPA
I recommend you call my CPA
He's your financial man and he'll help you to plan
Be a stranger to your Uncle Sam

Young man, I was once in your shoes.
I was singin' the middle tax bracket blues.
I felt unsure of what I could deduct
I felt confused, the system sucked.2

That's when someone came up to me,
And said, young man, there's someone you gotta see.
He's a great guy, he is my CPA.
He will keep the tax men at bay

You know you gotta call my CPA
I recommend you call my CPA
He will help you decide, all the rules to apply
Make sure all your accounts are certified

My CPA
You know you gotta call my CPA

Young man, are you listening to me?
I said, young man, did you pay AMT?
You need my CPA

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The Singing CPA Steven Zelin

Sarbanes Oxley Words and Music by Steven Zelin

Because of Worldcom and Enron, we've got Sarbanes Oxley,
Sarbanes Oxley, the tough new law
And now we have to be compliant with Sarbanes Oxley, so investors
will feel secure

We gotta segregate those duties for Sarbanes Oxley, Sarbanes Oxley,
our favorite regulation
Gotta segregate those duties for Sarbanes Oxley, Sarbanes Oxley,
uniting our nation

All the financials must be signed by the CEOs, CEOs have to sign
their names
Just like the CFOs must sign the financials, sign the financials
and accept the blame

Whistleblowers are protected under Sarbanes Oxley, whistleblowers
will get back their jobs
If you see any corporate malfeasance under Sarbanes Oxley, you
can save your company from getting robbed.

Our accountants can retire thanks to Sarbanes Oxley, Sarbanes
Oxley has cost us a ton
And our consultants can retire thanks to Sarbanes Oxley, Sarbanes
Oxley, and they're still not done.

Now that we've strengthened our controls for Sarbanes Oxley,
Sarbanes Oxley, the tough new law
Now that we've strengthened our controls for Sarbanes Oxley, we
are moving all our companies abroad

Words & Music © 2007 Stevenwithav Music

The Accountant to the tune of "The Gambler" by Kenny Rogers
Updated lyrics by Steven Zelin

On a cold winter's evening, in an office in a tower
I met an old accountant on April the 15th
He started lookin' through my papers, 'told him 'bout my capers
He said my files were the sloppiest, he'd ever seen.

I said I don't have fiscal fitness, but I'm running my own business
And I don't like when the tax man tries to take what's mine
So these letter, I got plenty, and I haven't sent them money
If I didn't come tonight, it would just be a matter of time.

He said, "Son I've made a living out of savin' people money
And knowin' what they're hiding by the way they shake my hand
So now if you don't mind payin', I'll fix your situation
And then you'll be ahead of the game with your Uncle Sam

You gotta know when to debit, know when to credit,
Know when to shred it, and know where to sign
You never break any rules, you just bend them with your tools
And keep your figures focused on the bottom line.

He said every 'ccountant knows that the secret to surviving
Is knowing which laws to throw away and knowing which ones
to keep
Cause all my clients are winners ; I've never had a loser
And the best that they can hope for is that I don't die in my sleep

You gotta know when to debit, know when to credit,
Know when to shred it, and know where to sign

You never break any rules, you just bend them with your tools
And keep your figures focused on the bottom line.

Then he entered all my numbers and cleaned up all my blunders
Just like a magician, he used his sleight of hand
And the law he may have bent it, I had 63 dependents
But I got my refund sipping drinks on the sand

You gotta know when to debit, know when to credit,
Know when to shred it, and know where to sign
You never break any rules; you just bend them with your tools
And keep your figures focused on the bottom line.

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Dear IRS Words and Music by Steven Zelin ©2004

I am an average citizen, in the top one percentile.
I'm all for corporate welfare; outsourcing makes me smile.
When it comes to tax evasion, you won't find me on trial.
Cuz I know all the loopholes, and a shredder is my office file.

I make a modest living, on paper anyway!
Have you seen my new Mercedes and my mansion by the bay?
It helps to report earnings... of less than 30K...
and when your funds are off-shore, every day... is Christmas day!!

But lately I'm feeling squeamish.
As I clutch my millions tight.
I can't stop thinking 'bout prison.
I put down my golf clubs and write,

"Dear IRS, I can't sleep at night!
I cheated on my taxes, just a tiny oversight.
Enclosed find a check, I know you won't protest."
(And if I still can't sleep, I'll send the rest).

I have a corporation, and a subsidiary.
Party "A" loans money for shares in party "B."
The interest is deductible and dividends are tax-free,
And all the money funnels to a bank account, owned by me.

But lately I'm feeling queasy
I'm afraid to turn on the news.
The butler pours me my brandy,
While I call to cancel my cruise.

"Dear IRS, I can't sleep at night!
I cheated on my taxes, but now I've seen the light!
Enclosed find a check, I know you'll be impressed."
(And if I still can't sleep, I'll send the rest)

Words & Music © 2007 Stevenwithav Music

"If You Don't Like Paying Taxes"

To the tune of "If You're Happy and You Know It"
Updated words by Steven Zelin

If you don't like paying taxes clap your hands
If you don't like paying taxes clap your hands
If you want to keep your money, and hide out someplace sunny
If you don't like paying taxes clap your hands

The Singing CPA Steven Zelin

If you don't want an audit stomp your feet
You don't want to be caught, so be discreet
You don't want an audit 'cause you'd lose if you fought it
If you don't want an audit stomp your feet

If you don't like doing time, play it straight
If you don't like paying fines, do not be late
Don't be reckless, don't be silly, or you'll end up just like Willie

Off to jail again
Just can't wait to go off to jail again
Last time I paid my taxes, I can't remember when
And I can't wait to go off to jail again

If you don't like garnished wages, I'm your man
I'll find you all the loopholes, here's the plan
We'll deal with all the gripes, cuz you're not Wesley Snipes
You'll get all your money back from Uncle Sam

If you don't like doing taxes shout horray
If taxes gives you headaches, don't dismay
If it's closing in on midnight, and you want to get it done right
Just call Steve, the Singing CPA!

Audit Client Blues

Words and Music by Steven Zelin

I work in the Audit department, in a tiny cubicle
I couldn't find a good job, even though I did good in school
I need to get my work done but here's some real bad news
I got the "Audit Client won't give me the document I need" blues

I sent them 80 emails, and called 'em 46 times
I'm just trying to get my work done, tell me is that such a crime?
I called all their colleagues, they said "Can't you buy a clue?"
I got the "Audit Client won't give me the document I need" blues

I go down to their office, but security won't let me in
I send them flowers and chocolates, but I can't seem to win
They say if I come back unannounced, I'll be leaving with a
bruise
I got the "Audit Client won't give me the document I need" blues

I wait for them in the mornin', with donuts and coffee.
I say "Please, pretty, Please, Take Pity On Me!"
They just don't got no pity, they got their own work to do.
I got the "Audit Client won't give me the document I need" blues

I get called into my boss's office. That wasn't fun.
He said, "You've been workin' on this audit, since 2001."
He said, "I gotta let you go, unless you got papers I can use."
I got the "Audit Client won't give me the document I need" blues

I found myself a new job, today was my first day.
I got a shiny new clipboard, things were going my way
But I fainted at my new boss, they were just like you know who.
I got the "Audit Client won't give me the document I need" blues

Got the Audit Client blues

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If You Like Preparing Taxes

To the tune of "If You're Happy and You Know It"
Updated words by Steven Zelin

If you like preparing taxes clap your hands
If you like preparing taxes clap your hands
We have to keep on billing, if we want to make a killing
If you like preparing taxes clap your hands

If you like conducting audits stomp your feet
Your butt is on the line, can't let them cheat!
You always must be skeptical or you'll end up as a spectacle
If you like conducting audits stomp your feet

If you like to read the tax code, you're a geek
If you like to read the tax code, you're a freak!
Every year it's getting thicker and it only makes me sicker
If you like to read the tax code, you're a geek

If you keep a bunch of crooks out of jail
though you watched them cook the books without a trail
Then you've done your job, you know it, and their gratitude will
show it
If you keep a bunch of crooks out of jail

If you love when tax season's over, shout hooray
If you love when tax season's over, shout hooray
There will be no hesitation, we'll be going on vacation!
If you love when tax season's over, shout hooray

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WHAT A CEO WORLD

To the tune of WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD by George
Weiss / Bob Thiele
Updated lyrics by Steven Zelin

I see piles of green, stock options too
The bright bonus day, golden parachute
And I think to myself, what a CEO world

I see yachts and homes, islands far away
My net worth grows more and more each day
And I think to myself, what a CEO world

Yeah, the Board's in my back pocket, I tell them what to say
The shareholders don't matter, I always get my way
SEC enforcers saying "What can we do?"
They're really saying "We can't touch you."

I see private jets and black limousines
Congress writes laws just for me
And I think to myself, what a CEO world

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