

ESTATE PLANNERS' 2010 LAMENT

Round . . .

Running circles round your office
In the year of tax repeal
No one thought that this would happen
Now your life's become surreal

Like a snowball down a mountain
Come the things you have to do
Writing letters, making phone calls
But then whom to bill it to?

You thought Congress would avoid this;
How ridiculous was that?
Now your world is like a cheese ball
Being chewed on by a rat

And there's no time to unwind;
You've got old wills in your mind

You've got trusts that don't make sense
You've got wills whose plans are blown
You wish Senators would stick it
Where the sun has never shown

And you're now so far behind
You just pray nobody dies . . .

Then you're feeling schizophrenic
'Cause at once you realize
That the wealthiest of clients
Should pick 2010 to die
But they can't die 'til you've fixed
All of the things that might be wrong
And you really don't have time
To listen to this stupid song

You poor head just keeps revolving
And you wish this were a dream

Endless seminars and research
Leave you holding back a scream
And there's no chance you'll unwind
With those old wills on your mind

Tax terms haunt your every moment
Phrases jangle in your head
Why did '09 go so quickly?
Is the death tax really dead?

As you're driving in to work
You feel a tightness in your chest
Is the sound of distant drumming
Your poor heart within your breast?
Your whole life passes before you
With a fragment of this song

Then a peaceful calm surrounds you,
And the light pulls you along . . .
As the pearly gates swing open
You stop suddenly and moan
'Cause the one will you forgot to fix
Turned out to be . . . your own!!

But you finally unwind . . .
Someone else will have to find
All those old wills on your mind!