

O CRA

(To the tune of "O Christmas Tree")

O CRA, O CRA,

Your forms are ever growing,
From T1135s to T3s,
Our patience keeps on slowing,
Bare trusts bloom with rules unclear,
Penalties arrive with fear,
O CRA, O CRA,
Your audits are all-knowing.

"Day one hundred — still listening to music."

O CRA, O CRA,

Your hundred days have ended,
A polished site, some hopeful words,
But problems still unattended.

Call centres hum with silent lines,
Training gaps ignored by signs,

O CRA, O CRA,

That plan was... well-intended.

O Finance, O Finance,

This mess is your creation,
Rules dropped fast with no debate,
Then passed for administration.

Draft by memo, rush by press,
Clean-up left to bureaucratic stress,

O Finance, O Finance,

You've mastered abdication.

O Carney, O Champagne,

You say the books look tidy,
Just split the spend—capital here,
Operating there—how slyly,
Deficits fade with naming flair,
While debt still climbs into the air,

O Carney, O Champagne,

Kim G C Moody | In the Mood

All we want for Tax-Mas... is certainty.