



Summertime Blues

Well, I'm gonna raise a fuss
I'm gonna raise a holler
About workin' all summer
Just to try to earn a dollar
Every time I call my baby
And ask to get a date
My boss says, "No dice, son
You gotta work late"
Sometimes I wonder
What I'm a-gonna do
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

Well, my mom and poppa told me
"Son, you gotta make some money
If you wanna use the car
To go ridin' next Sunday"
Well, I didn't go to work
Told the boss I was sick
"Now, you can't use the car
'Cause you didn't work a lick"
Sometimes I wonder
What I'm a-gonna do
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

I'm gonna take two weeks
Gonna have a vacation
I'm gonna take my problem
To the United Nations
Well, I called my congressman
And he said, "Whoa!"
"I'd like to help you, son
But you're too young to vote"
Sometimes I wonder
What I'm a-gonna do
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

Rosycompany.co.uk