

Buck Owens, Summertime Blues

Well, there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues.

Well, I'm gonna raise a fuss
And I'm gonna raise a holler
About workin' all summer
Just to try to raise a dollar
Everytime I call my baby
Just to try to get a date
My boss says "No, dice, son
You gotta work late"

Sometime I wonder
What I'm gonna do
There ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

Well, my mom and pop told me
Son, you got to make some money
If you want to use the car
to go a ridin' next Sunday
Well, I didn't go to work
I told my boss I was sick
Now, "You can't use the car
'Cause you didn't work a lick"

Sometime I wonder
What I'm gonna do
There ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

I'm Gonna take two weeks
Gonna have a fine vacation
Gonna take my problem
To the United Nations
Well, I called my congressman
He said quote
"I'd love to help you, son
But you're too young to vote"

Sometime I wonder
What I'm gonna do
There ain't no cure
For the summertime blues...