

Puhdys, Summertime Blues

I'm a gonna raise a fuss I'm a-gonna raise a holler
About a-workin' all summer just a-trying to earn a dollar
Every time I call my baby, try to get a date
The boss says "No dice son you gotta work a-late"
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues

Well my Mom and Pappa told me "Son you gotta earn some money
If you wanna use the car to go a riding next Sunday"
Well I didn't got 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
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It's gonna take two weeks for I have my vacation
I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations
Well I told my congress man and he said, quote:
"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