

The Flaming Lips, Summertime Blues

I'm gonna raise a fuss
I'm gonna raise a holler
About workin' all summer
Just-a trying to earn a dollar
Every time I call my baby
And ask her to date
My boss says "Uh duh 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 mama papa 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
So my pa said I was sick
"You can't use the car
'Cuz 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 going to take your wish
Gonna have a fine vacation
I'm gonna take my problem
Through the United Nations
Well I called my congressman
And he said to woe
"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