

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