

Flaming Lips "Summertime Blues"

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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'ma 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
'Coz you didn't work a lick"

Sometimes I wonder
What I'ma 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'ma gonna do

But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

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