

Mott The Hoople

"Summertime Blues"

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I'm a gonna raise a fuss
I'm a gonna raise a holler
about a workin' all summer
just to try to earn a dollar
ev'ry time I call my Baby
try to get a date
my Boss says
No dice, Son, you gotta work late.
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do
but there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.
A well my Mom 'n' Papa told me
Son, you gotta make some money,
if you wantta use the carto go a ridin' next Sunday,
well
I didn't go to work
told the Boss I was sick
Now you can't use the car, 'cause you didn't work a lick.
(I'm gonna) take two weeks
gonna have a fine vacation
I'm gonna take my problem
to the United Nations !
Well
I called my Congressmen
and he 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.

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