

T. Rex**"Summertime Blues"**

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One, two, three, four

Well, I'm gonna raise a fuss
And I'm gonna raise a holler
About workin' all summer
Just tryin' to earn a dollar

Well, I tried to call my baby
Tried to get a date
My boss said, "No, dice, get
You gotta work late"

Sometimes I wonder
What I'm gonna do?
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

Well, my mom and Papa told me
Son, you gotta make some money
If one of you is gotta go
Ridin' next Sunday

Well, I didn't go to work
I told my boss I was sick
You can't use the car
'Cause you didn't work a lick

Sometimes I wonder
What I'm gonna do?
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

I'm gonna take two weeks
I'm gonna have a fine vacation
I'm gonna take my problem
To the United Nations

Well, I called my Congressman
And he said, "Quiet"
It said, "I'd like to help you, son
But you're too young to vote"

Sometimes I wonder
What I'm gonna do?
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

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