

The Flaming Lips "Summertime Blues"

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I'm going to raise a fuss
I'm going to raise a holler
About working all summer
Just-a trying to earn a dollar
Every time I call my baby
And ask her to date
My boss says, "Uh-uh son, you got to work late"
Sometimes I wonder
What I'm-a going to do
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues
Well my mama, papa told me
"Son, you got to make some money
If you want to use the car
To go riding next Sunday"
Well, I didn't go to work
So my pa said I was sick
"You can't use the car
Because you didn't work a lick"
Sometimes I wonder what I'm-a going to do
But there ain't no cure

For the summertime blues
I'm going to take your wish
Going to have a fine vacation
I'm going to 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 going to do
But there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues
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