

Beach Boys, The

"Summertime Blues"

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I'm gonna raise a fuss, i'm gonna raise a holler
About a workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar
Every time i call my baby, and ask 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

Well my mom and pop told me, "son you gotta make
some money"
If you want to use the car to go ridin' next sunday
Well i didn't go to work, told the boss i was sick
"well you can't use the car 'cause 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 gonna take the weeks, gonna have a fine vacation
I'm gonna take my problem to the united nations
Well i called my congressman and he said "whoa!"
"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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