

## Flaming Lips, The "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'm-a 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  
'Cuz 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 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'm-a gonna do  
But there ain't no cure  
For the summertime blues

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