

# Summertime Blues

James Taylor

Well, I'm gonna raise a fuss, I'm a, gonna raise a holler  
I've been workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar  
Every time I call my baby, tried to make a date  
The 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 poppa told me  
Son, you gotta earn some money  
If you wanna use the car to go riding next Sunday  
Well, I didn't go to work, I told the boss I was sick  
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 three weeks, gonna have a fine vacation  
I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations  
Well, I called my Congressman and he said, quote  
"I'd like to help you, son, but you're too young to vote" Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do  
There ain't to cure for the summertime blues Say the same thing, everyday, not going to work  
Doing nothing, no, no  
There ain't to cure for the summertime blues

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