

Summertime Blues

Beach Boys

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>