

Summertime Blues

Blue Cheer

Oh Lord, I got to raise a fuss, Lord I got to raise a holler

About a workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar

Oh Lord, I tried to call my baby, I tried to get a date Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do

Lord, there ain't no cure for the summertime blues Well, my mom and pop told me, "Son you gotta make some money

Well, if you want to use the car to go ridin' next Sunday"

Well, Lord I didn't go to work I told the boss I was sick he said Sometimes I wonder, what I'm a gonna do

Lord, there ain't no cure for the summertime blues I've got to take the weeks I got to have a fun vacation

I've got to take my problem to the United Nations

I done told my congressman and he said, "Whoa, take this boy" Sometimes I wonder, what I'm a gonna do

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Lord, there ain't no cure, for the summertime blues

Whoa, there ain't no cure

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