

Summertime Blues

Joan Jett & The Blackhearts

Well I'm gonna raise a fuss
And I'm gonna raise a holler
About workin' all summer
Just tryin' to earn a dollar
Well, I went to my boss
Who governs me
He said, "No, dice, bud
You gotta work late" Sometime I wonder
What I'm gonnna do
There ain't no cure
For the summertime blues
Well, my mom and papa told me
Now you better earn some money
If one of you is gonna go
Ridin' next Sunday
Well, I didn't go to work
I told my boss I was sick
He said, "You can't use the car
'Cause you didn't work a lick" Sometime I wonder
What I'm gonnna do
There ain't no cure
For the summertime blues
Gonna save two weeks
Gonna have a fine vacation
Gonna take my problem
To the United Nations
Well, I went to my congressman
He sent me back a note
It said, "I'd like to help you, hon
But you're too young to vote" Sometime I wonder
What I'm gonnna do
There ain't no cure
For the summertime blues Now there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues
Now there ain't no cure
For the summertime blues

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