

## Summertime Blues

Joan Jett and 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  
That governs me  
He said "No, dice, bud  
You gotta work late!"

Sometime I wonder  
What I'm ever gonnna do  
Well 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 ever gonnna do  
Well 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"

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