

Intro : E E A B7 E (x2)

E E E A B7 E
 I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, I'm a-gonna raise a holler
 E E E A B7 E
 About a-worki'all summer, just to -try to earn a dollar
 A
 Every time I call my baby, try to get a date
 E E
 My boss says : No dice son, you gotta work late

A
 Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do
 E
 But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

E A B7 E (x2)

E E E A B7 E
 Well my mom and poppa told me : Son, you gotta make some money
 E E E A B7 E
 If you wanna use the car to go ridin'next Sunday
 A
 Well I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick
 E
Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick

A
 Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do
 E
 But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

E A B7 E (x2)

E E E A B7 E
 I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation
 E E E A B7 E
 I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations
 A
 Well I called my Congressman and he said, quote :
 E E
I'd like to help you son, but you're too young to vote

A
 Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do
 E
 But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

E A B7 E (x2)