

# Summertime Blues by Eddie Cochran

E A E E A B7 E  
I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, I'm a-gonna raise a holler  
E A 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 A E E A B7 E  
Well my mom and poppa told me: Son, you gotta make some money  
E A E E A B7 E  
If you wanta use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday  
A  
Well I didn't go to to work, told the boss I was sick  
E 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 A E A B7 E  
I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation  
E A 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 x5