



Summertime Blues by Eddie Cochran 1958

E
E A B7 E x2

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** **E A B7 E**
I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation
E **A** **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 x5