

# Summertime Blues

Words & Music by Eddie Cochran & Jerry Capehart

Medium rock

E A B E A B E

*marcato*

*mf* I'm a -

E A

- gon-na raise a fuss, - I'm a - gon-na raise a hol - ler,  
(Verses 2, 3 see block lyric)

B E

A - bout a - work - in' all sum-mer just to try to earn a dol - lar.

A B E A

Ev'ry time I call my ba-by to try to get a date, - My

E N.C. A

boss says "No dice, son, you got-ta work - late". Some-times I won-der what

E N.C.

I'm a-gon-na do, - But there ain't no cure - for the Sum-mer-time - blues.

1.  
E A B E A B E

A-well my

2.  
E A B E A B E N.C.

*Verse 2*

A-well my 'n' Poppa told me "Son, you gotta make some money,  
 If you wanna use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday."  
 Well, I did'nt go to work, told the boss I was sick.  
 "Now you can't use the car 'cos you didn't work a lick."  
*Sometimes I wonder, etc.*

*Verse 3*

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation.  
 Gonna take my problem to the United Nations.  
 Well, I called my Congressman, and he said "Nope,  
 I'd like to help you, son, but you're too young to vote."  
*Sometimes I wonder, etc.*