

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 didn't 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.