But there ain't no cure for the summer

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"I'd like to help you son, but you're too young to vote"

Well, I called my Congress

I'm gonna take my

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine va-ca-tion

I'm gonna take my problem to the U-nited Na-tions

Well, I called my Congress-man and he said, quote:

"I'd like to help you son, but you're too young to vote"

Some-times I wonder, what I'm-a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summer-time blues.

Well, my mom and pop told me "Son, you gotta make some mon-ey"

If you wanna use the car to go a-ridin' next Sun-day

Well I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick

"Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick"

Some-times I wonder, what I'm-a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summer-time blues.

I'm-a gonna raise a fuss, I'm-a gonna raise a hol-ler

A-bout a-workin' all summer just to try to earn a dol-lar

Some-times I wonder, what I'm-a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summer-time blues.