

SUMMERTIME BLUES Eddie Cochran 1958

Eddie died at age 21 on Easter Sunday 1960 from injuries in a British taxicab crash the day before. He was a consummate rocker, his style of music preferred in England to the bland pop music of the time.

8 beats/chord unless noted. 1,2,3,4 1,2,3,4

riff: ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/~
~G/// C/~ D7/// G/ I'm. .

G
I'm a'gonna raise a fuss, I'm a'gonna raise a holler, ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/
G
About a'workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar. ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/
C
Every time I call my baby, try to get a date,
G/ (say this in a deep firm voice)
My boss says "NO DICE, SON, YOU GOTTA WORK LATE."
C
Sometime I wonder, what I'm a'gonna do,
G/ tacet G
But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues. ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/~
~G/// C/~ D7/// G/
G
Well, my mom & pop told me "Son, you gotta make some money, ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/
G
If you wanna use the car to go ridin' next Sunday." ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/
C
Well, I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick.
G/ (say this in the deep firm voice, parents)
"WELL YOU CAN'T USE THE CAR, 'CAUSE YOU DIDN'T WORK A LICK."
C
Sometimes, I wonder, what I'm a'gonna do,
G/ tacet G
But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues. ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/~
~G/// C/~ D7/// G/

G
I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation. ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/

G
I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations. ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/

C
Well, I called my congressman and he said, quote:

G/ (say this in that deep firm bureaucratic voice. . .)
"I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU SON, BUT YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO VOTE."

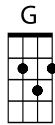
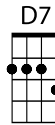
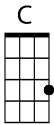
C
Sometimes, I wonder, what I'm a'gonna do,

G/ tacet. . . G
But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues. ~G/// C/~ D7/// G/~

fade. . .
~G/// C/~ D7/// G/

fade. . .

~G/// C/~ D7/// G/
fade. . .



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