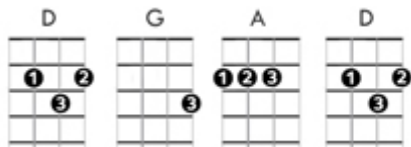
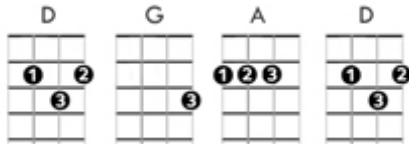
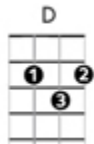


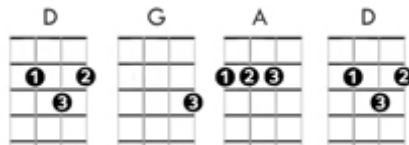
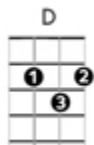
Summertime Blues - Baritone Ukulele



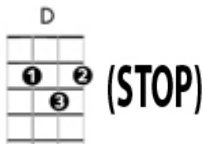
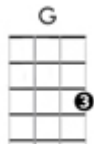
(intro riff X2)



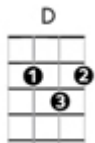
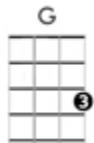
I'm gonna raise a fuss I'm gonna raise a holler



About workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar

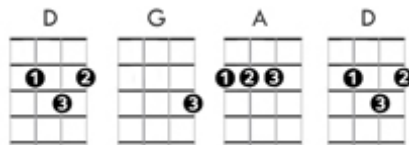
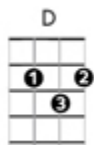


Every time I call my baby, and try to get a date, my boss says "No dice, son, you gotta work late"

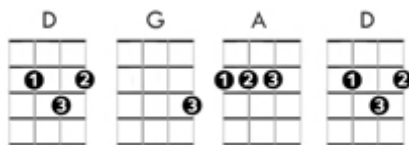
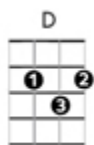


Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do, but there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

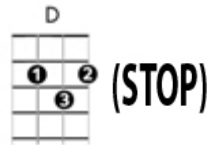
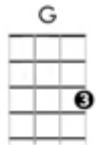
(repeat intro riff X2)



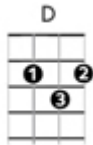
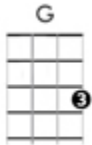
Well my mom and pop told me "Son, you gotta make some money,



If you wanna use the car to go ridin' next Sunday"

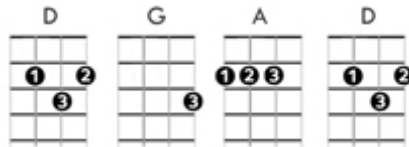
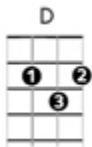


Well I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick - "Well you can't use the car, 'cause you didn't work a lick"

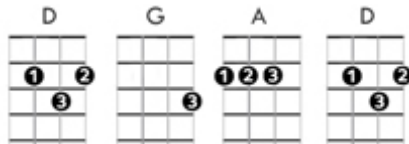
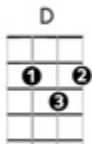


Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do, but there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

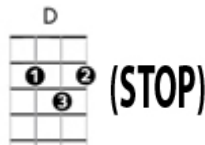
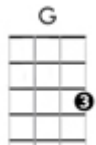
(repeat intro riff X2)



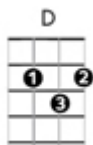
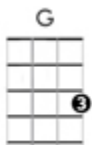
I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation



I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations



Well I called my congressman and he said, quote: "I'd like to help you son, but you're too young to vote"



Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do, but there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

(repeat intro riff x4)