

SUGAR SHACK

Words and Music by
KEITH McCORMACK & FAYE VOSS

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With a beat

There's a cra-zy lit-tle house be-yond the tracks, — And ev-'ry-bod-y calls it the
cute lit-tle girl-y, she's a-work-ing there, — Black-le-o-tards and her
Sug-ar Shack queen is a-mar-ried to me, — We just sit a-round and dream of those

Sug-ar Shack. Well it's just a cof-fee house and it's made of wood, Ex-
feet are bare. I'm gon-na drink a lot-ta cof-fee, — a lit-tle cash, —
old mem-o-ries. Ah, but one of these days — I'm gonna lay down tracks

pres-so cof-fee tastes might-y good. That's not the rea-son why I got-ta get back, — uh, to the Sug-ar Shack.
Make that girl love me when I put out some trash. You can un-der-stand why I got-ta get back, — uh, to the Sug-ar Shack.
In the di-rec-tion of the Sug-ar Shack. Just me and her, — yeah, we're gon-na go back, — uh, to the Sug-ar Shack.

Oh, — ba-by, to the Sug-ar Shack.
Oh, — ba-by, to the Sug-ar Shack.

2. There's a
3. Now the

Oh, oh, — to the Sug-ar Shack.
Yeah, yeah, — to our Sug-ar Shack.
Yeah, yeah, — to the Sug-ar Shack.

SUMMERTIME BLUES

Words and Music by
EDDIE COCHRAN & JERRY CAPEHART

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Moderately

I'm a-gon-na raise a fuss, I'm a-gon-na raise a hol-ler,
Mom 'n' Pa-pa told me "Son, you got-ta make some mon-ey,
Take two weeks Gon-na have a fine va-ca-tion,

A-bout a-work-in' all sum-mer just to try to earn a dol-lar,
If you wan-ta use the car to go a-rid-in' next Sun-day"
I'm gon-na take my prob-lem to the U-nit-ed Na-tions!

(Spoken)

Ev-'ry-time I call my Ba-by, Try to get a date, My Boss says, "No dice, Son, you
Well, I did-n't go to work Told the boss I was sick — "Now you can't use the car 'cause you
Well, I called my Con-gress man and He said (quote) "I'd like to help you, Son, but you're

got-ta work late" — }
did-n't work a lick" — }
too young to vote" — } Some-times I won-der what I'm a-gon-na do — But there ain't no cure for the