

Summertime

Big Brother & The Holding Company

Summertime, time, time,
Child, the living's easy.
Fish are jumping out
And the cotton, Lord,
Cotton's high, Lord so high.

Your daddy's rich
And your ma is so good-looking, baby.
She's a-looking good now,
Hush, baby, baby, baby, baby now,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
Don't you cry, don't you cry.

One of these mornings
You're gonna rise, rise up singing,
You're gonna spread your wings, child,
And take, take to the sky,
Lord, the sky.

But until that morning,
Honey, n-n-nothing's going to harm ya,
No, no, no no, no no, no,
Don't you cry, don't you cry.

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