

Summertime

Paul McCartney

It's summertime
And living is easy
The fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high, oh Your daddy's rich
And your mama's good lookin'
So hush, hush little baby
Don't, don't you cry One of these mornings
Oh, you're gonna rise up singin'
Oh, then you'll spread your wings
And you take to the sky But till that morning, yeah
Ain't nothing gonna harm you
So hush, so hush little baby
Now don't, don't you cry, hey One of these mornings
One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singin'
Oh, rise up singin' One of these mornings
One of these mornings
One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singin', ooh
You're gonna spread your wings
And you'll take to the sky Oh, but till that morning, morning
Ooh baby, ain't nothing can go harm you
With your daddy and mammy
Daddy and mammy, daddy and mammy standing by

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