

Summertime

Dakota Staton

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh your daddy's rich and your ma is good lookin'
So hush little babby, don't you cry One of these mornings
You're going to rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take to the sky
But till that morning
There's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by.

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