

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 cryOne 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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