

Summertime

Theresa Sokyra

Summertime
And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high You're daddy's rich
And your mom is good lookin'
So hush little baby
Don't you cry One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singing
Then you spread your wings
And fly to the sky But till the mornin'
There's nothing can harm you
With mama and daddy
Standing by One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singing
Then you spread your wings
And fly to the sky But till that morning
There's nothing can harm you
With mama and daddy
Standing by

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