Summertime

Paul Robeson

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh your daddy's rich and your mammy good lookin'
So hush little baby, don't you cry

One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singing
And you'll spread your wings
And you fly to the sky
But 'till that morning
There's nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by

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