Summertime

Stan Whitmire

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 baby don't you cry
One of these mornin's you're gonna rise up singin'
Then you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky

But 'til that mornin' there's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by
Oh, 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 baby don't you cry, cry, cry

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