Summertime

Fantasia

summertime, and the livin is easy
fish are jumpin, and the cotton is high
your daddy's rich, and your ma is good lookin
so hush little baby, don't you cryone of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singin
then you'll spread your wings, and fly to the sky
ooh yea, yea, yea, yea
but til that mornin, nothin can harm you
oh yes with mommy and daddy
standin by

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