Summertime

Eva Cassidy

Summertime and the living is easy
Fish are jumping and the cotton's high
Your dad is rich and your mom?s good looking
So hush little baby, baby, don?t you cry
One of these mornings you?re gonna rise up singing
Then you?ll spread your wings and you?ll take to the sky

But till that morning there ain?t nothing can harm you
With daddy and mommy, mommy standing by
One of these mornings you?re gonna rise up singing
Then you?ll spread your wings and you?ll take to the sky
But till that morning there ain?t nothing can harm you
With daddy and mommy, mommy standing by
So hush little baby, baby don?t you cry

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