Summertime

Brian Wilson

Summertime, and the livin' is easy.
Fish are jumpin', and the Cotton is high.
Oh, your Daddy's rich, and your Mama's good-lookin'.
so hush little baby, don't you cry.One of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singin'.
Then you'll spread your wing's, and you'll take to the sky.
But, until that mornin', there's a-nothin' can harm you.
With your Daddy and Mama standin' by.So hush little baby, don't you cry.
No, no, no don't you cry.
No, no don't you cry.

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