

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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