

Summertime

[Willie Nelson](#)

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are bitin' and the cotton is high
Your daddy's rich and your mammy's good looking
So hush, little baby, don't want you cry
Some of these days you're gonna rise up smiling
Spread your wings and take to the sky
Till that time there ain't nothing gonna harm you
So hush, little baby, don't you cry
Hush, little baby, don't you cry

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