Summertime

Lou Rawls

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh your daddy's rich and your ma is good lookin'
So hush little baby, don't you cry
One of these mornings
You're goin' to rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take the sky
But till that morning
There's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by

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