Summertime

Nina Simone

Summertime and the livin's easy
Fish are jumpin', and the cotton is high
Oh, yo' daddy's rich and yo' ma is good lookin'
So hush, little baby, don' yo' cry

One of these mornin's you goin' to rise and singin'
Then you'll spread yo' wings an' you'll take the sky
But till that mornin', there's a-nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by

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