Summertime

Ella Fitzgerald

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Your daddy's rich and your ma is good lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cryOne of these mornin's, you're gonna rise up singin'
Then you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky
But 'til that mornin', there is nothin' can harm you
With Daddy and Mummy, Mummy standing by
Don't you, don't you cry

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