

Summertime

[Sam Cooke](#)

Summertime and the living is easy
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high
Your daddy's rich and your mama's good-looking
So hush, little baby don't you cry One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing
The you spread your wings and take to the sky
But until that morning there is nothing can harm you
With daddy and the mommy standing by

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