

Summertime

Sam Cooke

Summertime
And the living is easy
Fish are jumping
And cotton is high Your daddy's rich
And your ma is good looking
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings
And take to the sky
But until that morning
There is nothing can harm you
No, no, no, no
With your daddy and mommy
Standing by

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