Summertime

Sam Cooke

Summertime
And the living is easy
Fish are jumping
And cotton is highYour daddy's rich
And your ma is goodlooking
So hush, little baby
Don't you cryOne 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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