

Summertime

Summertime – and the livin' is easy

Fish are jumpin', and the cotton is high –

Oh your Daddy's rich, and your Mama's good-lookin'

So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornins

You're gonna rise up singin'

Then you'll spread your wings

And you'll take to the sky

But till that mornin'

There ain't nothin' can harm you

With Daddy and Mama standin' by.