

SUMMERTIME

Summertime and the livin' is easy

Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high

Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good
lookin'

So hush, little baby, don't you cry

One of these mornings

You gonna rise up singin'

Yes, you'll spread your wings

And you'll take to the sky

But 'til that morning

There is nothin' can harm you

With daddy and mommy standin' by