

Summertime

Perry Como

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 mornin's you're gonna rise up singin'
Then you'll spread your wings, and you'll take to the sky
But 'till that mornin' there's a nothin' can harm you,
with Daddy and Mammy standin' by . . .

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Standing by . . .