

Summertime

The Troggs

Summertime
And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high

Your daddy is rich
And your mom is good lookin'
So hush little baby
Don't you cry

One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singing
Then you spread youe wings
And fly to the sky

But till the mornin'
There's nothing can harm you
With mama and daddy
Standing by

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