

Summertime

Altons, The

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 darlin
Don't you cry

One of these mornings
You're going to rise up singing
You'll take your wings
And you'll take to the sky

'Til that morning
Oh yes nothing can harm you
With daddy and mamma standing by

Summer, summer