

Summertime

Amanda Shires

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're going to rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take to the sky
But 'til that morning
There's nothing can harm you
With daddy and mammy standing by

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There's a'nothing can harm you
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