

Summertime

Dennis DeYoung

Summertime and the living is easy
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high
Your daddy's rich and your mama's good looking
So hush, pretty baby, don't you cry

One of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singing
You'll gonna spread your wings, then you'll take to the sky
But 'til that morning, there ain't nothing can harm you
With daddy and mama standing by

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