

Summertime

Hannah Grace

Summertime
And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high
Oh, your papa's rich
And your mama's good-lookin'
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry

One of these mornings
You're gonna rise up singing
You're gonna spread your wings
And take to the sky
But 'til that morning
No, nothing can harm you
Cause your mama and papa right here standing by

Don't you cry, don't you cry
Don't you cry, don't you cry
Don't you cry, don't you cry
Cause your mama and papa right here standing by