

Summertime

Mandy Harvey

Summertime
And the livin' so 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
And you'll spread them wings
And you'll take to the sky
But until that morning
There's nothing else can harm you
With daddy and mammy standing by

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