

Summertime

Peggy Lee

Summertime and the living is easy
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high
Your dad is rich and your mom's good looking
So hush little baby baby don't you cry

One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take to the sky
But till that morning
There ain't nothing can harm you

With daddy and mommy mommy standing by

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