

Summertime

Renato Russo

Summertime
And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high

Your daddy's rich
And your mamma's
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 till that morning
There's
A'nothing can harm you
With daddy
And mamma standing by