

Summertime

Robert Goulet

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good looking
So hush little baby, don't you cry
One of these mornings
You gonna to rise up singing

And then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take the sky
But 'til that morning
There's ain't nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by
Summertime
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