# Summertime

**Sammy Davis, Jr.**

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 fly to the sky

But till that morning
There's a'nothing can harm you
With daddy and mamma standing by

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