

Summertime

Skeeter Davis

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Summertime
And the living is easy
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high
Your daddy's rich and your mama's good looking
So hush little baby
Don't you cry

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One of those mornings
You goin' to rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take the sky

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

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