

Summertime

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And the livin' is easy

Fish are jumpin'

And the cotton is high

Oh, your daddy's rich

And your ma is 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 the sky

But 'til that morning

There's a'nothing can harm you

With daddy and mammy standing by