Summertime

Gershwin / Heyward



Summertime and the livin' is easy Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high Your daddy is rich and your ma is good lookin' so hush little baby, don't you cry

One of these mornin's you goin' to rise up singin' Then you'll spread your wings, and you'll take the sky But 'til that mornin' there's a nothin' can harm you With daddy an' mammy standin' by