

# Summertime

Sam Cooke

Summertime  
And the living is easy  
Fish are jumping  
And cotton is high Your daddy's rich  
And your ma is good looking  
So hush, little baby  
Don't you cry One of these mornings  
You're gonna rise up singing  
Then you'll spread your wings  
And take to the sky  
But until that morning  
There is nothing can harm you  
No, no, no, no  
With your daddy and mommy  
Standing by

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>