

Summertime

Words & Music by G. Gershwin & I. Gershwin & D. Hayward
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Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are a 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 take to the sky
But till that morning, there ain't nothing can harm you
With Daddy and Mamma standing by