

## Summertime

Artie Shaw

Summertime,  
And the livin' is easy  
Fish are jumpin'  
And the cotton is high

Oh, 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 until that morning  
There's a'nothing can harm you  
With your daddy and mammy standing by

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