

Summertime

Billie Holiday

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

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