

## Summertime

Caetano Veloso

Summertime the weather is easy.  
Fish are jumping out  
And the cotton is high

Your daddy's rich  
And your ma is good-looking  
So hush, pretty baby  
Don't you cry, don't you cry.

One of these mornings  
You've got to rise up singing,  
Then you're spread your wings  
And you'll take to the sky

But until that morning,  
That ain't nothing can be and you  
Please daddy and mammy  
Standing by