

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