

Summertime

Ella Fitzgerald

Summertime, and the livin' is easy;

Fish are jumpin', and the cotton is high.

Your daddy's rich and your mama's goodlookin',

So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornin's, you're gonna rise up singin';

You're gonna spread your wings

And take to the sky.

But 'til that mornin', ain't nothin' can harm you

Am G G/F# Em CM7/6 B7 Em B+ Em7 Em6 Am7 B7 E
m

With daddy and mammy standin' by.