

## Summertime

Gene Vincent

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 singing  
Then you'll spread your wings  
And you'll take the sky  
But till that morning  
There's a nothin' can harm you  
With daddy and mammy standin' by