

Summertime

Louis Armstrong

Summertime, and the livin' is easy,
Fish are jumpin', and the cotton is high.
Oh your daddy's rich, and your ma, she's good lookin',
So hush little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornings, you're gonna wake up singing,
And you'll spread your wings, and you'll take to the sky.
But 'till that morning, there ain't nothing to harm you,
Your mamma and your papa gonna be standing by.

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