

# Summertime

Roger Whittaker

Summertime and the living is easy  
Fish are jumping and the cotton's high  
Your dad is rich and your mom's good looking  
So hush little baby, baby, don't you cry

One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing  
Then you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky  
But till that morning there ain't nothing can harm you  
With daddy and mommy, mommy standing by

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