

# Summertime

The Troggs

Summertime  
And the livin' is easy  
Fish are jumpin'  
And the cotton is high

Your daddy is rich  
And your mom is good lookin'  
So hush little baby  
Don't you cry

One of these mornings  
You're gonna rise up singing  
Then you spread youe wings  
And fly to the sky

But till the mornin'  
There's nothing can harm you  
With mama and daddy  
Standing by

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