

Summertime

The Wailin' Jennys

Summertime, and the livin' is easy.
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high.
Oh, your daddy's rich and your mother's good-lookin'.
So hush, little baby, don't you cry. Hush, child!
One of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singin'.
Then you'll spread your wings and take to the sky.
'Til that morning, ain't nothing can harm you.
With daddy and mammy standing by. (2x)
Hush, child!