

Devendra Banhart, Summertime

Summertime and the livin is easy
Fish are jumpin and the cotton is fine
Oh your daddys rich and your ma is good lookin
So hush little baby, dont you cry

One of these mornings
Youre goin to rise up singing
Then youll spread your wings
And youll take the sky
But till that morning
Theres a nothin can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin by