

# George Gershwin, Summertime

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

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

One of these mornings  
You're going to rise up singing  
Then you'll spread your wings  
And you'll fly to the sky

But till that morning  
There's a'nothing can harm you  
With daddy and mamma standing by

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