

Leona Lewis, Summertime

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

You're daddy's 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 your wings
And fly to the sky

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

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

But till that morning
There's nothing can harm you
With mama and daddy
Standing by