

Paul McCartney, Summertime

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

Your daddy's rich
And your mama's good lookin'
So hush little baby now
don't you cry

One of these mornin's
You're gonna rise up singin'
You're gonna spread your wings
And take to the sky

But til that mornin'
Ain't nothin' can harm you
With your daddy & your mammy
standin' by