

Sarah Brightman, Summertime

Summertime
an' the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
an' the cotton is high
Oh, yo' daddy's rich
an' yo' ma is good lookin'
So hush, little baby,
don' you cry

One of these mornin's
you goin' to rise up singin'
Then you'll spread yo' wings
an' you'll take the sky
But till that mornin'
there's a nothing can harm you
With Daddy and Mammy standin' by
oh-oh