

Tori Amos, Summertime

summertime, and the livin' is easy
now fish are jumpin, and the cotton is high
oh your daddy's rich, and your mama's good lookin'
so hush little baby, don't you cry

now one of these morning's, i'm gonna wake up singing
one day she said and, ya, spread my wings and i'll take to the sky
oh but until the morning, there's, ah, nothing can harm you
with daddy and mammy standing by
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