

# 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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