

# Big Brother And The Holding Company, Summertime

Summertime, time, time,  
Child, the living's easy.  
Fish are jumping out  
And the cotton, Lord,  
Cotton's high, Lord, so high.

Your daddy's rich  
And your ma is so good-looking, baby.  
She's looking good now,  
Hush, baby, baby, baby, baby,  
No, no, no, no, don't you cry.  
Don't you cry!

One of these mornings  
You're gonna rise, rise up singing,  
You're gonna spread your wings,  
Child, and take, take to the sky,  
Lord, the sky.

But until that morning  
Honey, n-n-nothing's going to harm you now,  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
Don't you cry,  
Cry.