

Big Brother & 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.

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.