

# Dennis DeYoung, Summertime

Summertime, and the living is easy  
The fish are jumping, the cotton is high  
Your daddy's rich, your mama's good looking  
I said, hush, little baby, don't you cry.  
One of these mornings, you're bound to rise up singing  
Then you'll spread your wings, and take to the sky  
But until that morning, nothing's going to harm you, no  
With your daddy and mama standing by.