

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.