

Maureen McGovern, Summertime

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is fine
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin'
So, hush, little baby, don't you cry

One of these mornings,
You're gonna rise up singin'
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take the sky
But till the morning,
There's a-nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by