

# Nick Drake, Summertime

It's summertime  
And the living is easy  
Fish are jumping  
And the cotton is high  
Your daddy is rich  
And your mommy's good looking  
So hush pretty baby, don't you cry  
One of these mornings  
You're gonna wake up singing  
You're gonna spread your wings  
Take to the sky  
But till that morning  
There's just not a thing that can harm you  
With daddy and mommy standing by