

The Zombies, Summertime

Its summertime, and living is easy.
The fish are jumping and the cotton is high.
Your daddy's rich and your momma's good looking.
Won't you hush pretty baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornings, you're gonna wake up singing.
Than you're gonna spread you're wings, and take to the sky

But 'till that morning, ain't nothing, nothing gonna harm you
With your mommy and daddy, they're standin' by

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