

Summertime

Doc Watson

Summertime
And the livin' is easy,
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high.
Oh yo' daddy's rich
An' yo' ma is good lookin'
So hush, little baby,
Don't you cry.

One of these mornin's,
You's gonna rise up singin'
Then you'll spread yo' wings
An' you'll take the sky.
But till that mornin',
There's ain't nothin' can harm you
With your Daddy an' Mummy
Standin' by.

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