

Summertime

Marty Robbins

Summertime and the livin' is easy

(Summertime)

Fish are jumpin', the cotton grows high

Your Daddy's rich and your Mammy's good lookin'

Oh, hush, little baby don't you cry

One of these mornins you're gonna wake up singin'

(Summertime)

You're gonna spread your wings and fly to the sky

Until that mornin' ain't nothin' gonna harm you

With your Mammy and your Daddy standin' by

Summertime