

Nicola Arigliano "Summertime"

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Summertime
And the livin' is easy,
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high.

Your daddy's rich,
And your ma is good lookin',
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry

One of these mornin's
And you're gonna rise up singin',
Then you'll spread you wings
And you'll take to the sky.

Till that mornin'
There's a nothin' can harm you
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry.

You go right sun beam
And the living is easy,
Fish are jumping
And the cotton is high.

Your daddy's rich,
And your ma is good lookin',
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry

Summertime!

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