Fantasia, Summertime

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 mornings, you're gonna rise up singing Then you spread your wings and fly to the sky But til' that mornin nothing can harm you With mommy and daddy standin by (Repeat 2x)

Ooooooh