

# Paul McCartney, Summertime

Summertime  
And the living is easy  
Fish are jumpin'  
And the cotton is high

Your daddy's rich  
And your mama's good lookin'  
So hush little baby now  
don't you cry

One of these mornin's  
You're gonna rise up singin'  
You're gonna spread your wings  
And take to the sky

But til that mornin'  
Ain't nothin' can harm you  
With your daddy & your mammy  
standin' by