

Whitney Houston, Summertime

Summertime
And de livin is easy
Fish are jumpin
an de cotton is high
oh yo daddy's rich
an yo ma's good lookin
so hush little baby don you cry
One of dese mournins
You goin to rise up singin
Den you'll spread yo wings
An you'll take the sky
But till that mournin
Deres a nothin can harm you
With daddy an mommy standin by