

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