

# SUMMERTIME

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

Your daddy's rich, and your momma's good lookin'  
 So hush little baby, don't you cry

One of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singing  
 Then you'll spread your wings, and you'll take to the sky

But till that morning, there's a nothin' can harm you  
 With daddy and mammy, standing by

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E Dim easier if playing chords in the first position

