

Summertime – Billy Holiday

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich
And your ma is good lookin'
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry
One of these mornings
You're going to rise up singin'
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take the sky
But 'til that mornin'
There's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standing by
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych