

Summertime – Ella Fitzgerald & Louis Armstrong

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 goin' to rise up singin'
And 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 mommy standin' by
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych