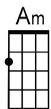
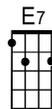
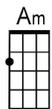
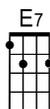
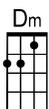


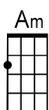
# Summertime



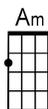
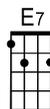
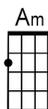
Summertime... and the livin' is easy.



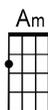
Fish are jumpin'... and the cotton is high.



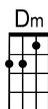
Your daddy's rich... and your mamma's good lookin',



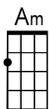
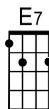
So hush little baby, don't you cry.



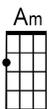
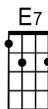
One of these mornings you're going to rise up singing.



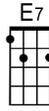
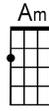
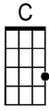
Then you'll spread your wings,



And you'll take to the sky. But till that morning,



There's a' nothing can harm you,



With daddy and mamma Standing by.