

That Lucky Old Sun

Sam Cooke

Up in the morning, out on the job
Work like the devil for my pay
While that lucky old sun has nothing to do
But roll around heaven all day

I have to fuss with my woman
toil for my kids
Sweat 'till I'm wrinkled and raid
While that lucky old sun has nothing to do
But roll around heaven all day

The Lord above don't you know I'm pining
tears all in my eyes
Send down that cloud with the silver lining
lift me to paradise
show me that river, take me across
Wash all my troubles away
Like that lucky old sun
give me nothing to do
Than roll around heaven all day

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