

## Black Cloud

Chubby Checker

There's a black cloud  
Hanging over my head  
Down to my last buck  
With an old black cloud  
Hanging over my head  
There ain't no such thing  
As good luck

Oh, the very first  
Saturday of every month  
I go down to get me some pay  
When I ask my bossman about a draw  
This is what my bossman say

Black could hanging over my head  
Down to my last buck  
With an old black cloud  
Hanging over my head  
There ain't no such thing  
As good luck

Well, I earn my living  
By the sweat of my brow  
I work so hard every day  
With that old black cloud  
Hanging over my head  
To drive my dreams away

And if it wasn't with the  
Help of the one I love  
To tell my troubles to  
There just ain't no telling  
What that old black cloud  
Might drive this poor man to

I'm gonna seed in the ground  
Gonna grow me a tree  
This is what that black cloud done  
They sent all the locust  
To eat up the tree  
I'm gonna cook my brains in the sun

And one of these days  
When I'm laid away  
I know that cloud can't wait  
It's gonna hover over me  
On Judgement Day  
To keep me from the Pearly Gate