

Sun Come Up

Jim Croce

Sun come up in the morning
Blues 'round my head
I've got a troubled mind
And plenty of time to roam

As I walk this crooked highway
Never knowin' where to go
You know the only life I know
Is bein' on the road

I've got holes in my shoes that I fill with paper
When the sun's out they dry
And when it rains
Well, they get wet but I don't cry

Because the sun don't know no difference
Between a rich man and a bum
And the only life I know
Is movin' 'round the sky

See him grin down at you people
I guess you don't know what his laughter's from
But if you spend enough time on the road
Maybe you'd find out

Because the sun goes 'round in an endless circle
Never knowin' the reason why
Still there's something in the path
That it traces 'round the sky

It's like a circle with no ending
But it's a race we all must run
And it's the same bein'
A rich man or a bum