

That Lucky Old Sun

Louis Armstrong

Up in the mornin', out on the job,
Work like the devil for my pay,
But that lucky old sun got nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day.
Fuss with my woman, toil for my kids,
Sweat till I'm wrinkled and gray,
While that lucky old sun got nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day.

Dear Lord above, can't you know I'm pining,
Tears all in my eyes
Send down that cloud with a silver lining,
Lift me to Par - a - dise
Show me that river, take me across,
Wash all my troubles a - way;
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothing to do
But roll around heaven all day.