

Sittin' in the Sun

Sam Cooke

Sittin' in the sun counting my money
fanned by my summer-breeze
Sweeter than the honey is counting my money
Those greenbacks on the trees
Comes the summer shower drops of rain falling
Sweeter than the christ-mass chimes
And here on those jungles upon the roof shingles
Like pennies, nickles and dimes

Though it is known that what I own
is not a lot to move
fills of gold that I behold
are in my bank-account,
I'm sitting in the sun
counting my money
happy as can be
and to top it all when shadows fall
I look to heaven and I see
there's a silver dollar
in the sky shining down on me

Can you wonder why I'm in
sittin' in the sun
counting my money
happy as can be
and to top it all when shadows fall
I look to heaven and I see
there's a silver dollar
in the sky shining down on me