

# 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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