

# That Lucky Old Sun (Just Rolls Around Heaven All Day)

Sarah Vaughan

Oh Lord, oh Lord  
I'm tired and weary of pain  
Please Lord, please Lord  
Forgive me if I complain

Up in the mornin', out on the job  
Work like the devil for my pay  
But that lucky old sun has nothin' to do  
But roll around heaven all day

Fuss with my man, toil for my kids  
Sweat till I'm wrinkled and gray  
While that lucky old sun has nothin' to do  
But roll around heaven all day

Good 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 paradise

Show me that river, take me across  
And wash all my troubles away  
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothing to do  
But roll around heaven all day  
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothing to do  
But roll around heaven all day