

Brian Vander Ark

"That Lucky Old Sun"

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Up in the mornin', Out on the job,
I work like the devil for my pay.
I know that lucky old sun, has nothin' to do,
But roll around heaven all day.

I fuss with my woman, and toil with my kids,
Sweat 'til I'm wrinkled and gray.
I know that lucky old sun, has nothin' to do,
But roll around heaven all day.

Dear Lord above, don't you see I'm cry'in?
I got tears all in my eyes.
Why don't you send down that cloud with the silver
lining,
Lift me up to Paradise (lift me up to paradise).

Show me that river, why don't you take me across,
Wash all my troubles away,
I know that lucky old sun, he's got nothing to do,
But just roll around heaven all day

(Dear Lord above, can't you know I'm cry'in?
Tears all in my eyes),
Send down that cloud with the silver lining,
Lift me to Paradise (lift me up to paradise).

So show me that river, and then take me across,
Wash all my troubles away.
And I know the lucky old sun, he's got nothing to do
But roll around heaven all day

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