

## **Jim Croce**

# **"Sun Come Up"**

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Sun come up in the morning  
Blues 'round my head  
I've got a troubled mind  
And plenty of time to roam

As I walk this crooked highway  
Never knowin' where to go  
You know the only life I know  
Is bein' on the road

I've got holes in my shoes that I fill with paper  
When the sun's out they dry  
And when it rains  
Well, they get wet but I don't cry

Because the sun don't know no difference  
Between a rich man and a bum  
And the only life I know  
Is movin' 'round the sky

See him grin down at you people  
I guess you don't know what his laughter's from  
But if you spend enough time on the road  
Maybe you'd find out

Because the sun goes 'round in an endless circle  
Never knowin' the reason why  
Still there's something in the path  
That it traces 'round the sky

It's like a circle with no ending  
But it's a race we all must run  
And it's the same bein'  
A rich man or a bum

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