

Johnny Burnette

"That Lucky Old Sun"

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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.

Had a fuss with my woman, an' I toil for my kids,
An' I sweat 'til I'm wrinkled and gray,
While that lucky old sun got nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day.
Oh, Lord above, don't you hear me cryin'
Tears are rollin' down my eyes.
Send in a cloud with a silver linin',
Take 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
But roll around heaven all day.

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