

Louis Armstrong

"The Lucky Old Sun"

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Oh lawd oh lawd! I'm tired and weary of pain
Please lawd! please lawd! 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 woman toil for my kids
Sweat 'til I'm wrinkled and gray
While that lucky old sun has nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day

Good lawd above, can't you know I'm pinin', tears all in
my eyes;
Send down that cloud with a silver linin', lift me to
paradise
Show me that river take me across and wash all my
trou-bles away.
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day

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