

Marty Robbins

"The Sunny Side Of The Street"

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Grab your coat and get you hat
Leave your worries on the doorstep
Just direct your feet
To the sunny side of the street
Hear that pitter-pat
That's the happy sound of my feet
Life can be so sweet
On the sunny side of the street
I used to walk in the shade
With those blues on parade
Well' I'm not afraid
This rover crossed over
If I never, never had a dime
I'd be rich, as rich as Mr. Rockefeller
Gold dust at my big, flat feet
On the sunny side of the street
Yeah
I used to walk in the shade
With those blues on parade
Well' I'm not afraid
This rover crossed over
If I never, never had a dime
I'd be rich, as rich as Mr. Rockefeller
Gold dust at my feet
On the sunny side of the street

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