

Sarah Vaughan

"That Lucky Old Sun"

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

Good Lord above, can't you know I'm pining
Tears all in my eyes
Send down that cloud with a silver lining
Lift me to paradise

Show me that river, take me across
And wash all my troubles away
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothing to do
But roll around heaven all day
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothing to do
But roll around heaven all day

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