

Berlin Irving

"Sittin' In The Sun"

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Sittin' in the sun, countin' my money
Fanned by a summer breeze
Sweeter than honey is countin' my money
Those greenbacks on the trees

Comes a summer show'r, drops o' rain falling
Sweeter than Christmas chimes
Hearing those jingles upon the roof shingles
Like pennies, nickels and dimes

Tho' it's known that all I own is not a large amount
Fields of gold that I behold are in my bank account

Sittin' in the sun, countin' my money
Happy as I can be
And to top it all
When shadows fall
I look to heaven and I see
There's a silver dollar in the sky
Shining down on me

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