

# That Lucky Old Sun

[Sam Cooke](#)

Up in the mornin', out on a 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 Lord 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 troubles away  
Like that lucky old sun give me nothin' to do  
But roll around heaven all day

Show me that river, please, take me across  
Wash all my troubles away  
Like that lucky old sun give me nothin' to do  
But roll around heaven all day

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