

That Lucky Old Sun

Louis Armstrong

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 troubles away
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day 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
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Songwriters

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