Charles Ray, That Lucky Old Sun

Up in the mornin', out on the job I work like the devil for my pay

I know that lucky old sun

Has nothin' to do

But to roll around heaven all day

I fuss with my woman and I toy with my kids

I sweat til I'm wrinkled and gray

I know that lucky old sun

Has nothin' to do

But roll around heaven all day.

Yea, Lord above don't you see I'm pinin'

I got tears all in my eyes

Why don't you send down that cloud

With the silver linin'

Lift me up to paradise.

Show me that river

Why don't you take me across

And wash all my troubles away

I know that lucky old sun

He's got nothin' to do

But just roll around heaven all day.

Send down that cloud

With the silver linin'

Lift me up to paradise

Show me that river

And take me across

Wash all my troubles away

And I know the lucky old sun

He's got nothin' to do

But roll around heaven all day.

Yes sir, he got nothin'

But roll around heaven all day.

I say he just roll around heaven all day.

Now you say it...

(with chorus)

Roll around heaven all day.

(Solo speaking) Yes Lord...