

Dave Dudley, That Lucky Old Sun

Up in the morning out to the fields I work like a devil for my pay
But that lucky old sun ain't got nothing to do but roll around heaven all day
Well I fuss with my woman and I toil for my kids I sweat till I'm wrinkled and gray
But that lucky old sun ain't got nothing to do but roll around heaven all day
Oh Lord above can't you see I'm pinin' tears are in my eyes
Send down my cloud with that silvery linin' and left me to paradise
Then show me that river and take me across wash all my troubles away
Like that lucky old sun give me nothing to do but roll around heaven all day
[ac.guitar]
Show me that river...