

Jim Croce, Sun Come Up

Sun come up in the morning
Blues round my head
I've got a troubled mind and plenty of time to roam
As I walk this crooked highway
Never knowin' where to go
You know the only life I know is bein' on the road

I've got holes in my shoes that I fill with paper
When the sun's out they dry
And when it rains well they get wet but I don't cry

Because the sun don't know no difference
Between a rich man and a bum
And the only life I know is movin' round the sky

See him grin down at you people
I guess you don't know what his laughter's from
But if you spend enough time on the road
Maybe you'd find out
Because the sun goes round in an endless circle
Never knowin' the reason why
Still there's something in the path that it traces round the sky
It's like a circle with no ending
But it's a race we all must run
And it's the same bein' a rich man or a bum