

# Louis Armstrong, That Lucky Old Sun (Just Rolls

Up in the mornin'  
Out on the job  
Work like the devil for my pay  
But that lucky old sun got nothin' to do  
But roll around heaven all day.  
Fuss with my woman, toil for my kids  
Sweat till I'm wrinkled and gray  
While that lucky old sun got nothin' to do  
But roll around heaven all day  
Dear Lord above, can't you know I'm pining, tears all in my eyes  
Send down that cloud with a silver lining, lift me to Paradise  
Show me that river, take me across  
Wash all my troubles away  
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothing to do but rol around heaven all day  
But roll around heaven all day  
Send down that cloud with a silver lining, lift me to Paradise  
Show me that river, take me across  
Wash all my troubles away  
Like that lucky old sun, give me nothing to do  
But roll around heaven all day