

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