

That Lucky Old Sun

Karel Gott

Up in the mornin' out on the job
Work like the devil for my pay
But lucky old sun has nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day.
I fuss with my woman, but a toil for my kid
Sweat till I'm wrinkled and gray
But lucky old sun has nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day.

Good lord above, can't you know I'm pining,
tears are in my eyes
Send down me a cloud with a silver lining,
lift me to paradise
Show me that river, but take me across
Wash all my troubles away
Like that lucky old sun,
has nothing to do
roll around heaven all day

Up in the mornin' out on the job
Work like the devil for my pay
But lucky old sun give me nothin' to do
But roll roll roll roll yes lord roll around heaven all day.
I fuss with my woman, but a toil for my kid
Sweat till I'm wrinkled and gray
But lucky old sun give me nothin' to do
But roll roll roll roll yes lord
roll around heaven all day.

Good lord above, can't you know I'm pining,
tears are in my eyes
Send down me a cloud with a silver lining,
lift me to paradise
Show me that river, but take me across
And wash all my troubles away
but that lucky old sun,
give me nothing to do
but roll around heaven all day