

That Lucky Old Sun

Aretha Franklin

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 roll 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