

Black Cloud

Chubby Checker

There's a black cloud
Hanging over my head
Down to my last buck
With an old black cloud
Hanging over my head
There ain't no such thing
As good luck

Oh, the very first
Saturday of every month
I go down to get me some pay
When I ask my bossman about a draw
This is what my bossman say

Black could hanging over my head
Down to my last buck
With an old black cloud
Hanging over my head
There ain't no such thing
As good luck

Well, I earn my living
By the sweat of my brow
I work so hard every day
With that old black cloud
Hanging over my head
To drive my dreams away

And if it wasn't with the
Help of the one I love
To tell my troubles to
There just ain't no telling
What that old black cloud
Might drive this poor man to

I'm gonna seed in the ground
Gonna grow me a tree
This is what that black cloud done
They sent all the locust
To eat up the tree
I'm gonna cook my brains in the sun

And one of these days
When I'm laid away
I know that cloud can't wait
It's gonna hover over me
On Judgement Day
To keep me from the Pearly Gate