

# Black Cloud

Eddy Arnold

There's a black cloud hanging over my head  
Down to my last buck  
With that old black cloud hanging over my head  
There ain't no such thing as good luck

On the very first Saturday of every month  
I go to town to get my some pay  
When I ask my bossman about the draw  
This is what my bossman say

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Well, I earn my livin' by sweatin' my brow  
I work so hard at my job every day  
With that old black cloud hanging over my head  
That drive my dreams away

And if it wasn't for the help of the one  
I love to tell my troubles to  
There just ain't no tellin' what that old black cloud  
Might drive this poor boy too

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I've gotta see in the ground for to grow me a tree  
This is what that black cloud done  
They said all the locust to eat the tree  
I'm gonna cook my brains in the sun

In one of these days when I bade away  
I know that cloud can't wait  
It's gonna holler over me on Judgement Day  
To keep me out of the pearly gate

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Black cloud over my head...