

THAT LUCKY OLD SUN

Lyrics by Haven Gillespie

Music by Beasley Smith

(1949)

**Oh - Lawd! - Oh - Lawd!
I'm tired and wea-ry of pain;
Please - Lawd! - Please - Lawd! -
For-give me if I com-plain.**

Chorus:

**Up in the morn-in' out on the job,
Work like a devil for my pay, --
But that Luck-y Old Sun has nothin' to do
But roll a-round heaven all day. --**

**Fuss with my woman, Toil for my kids,
Sweat 'til I'm wrinkled and gray, --
While that Luck-y Old Sun has nothin' to do
But roll a-round heaven all day. --**

**Good Lawd above, can't you know I'm pin-in',
Tears all in my eyes; -- Send down that cloud
With a silver linin' Lift me to paradise. --
Show me that river, Take me a-cross
And wash all my troubles a-way, --
Like that Luck-y Old Sun, give me nothin' to do
But roll a-round heaven all day. --**

THAT LUCKY OLD SUN

(JUST ROLLS AROUND HEAVEN ALL DAY)

Lyric by

HAVEN GILLESPIE

Moderately

Music by

BEASLEY SMITH

Rubato

mf (con la voce)

Dm7 G7

rit.

✓ Chorus, Moderately

Up in the mornin' out on the job, work like the dev-il for my pay, But That

Luck-y Old Sun has noth-in' to do but roll a-round heav-en all day.

Fuss with my wo-man, toil for my kids, Sweat 'til I'm wrin-kled and gray, While That

F6 C Am Fm C Dm7 C Dm7 C *f*

Luck-y Old Sun has noth-in' to do but roll a-round heav-en all day. *L* Good

Am Em F6 C Am G7 C

Lawd a - bove, can't you know I'm pin - in', Tears all in my eyes; send

Am Em F6 C Cmaj7 Am Am7 D7 *ff* Dm7 G7

down that cloud with a sil - ver lin - in', lift me to Par - a - dise.

mp-mf C Am Fm C F6 C G7 C

Show me that riv - er, Take me a-cross and wash all my troub-les a - way, Like That

F6 C Am Fm C Dm7 1 C Dm7 C G7 2 C F6 C

Luck-y Old Sun, give me noth-in' to do but roll a-round heav-en all day. *day.* *rit.*

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