Julie London, Give Me The Simple Life

<I don't believe in frettin' and grievin'; Why mess around with strife? I never was cut out to step and strut out. Give me the simple life.

Some find it pleasant dining on pheasant. Those things roll off my knife; Just serve me tomatoes; and mashed potatoes; Give me the simple life.

Bridge:

A cottage small is all I'm after, Not one that's spacious and wide. A house that rings with joy and laughter And the ones you love inside.

Some like the high road, I like the low road, Free from the care and strife. Sounds corny and seedy, but yes, indeed-y; Give me the simple life.

I'm crazy about sleep Can't do without sleep Give me the simple life

I don't aim to worry Husstle or hurry Give me the simple life

I greet the dawn when am waken The sky is cleared up above I like my scramble egg and bacon Served by someone I love

Sounds corny and seedy but yes indeedy Corny and seedy but yes indeedy life>