

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>