

Allison Krauss, Simple Love

Little yellow house sitting on a hill
That is where he lived, that is where he died
Every Sunday morning
Hear the weeping willows cry
Two children born, beautiful wife
Four walls and living is all he needed in life
Always giving, never asking back
I wish I had a simple love like this
I want a simple love like that
Always giving, never asking back
Oh, when I'm in my final hour, looking back
I hope I had a simple love like that
My mama was his only little girl
If he'd had the money, he would have given her the world
Sitting on the front porch, together they would see
Oh, how I longed to hear that harmony
I want a simple love like that
Always giving, never asking back
Oh, when I'm in my final hour, looking back
I hope I had a simple love like that
I want a simple love like that
Always giving, never asking back
Oh, when I'm in my final hour, looking back
I hope I had a simple love like that