

# Pippin, Simple Joys

(LEADING PLAYER)

Well I'll sing you the story of a sorrowful lad  
Had everything he wanted, didn't want what he had  
He had wealth and pelf and fame and name and all of  
That noise  
But he didn't have none of those simple joys  
His life seemed purposeless and flat  
Aren't you glad you don't feel like that?

So he ran from all the deeds he'd done, he ran  
Things he'd just begun  
He ran from himself, now that's mighty far to run  
Out into the country where he played as a boy  
He knew he had to find him some simple joys  
He wanted someplace warm and green  
We all could use a change of scene

Sweet summer evenings, hot wine and bread  
Sharing your supper, sharing your bed  
Simple joys have a simple voice:  
It says why not go ahead?  
Wouldn't you rather be a left-handed flea  
A crab on a slab at the bottom of the sea  
Than a man who never learns how to be free  
Not 'til he's underground

Sweet summer evenings, sapphire skies  
Feasting her belly  
Feasting her eyes  
Simple joys have a simple voice:  
It says time's a living prize  
And wouldn't you  
Rather be a left-handed flea  
A crab on a slab at the bottom of the sea  
A newt on the root of a banyan tree  
Or a fig on a twig in Galilee  
Than a man who never learns how to be free  
Not till the day  
Not till the day  
Not till the day  
Not till the day dies!  
na na na na na na na na na na  
na na na na na na na na na na