

## **THE SIMPLE LIFE**

*Words by Harry Ruby, Music by Rube Bloom (1945)*

I don't be-lieve in fret-tin' and griev-in',  
Why mess a-round with strife?  
I was nev-er cut out to – step and strut out;  
Give me the sim-ple life.  
Some find it plea-sant din-ing on pheas-ant;  
Those things roll of my knife.  
Just serve me to-ma-toes and mash-ed po-ta-toes;  
Give me the sim-ple life.  
A cot-tage small is all I'm af-ter,  
Not one that's spa-cious and wide,  
A house that rings with joy and laugh-ter,  
And the ones you love in-side.  
Some like the high road; I like the low road,  
Free from care and strife. Sounds corn-y and seed-y but  
Yes, in-deed-y, Give me the simple life.

Liv-ing I find is best when your mind  
Is keen as a carv-ing knife.  
I'm cra-z-y a-bout sleep, can't do with-out sleep;  
Give me the sim-ple life.  
I love to whit-tle and play a lit-tle tune on a ten-cent fife;  
I don't aim to wor-ry, hus-tle or hur-ry;  
Give me the sim-ple life.  
I greet the dawn when I a-wak-en, the sky is clear up a-  
bove;  
I like my scram-bled eggs and ba-con  
Served by some-one that I love.  
Life could be thrill-ing with one who's will-ing  
To be a farm-er's wife;  
Kids call-ing me pap-py would make me hap-py;  
Give me the sim-ple, I said the sim-ple,  
Give me the sim-ple life.

side.  
love.

Some like the high road; I like the low road. Free  
Life could be thrill-ing with one who's will-ing To

Fmaj7 E7 Am 5fr. E/G# 5fr. C7/G 5fr. F#m7-5 Fm6

— from the care and strife. Sounds corn - y and seed-y, but  
— be a farm-er's wife; Kids call - ing me Pap-py would

C/E D#dim 1. Dm7 G7 C

— yes, in-deed-y, Give me the sim-ple life.  
— make me hap-py; Give

2. Dm7 G7 Em7-5 A7 Dm7 D#dim C6/E

— me the sim-ple, I said the sim-ple, Give me the sim-ple life.