

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-zy 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.

